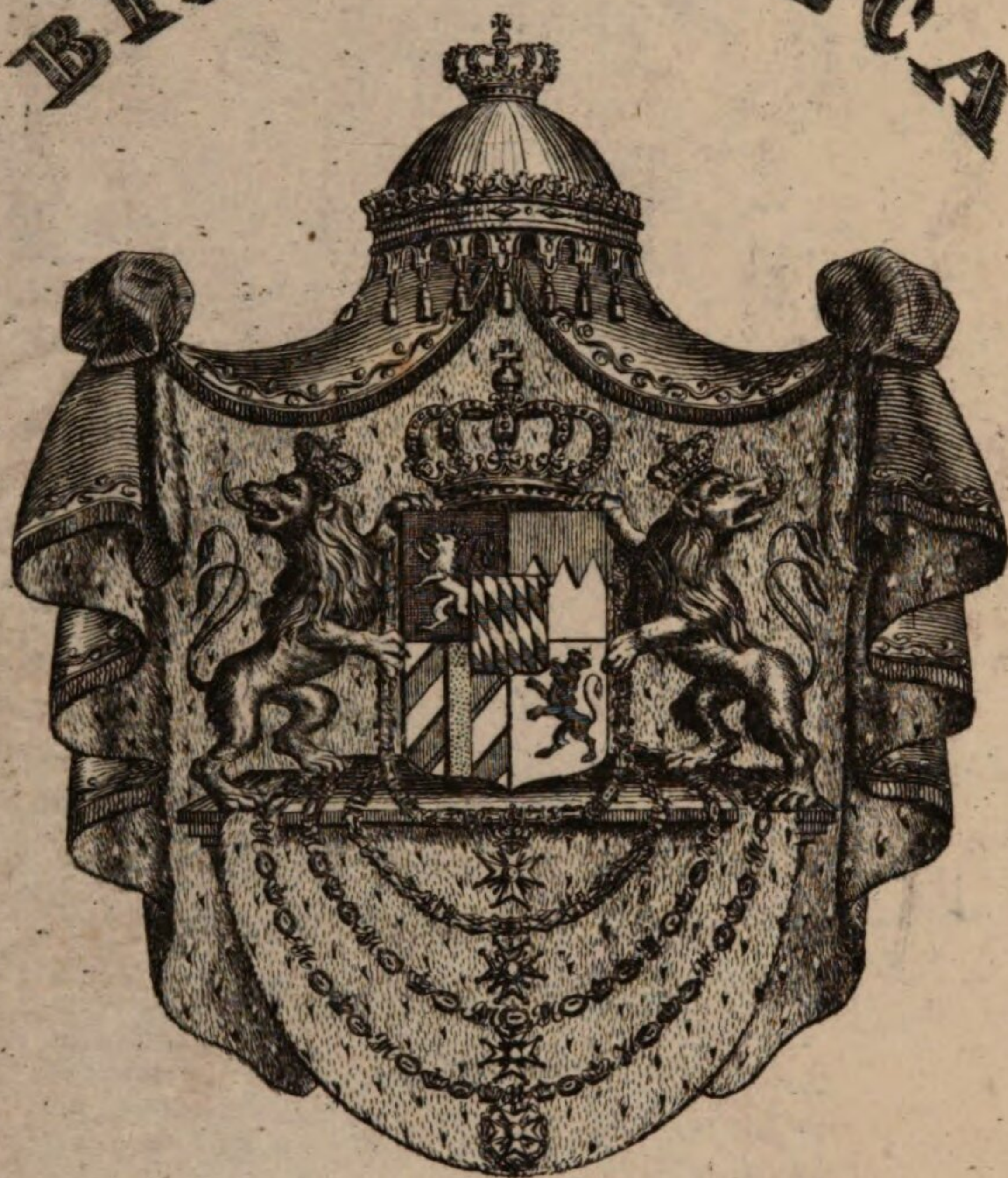


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OLD PLAYS;

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WITH

NOTES,

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

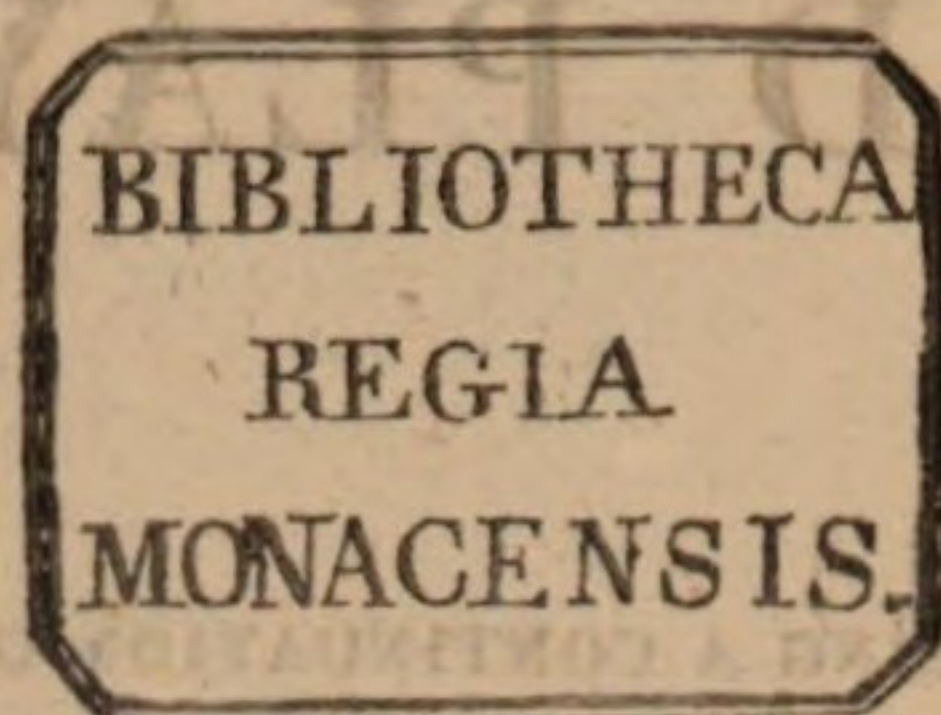
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1816.



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NOTES

WITH

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CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR ROWLAND AND MARTIN

NEW BOND STREET.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.

CONTENTS.

	Page
• THE Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus ; by Christopher Marlowe	1
• Lust's Dominion ; or, the Lascivious Queen : a Tragedy, by Christopher Marlowe	93
• A Pleasant conceited Comedy ; called Mother Bom- bie ; by John Lyly	203
• Midas : a Comedy ; by Ditto	287

These are the few things that I have
 thought fit to report out of my
 examination of the history of the
 world to the present time of writing
 To complete the history of the world
 and to observe the progress of
 them in the present and future

1	The Tragic History of the Life and Death of Doc-
	tor Faustus; by Christopher Marlowe
93	Part II. Decision; or, the Lascivious Queen: a Tragic
	Comedy; by Christopher Marlowe
203	A Pleasant conceited Comedy; called Mother Bom-
287	ble; by John Lyly

out of the world; by Dido
 forgotten to the posterity to whom we
 present and foolishly appeal as our
 judges
 By each man's death
 shipping the tombs of the dead of their will
 errors chapter, to place them in the burial
 some worthy union of the own to be
 there is a sufficient evidence of the
 of popular favour to reward the writer
 of ambition and that the art of
 from the top of less to be
 are naturally required

dramas to the public, selected as they have been from authors who delighted and enlightened the ages in which they wrote, but who were for nearly two centuries after forgotten; whose works, indeed, have been preserved to us, rather as curiosities, the possession of which tended to gratify the humble pride of their possessor, than as relics of high and inestimable value.

This is not the place for, neither would the Editor have been justified in any where indulging in, an extended critical examination of the works in this collection. He has sometimes ventured, it is true, to throw out an opinion as they passed under his notice; but he wishes it to be understood as only expressive of his own feeling, and not as an attempt to direct the judgment of his reader. There is no doubt a great inequality in the different writers, and indeed in their several works: they are certainly inferior to what the public might have expected from the contemporaries of Shakspeare, if it were not remembered that Shakspeare was a prodigy in his own time, as well as in ours: neither has the Editor, in his most sanguine moments, presumed to place them on a level with the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, or Jonson, or Massinger; but he believes it will be conceded to him, that they have many excellencies in common with those great men; the same peculiarities in their language, their manner of thinking, and their moral feeling; in brief, that they are of the same school,

the first and greatest of English dramatic literature.

It has been said of these writers by Dr. Johnson, that they “are sought after because they are scarce, *and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed;*” but in this it must be presumed, that he rather sought to dazzle the reader with the point and brilliancy of the sentence, than to force conviction on the understanding by its truth: it presupposes (what it would be monstrous to allow) that public opinion is always right, and always consistent; and he must have forgotten that a period had existed in which the assertion might have been urged with *comparative* force against the immortal poet, with whose works he was at that moment about to present the public; for Shakspeare was surely little read when the story of Catherine and Petruchio could be told as a family occurrence in Lincolnshire. It may be admitted, however, that, in a very limited sense, and when no extraordinary circumstances intervene to give a bias to public opinion, limitations that almost make the admission nugatory, it is founded on truth: but it cannot in justice be urged against men, who only sunk in a revolution of opinion with which the mighty genius of Shakspeare could with difficulty contend, under a stupid fanaticism which prohibited the representation of their works by fine and imprisonment. If it be asked why, if the neglect were unmerited, was it con-

tinued on the revival of the drama? The question will be found on examination to be infinitely more specious than just. In a great body of the people, the puritanical principles, in which originated the severe ordinances of the usurpation, still existed in their full force, presenting an insurmountable objection to the countenancing of theatrical exhibitions: the players therefore became, in a much greater degree than usual, dependant on the protection of the great; and what congeniality could be expected between the uncontrollable wildness and unaffected simplicity of these old writers, their simple portraitures of nature, and passion; and the taste of a monarch and a court accustomed to the regular and inflated drama of the French school, with its unnatural and unimpassioned beings? And without withholding a sincere tribute of admiration justly due to many of the writers of Charles the Second's reign, it will scarcely be denied that they became of necessity the caterers to a diseased and unwholesome appetite. The gloomy bigotry of the interregnum stopped the course of dramatic literature; but the Restoration did what was infinitely worse, it poisoned the "pure well-head of poetry;" and from that period we have gradually descended to our present degraded and disgraceful level*.

* Milton was intimately read in, and formed himself on the model of the old school; he was in consequence unsuited to the

The Editor has thus ventured to show, and he trusts though briefly not unsatisfactorily, that Dr. Johnson's assertion is equally fallacious and unjust; and that the oblivion to which the drama of that age was consigned was altogether independent of its intrinsic worth. It would be much more gratifying, and is infinitely more deserving consideration, could we ascertain by what co-operating circumstances it was enabled to spring, as it were without gradation, from the helplessness and immaturity of infancy, into the beauty and vigour of manhood: and, whether the wreath be adjudged to the sun-like genius of Shakspeare individually, or some leaves of it distributed among the galaxy that illuminates the age*, the splendour in which it is admitted to

taste of his age, and was neglected. Cowley justly appreciated it, but the age corrupted him.

* The brevity so essentially necessary here precludes the possibility of entering fully on any subject; but the Editor cannot but think, that what was observed of Shakspeare, "he found not but created first the stage," might with more truth have been extended to include some of his contemporaries; and that it should not be altogether forgotten that Marlowe, who preceded him, had made some rapid advances to greater perfection. A foreign critic of great excellence observes, "in Marlowe's 'Edward the Second,' I certainly imagine that I can discover the feebler model of the earliest historical pieces of Shakspeare." And the "Edward the Second" was probably the only play of Marlowe's he had ever seen, as it is the only one reprinted in Reed; and he confesses to have obtained his knowledge of Chapman and Heywood only from that collection. It will not be denied that the inequality always discoverable in the writings of that age, is still more conspicuous in this author, and perhaps

have at once burst through the gloom of ages, is equally deserving attention, and as naturally excites speculative inquiry.

But the drama of that age is not only deserving consideration for its superiority over every other of our own country, but particularly so as a *national and original drama, regulated by its own laws, and of course only to be estimated by them*: for, as it has of late been justly observed, “There is no monopoly of poetry for certain ages and nations; and consequently that despotism in taste, by which it is attempted to make those rules uni-

most so in his “Faustus,” where the buffoonery and stupid humour of the second-rate characters are constantly intruding on our notice. He has, however, some redeeming scenes of great and undivided interest: and the fury and madness of despair, as depicted in the last scene of that play, is not perhaps exceeded in the language. It may recal to the recollection of the classical reader the situation of Orestes in the early part of Euripides’s play of that name. In Orestes, it is true, there is a professed dereliction of reason: but the feelings of Faustus are so tremendously excited, so awfully intense, and have so absolutely mastered reason, that, if he be declared within, he borders on, the bounds of sanity. The Dutchess in Webster’s “Dutchess of Malfy,” and Calantha, in the “Broken Heart” of Ford, are both subjected to the tortures of the mind, and are lasting evidences of the abilities of their respective authors; but in them the agony is concealed, and arises in a degree from the concealment: Faustus was not strong enough in truth for this; and the circumstances under which he is represented, of *themselves* so dreadfully awaken sensibility, that if the reader suffers himself to be borne along by the poet it becomes fearful to look on. The situation of Alphonson, in Act IV. Scene IV. of “A Wife for a Month,” is extraordinarily fine, but, as the representation of the mere sufferings of the body, cannot be compared with it.

versal which were at first perhaps arbitrarily established, is a pretension which ought never to be allowed." It has been asserted, and the Editor believes justly, notwithstanding the distance of time by which it preceded it, that we are indebted for this glorious distinction, with which no nation, Greece and perhaps Spain excepted, can contend with us, to the Reformation. In the chivalrous ages, that preceded that eventful period, literary honours, and, indeed, literature itself, seem to have been held, as by prescriptive right, by the higher classes of society and the members of the religious houses; but at that great revolution of opinion the barriers were broken down, and all classes of society burst into the arena to contend without distinction. The translation of the Bible only, independently of the advantages derived by religion and pure morality, was of great and essential advantage; it opened to all the purest springs of knowledge, and wisdom, and poetry; and the dramatic writers of that age availed themselves of the advantages it held out: it must be evident to every man conversant in their writings, that it was their constant and undeviating study; it was "familiar to them as household words:" what wonder is it then, that containing, as it does, "the noblest poems that ever were wrote in the world*," they should catch

* Seward's Preface to Beaumont and Fletcher. See also the fifty-first and fifty-seventh papers in "The Adventurer."

“some of the sacred fire,” some of that noble daring and enthusiasm that every where animate and enlighten the works of their inspired masters? The Reformation therefore ploughed and cleared the surface of an almost uncultivated soil, spreading the seeds of instruction, that in the reign of Elizabeth and James burst forth into a rich and luxuriant harvest. Not that other influences are not discoverable. The Reformation, as to the purposes of poetry, would not perhaps have been attended with such consequences had it occurred at any other period: the age was singularly fitted for the full display of poetic genius: criticism was not then strong enough to wield its leaden mace; there then existed no established tribunals at which the poet might fear to be arraigned; there were then no acknowledged standards of excellence to which enthusiasm was to tame down its excursive spirit; the feeling and the sensibility of the poet alone regulated its course: superstition with “its flocking shadows pale,” that vanish into “thin air,” before the grey tints that harbinger the morning of philosophical inquiry, was yet sufficiently embodied for the purposes of poetry; and it has justly been observed that “the Shakspeare of a more instructed and polished age, would not have given us a magician darkening the sun at noon, the sabbath of the witches, and the caldron of incantation.”

While the dramatic writers of other nations, mo-

delling themselves on excellence that had received the applauding testimony of ages, sunk into cold formality, tricked up in stately diction and wordy sentiment, the vigorous and unrestrained genius of our own, opened a rich and unexplored mine in the depths of human passion and human feeling: the heart was the subject of their examination, "and its strange and inward workings the machinery which they delighted to employ:" they removed the film that obscures our nature, and penetrated at once into the secret recesses of the bosom: thus intimate with the springs of action, they never laboured to depict the progress of the passion; they struck at once the chord which vibrated to the heart, and left the rest to imagination and feeling. They were philosophers, too, and that of the highest order: philosophy was with them what Milton describes it,

Musical as is Apollo's lute:

and their language, in every pause in the action, or in its progress, where the character, or where circumstances would admit, abounded with the sweetest and most delicious poetry: for its boldest flights,

This visible nature, and this common world,
Were all too narrow:

But when they entered the quiet scenes of domestic life, they found sympathies in every bosom. But on this subject the editor could write

on till he had wearied the patience of his less enthusiastic reader: he will only therefore remark, that his observations are strictly confined to the dramatic writers: the works of the most natural and impassioned of their poets, using the word in its more limited sense, are but too frequently disfigured by a strange heterogeneous mass of chivalrous fancy, and classical affectation. Neither will it be denied that the drama of that age has its defects: on the contrary, the Editor admits that the reader will not unfrequently discover scenes that might have been wrought up with more skill, and plots that might have been disentangled with less perplexity: incidents in themselves unimportant, sometimes brought prominently forward; but still more frequently important incidents slurred over without their proper force, particularly in the concluding scenes: he will be sometimes fatigued, and sometimes disgusted, with their attempts at humour: but it should be remembered, in favour of the writers, that the great body of the people, the middle classes, where is now perhaps the greatest portion of information, were then, in point of intellect, but triflingly removed from the most ignorant; that the frequenters of the theatre were not of the most respectable classes, and that the manners of the age itself were gross and offensive.

Other objections, which the Editor would not so readily admit, but which the usual limits of a

preface, render it impossible for him more than to advert to, have been urged against the general perusal of such dramas as are here brought forward. Their grossness, as it is termed, has perhaps given the greatest and best founded cause of offence: but on this the Editor may be allowed to remark, that though the indelicacy of many particular passages can neither be overlooked nor excused, yet the general tendency of these dramas is (with very few exceptions) to the side of virtue and morality: and it may safely be asserted, that a few such characters as are to be found in the plays of Killegrew, Etherege, Wycherly, Vanburgh, Congreve, &c. are calculated to do more mischief than all the licentious passages in all the English plays before the death of Charles the First. There is a nervous—an unshrinking honesty about these old writers, that may certainly offend the over-delicate and morbid sensibility of people accustomed only to the tameness of modern life and language, but it no more resembles the tricked-up licentiousness and pulling immorality of some modern authors, read without scruple, “than the nakedness of an Indian does that of a common prostitute.” And what, after all, has this levelling of language done for us? The notorious old vices, it is true, are less frequently heard of, because the vulgarity of such terms secures “an affair of honour,” or an “affair of gallantry,”—the murder of a friend, or the seduction of his wife,—from being de-

nounced in the wholesome language of the decalogue; but it may well deserve consideration, how far society in general has been benefitted by thus destroying the distinctions of vice and virtue? how far the mask changes the nature of the deformity? and what portion of the sin of transgression is shaken off with the name? Adultery, (the most prevalent vice of the times, and one in which we have made a very hopeful progress), forms the subject of several of our ancient dramas; and to the reader it may safely be left to determine whether such representations of this offence as are to be found in the "Woman kill'd with Kindness," "the English Traveller" of Heywood, and the "Mad World, my Masters," of Middleton, or the reports of many modern trials (where the professed object is the detection and punishment of the offender) afford the strongest moral warnings. As to the indecency of many particular passages, (though it is a charge of which neither Massinger, Fletcher, Jonson, nor Shakspeare can be acquitted), it can only be regretted that the age admitted such license, and no man does so more sincerely than the Editor.

The present publication having now been extended as far as was originally proposed, the Editor is induced to make some observations upon the circumstances under which it was commenced; the disadvantages under which he has laboured in its progress; and which may, he

trusts, (as a first attempt) entitle him to the indulgence of his readers.

It has been observed, that “the lapse of five and thirty years of research and industry unparalleled, has raised the qualifications, whilst it has smoothed the labours of the Editor of a work like this;” but it may be remarked, that this is true only *in part*; it cannot, for example, fairly be applied (to the extent which is here laid down) to the present publication. In consequence of the lapse of time, and of the vigilant research and laudable industry which is mentioned, the copies of our ancient plays, which were formerly (comparatively at least) cheap and common, are now no longer to be met with, or must be purchased at a rate which few are inclined, and fewer can afford, to pay. Theobald, it is well known, had a collection of nearly three hundred of the ancient quartos; and from his pecuniary circumstances, it is not probable that they were collected at any considerable expense. What would be the cost of a similar collection now, must be left to the determination of those who have attempted to form one, though some conjecture may be formed from the prices affixed to them in catalogues. The task of *explaining* the works of our ancient dramatists is unquestionably become much easier, but a considerable proportion of the works themselves has almost entirely disappeared, or is become inaccessible to common purchasers: the difficulty, therefore,

of settling the text by comparing the different copies is much increased. The Editor has not been able to meet with more than one copy of several of the plays which are now reprinted: it is more than probable, therefore, that conjecture has been sometimes hazarded when certainty might have been adduced from an examination of more editions, or even more copies of the same edition. This scarcity of the ancient quartos, so much felt and complained of, was what the Editor of the present selection proposed in part to supply, and remedy. His first intention was to confine himself (almost exclusively) to the *republishing* of some scarce and valuable plays. He trusted he might be able to amend the punctuation, and to correct some of the more gross and obvious errors in the printed copies; but, in general, he proposed to adhere very closely to the text: and, though no person can be more sensible than himself of the superiority of Mr. Reed's edition, yet the *first*, and not the *second edition*, of Dodsley's Collection of old Plays, was the example which he originally proposed to follow. With this intention, the work was announced to the Public; but the Editor was soon convinced, in preparing it for the press, that much more than he had proposed was highly desirable, if not *necessary*; and he was in consequence induced, soon after the commencement of the publication, to deviate considerably from his first plan, and to insert a

much greater number of notes than he originally intended. He hopes that the effect of this alteration, though it has certainly been attended with greater trouble to himself, and greater expense to the publisher, has been advantageous to the publication, and generally acceptable to his readers; and that his endeavours to correct and explain the text, to amend the measure, and to supply such marginal directions as seemed necessary, will be approved: but he dare not flatter himself so far as to suppose that on this point there may not be much difference of opinion: it is unfortunate for an Editor, so inexperienced as himself, that notwithstanding all that has been said upon the subject, the “*Canons of Criticism*” still remain unsettled; and that whilst some would reject or alter without scruple, whatever spoils the measure, or seems to obscure the sense, as an interpolation or corruption, others regard the slightest alteration (if unsanctioned by some ancient copy) as an unwarrantable tampering with the text.

“*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.*”

The Editor will only say, he has endeavoured to steer between the two as well as his little skill enabled him: and the only favour which he ventures to solicit from his more experienced readers, is, that they would carefully compare any play of the present collection on which they wish to form an opinion, with the copy from which it

was reprinted, and he will then readily submit to their decision. If, after all, the reader shall meet with more errors than are usually discoverable even in the fallible field of editorial criticism, he will perhaps have the goodness to remember, that a work of less pretensions never issued from the press: if the Editor has sometimes no other retreat from his oversights and errors than through his reader's kindness, it may be remembered in his favour, that it is a courtesy he has invariably extended to others; which is by no means the necessary consequence of inexperience or insufficiency.

The Editor is perfectly aware, that notwithstanding the deaths of Steevens, Malone, Reed, and several others, by whom Shakspeare has been so ably elucidated, there are yet several living critics who have fully proved that they are beyond comparison better qualified for an undertaking of this kind than he can pretend to be; and, if he had supposed it probable, that one in any degree to be compared to the learned and accurate Editor of Massinger, the acute and judicious defender of Ben Jonson, or the illustrator of Shakspeare, could have been prevailed upon to undertake a publication of this nature, or even if the ancient quartos could have been procured at any moderate price, the present work would not have been begun. But it is to be recollected, that seventy years have elapsed since the first appearance of Dodsley's Collection; and though some-

thing has been done in the interval, by Hawkins and some others, yet the vacuum in this species of English literature, is yet very imperfectly filled up. By the work which is now presented to the Public, the Editor trusts he has contributed something towards the gratification of the admirers of our ancient drama; and it will give him much pleasure to see the plan pursued and completed to their satisfaction by abler hands.

Of the Selection itself, he only wishes to observe, that if all the ancient stores of this kind had been laid open to him, and he (with sufficient leisure to peruse them) at liberty to make his choice, the selection would have been better; but though the Editor might claim the merit of having read with some attention a considerable number of these dramas, yet his reading of this kind is by no means so extensive as he could wish, nor was his time so much at his own disposal as to permit him to make this the principal object of his attention, though it has constituted much of the amusement of his leisure hours. He trusts that few of the Plays which are now republished will be deemed unworthy of preservation, and he was particularly desirous not to include any which are strikingly offensive against decorum, nor any which his readers in general could be supposed to possess before.

When the plan was first arranged, he certainly meant to include plays from several writers,

which he afterwards judged it right to decline, that he might neither lay a tax upon his readers, nor knowingly interfere with the plans of any other person. Several of Shirley's plays would unquestionably have been the particular objects of his choice; but he is happy to see that the whole have been formally announced for republication: and he has also collected from a source which he can depend on, that a gentleman who is possessed of a complete copy of Brome's works, has made some progress in preparing them for the press, though he has not the least expectation of being a pecuniary gainer by the work. Some plays, however, of Chapman, Marston, Middleton, &c. which the Editor reluctantly passed over, with those of Mayne, Cartwright, and Randolph, &c. would have supplied him with very eligible materials for a few volumes in addition to those now published, and he has reason to believe that the principal assistance which he has hitherto received would have been continued. He was not disinclined to a further extension of the work, with such alterations in the plan as seemed calculated for its improvement; but as it has been generally reported, that the public will soon be gratified with an improved and considerably enlarged edition of Dodsley's ancient plays, by a gentleman fully qualified to do justice to the work; and as (in that event) Cartwright and Randolph, who were the professed imitators of Jonson, may reasonably be supposed

to attract his particular attention, the Editor rests satisfied with having performed his engagement, as well as the circumstances under which it has been executed, enabled him, and *suspends*, at least, the execution of his further purposes, till he is able to form a more correct idea than he can do at present, whether any continuation of the present publication (by him) be wanted in itself, or likely to be acceptable to the public.

And now, before he finally takes his leave, he may be permitted to make, as is customary, a public acknowledgment of such politeness and assistance as he has received. To Mr. Haslewood he is indebted for some information respecting the prefixture to the octavo edition of Marston's plays; to Mr. Jones, the editor of the *Biograph. Dram.* for his general polite attentions; and to Mr. John Kemble for his great kindness in the offer of any of the works in his valuable collection. After the Editor's complaints of the difficulty of procuring the earlier editions, it may be asked why he did not avail himself of this liberality? He will honestly confess that as he did not choose to subject himself to the unpleasantness of solicitation generally, and did not find collectors very anxious to anticipate his wants; he felt that it would have been inflicting a heavy penalty on great and singular politeness. The assistance he has yet acknowledged has been trifling; it were well perhaps for his credit as an editor if he had now

done : but to the labours of a friend, whose name he is not permitted to make public, the work is infinitely more indebted than to his own. By the persevering exertions of this gentleman, in a cause in which he had no natural interest, and a more intimate knowledge of the dramatic writers of that age than the Editor pretends to possess, the publication has been much improved ; and he would have declined the name altogether, if he had not conceived it his duty to avow his own responsibility for the execution. The nature of his plan would not permit him to delay the publication, and from some other local circumstances he was obliged singly to superintend it. He was permitted to exercise an uncontrolled liberty of approving or rejecting whatever was suggested by his friend, but he had not always sufficient time for consideration or enquiry. How much the publication might have been improved if circumstances had rendered it practicable for him fully to arrange the text and the annotation in concert with this gentleman before it was sent to the press, no person can estimate so fully as the Editor. For the errors of the work he conceives himself to be solely responsible : the extent of his obligations he acknowledges with much pleasure : and to this friend, if his private acknowledgments had not been more acceptable, the publication should have been inscribed.

THE
TRAGICAL HISTORY
OF THE
Life and Death
OF
DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

BY
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE*.

“THERE is no account extant,” says the *Biographia Dramatica*, “of this author’s family;” indeed we are ignorant of the time and place of his birth: all I learn from the MS. notes of Mr. Oldys’ †, a very diligent enquirer, is, that he was born about the former part of Edward the Sixth’s reign. It is, however, certain that he was of Bennet College, Cambridge; where he took the degree of B. A. 1583, and M. A. 1587; afterwards, leaving the university, he became an actor and writer for the stage. Of his line of character or his merit in the former, we have no account; in the latter, he gained a very high reputation among his contemporaries, and maintained it with the poets of the succeeding age. Robert Green, in his *Groatsworth of Witte bought with a Million of Repentance*, addresses him, “thou famous gracer of tragedians;” on which Mr. Malone observes, that Marlowe was “the most famous and admired poet of that age, previous to the appearance of Shakspeare.” In Francis More’s second part of *Wits Common Walk* ‡, he is ranked with a bevy of first-rate genius, “who mightily enriched, and gorgeously invested, in rare ornaments and resplendent habillements, the English tongue.” Heywood, in his prologue to the revival of *The Jew of Malta* §, styles him “the best of poets.” Ben Jonson mentions “Marlowe’s mighty line;” and Michael Drayton, the celebrated author of the *Polyolbion*, speaks of him with great admiration. These are but a few evidences of the high

* “A kind of second Shakspeare, says Philips.” *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*.

† On Langbaine, in the British Museum.

‡ MS. notes, *ut supra*.

§ Edit. 1633.

opinion entertained of him, in that meridian of dramatic literature.

Of his unfortunate death we have the following account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*. That being in love with a young girl of low condition, he suspected her of showing a partiality for a man who had more the appearance of a pimp, "than an ingenious Amoreth, as Marlo conceived himself to be:" and one day finding them together, he rushed upon the man with his drawn dagger, with intent to kill him; but he being an active fellow, not only warded off the blow, but so directed the point, that it entered the head of its master, who shortly after died of the wound: this event took place before the year 1593. This, says our authority, many considered a judgment on him for his impieties: for, he was "an epicure and an atheist," and wrote several discourses against revealed religion. It is not pleasant to assist in establishing a charge of this nature; but in a work before referred to, where the author, certainly a most abandoned character, is repenting of his follies, Marlowe is thus addressed: "Wonder not that Green, who hath *said with thee* like the fool in his heart, there is no God, should now give glory unto his greatness," and Mr. Lamb, by the following note, seems to think traces of this feeling are discoverable in his writings. "Marlowe is said to have been tainted with atheistical positions, to have denied God and the Trinity. To such a genius the history of Faustus must have been delectable food; to wander in fields where curiosity is forbidden to go, to approach the dark gulf near enough to look in, to be busied in speculations which are the rottenest part of the core of the fruit that fell from the Tree of Knowledge. Barrabas the Jew, and Faustus the Conjuror, are offsprings of a mind which at least delighted to dally with interdicted subjects." Dr. Warton, however, thinks the character of Marlowe was blackened by "the prejudiced and peevish puritans," and I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of inserting here, the observations of the editor of the *Biographia Dramatica*. "This character, if just, is such a one, as should induce us to look back with con-

tempt and pity on the memory of the person who possessed it, and recal to our mind the inimitable sentiment of the great and good Dr. Young, in his *Complaint* :

When I behold a genius *bright* and *base*,
Of *tow'ring* talents, and *terrestrial* aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glitt'ring in the dust.

“ We would, however, rather wish to take this character with some degree of abatement, and allowing that Mr. Marlowe might be inclinable to free-thinking, yet that he could not run to the unhappy lengths he is reported to have done, especially as the time he lived in was a period of bigotry ; and that, even in these calmer times of controversy, we find a great aptness in persons, who differ in opinion with regard to the speculative points of religion, either wilfully or from the mistaking of terms, to tax each other with deism, heresy, and even atheism, on even the most trivial tenets, which have the least appearance of being unorthodox.” And I may add, that from the *Apology* of Chettle, who edited Green's work, before mentioned, Mr. Malone supposes Marlowe to have taken offence at that publication.

Marlowe may be said to have attached himself entirely to tragedy ; *The Maiden's Holiday* being the only exception. If, as a dramatic poet, he will not bear comparison with some of the writers, whose works have lately been submitted to the public, it should be remembered that he *preceded* the new era which Shakspeare's productions may be supposed to have produced ; yet, if justice be fairly dealt out to him, and a comparison made between himself and the writers of *his own* time, I am confident he will be found to claim a very proud superiority. Of his *Edward the Second* Mr. Lamb observes, “ the reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakspeare scarce improved in his *Richard the Second* ; and the death scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene ancient or modern with which I am acquainted.”

He translated Colothus's *Rape of Helen**, and *The Elegies of Ovid*; the latter, printed at Middleburgh without date, "was ordered to be burnt at Stationers' Hall, in 1599, by command of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London."

At his death the poem of *Hero and Leander* was found incomplete. It was afterwards finished, says Wood, by Chapman, and published in 1606†: but a continuation of it, a mere translation from the Italian, dedicated to Sir H. Guildford, had appeared as early as 1598, by Henry Petowe.

Perhaps, the generality of persons are not aware, that the celebrated and still popular poem of *The passionate Shepherd to his Love*, beginning,

Come live with me, and be my love,

is the production of this author ‡.

In compliance with the received opinion, *Tamberlaine the Great* is introduced into the following list of Marlowe's dramatic works; indeed, if internal evidence be refused, we have not any sufficiently strong to warrant its rejection; although a very inferior production, unworthy the genius to whom it is ascribed: but it should be mentioned that Langbaine thinks it questionable; and Mr. Oldys§ observes, "it has been suspected that the great character given the author by his contemporaries, drew impositions of works upon him *that he never wrote*||." Impossible as such a thing may now appear, it was by no means uncommon in those days, and sometimes practised during the author's life-time.

I should hardly be justified if I did not mention that Mr. Malone, perhaps the first authority on these occa-

* Dr. Warton, from Coxeter's MSS.

† "I learn from Mr. Malone that Marlowe finished only the two first sestiads, and about one hundred lines of the third." Warton's *History of Poetry*.

‡ It has been attributed to Shakspeare; but erroneously, as it is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, with Marlowe's name.

§ MS. notes on Langbaine.

|| Phillips has attributed it to Thomas Newton.

sions, and other eminent critics, have supposed the first Part of *The Contention of the Two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, which form, with trifling variation, two Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, published as Shakspeare's, and *Titus Andronicus*, to have been written by Marlowe. The latter, like his *Edward the Second*, was performed by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, (who are not known, says Mr. Malone, to have performed any one of Shakspeare's undoubted dramas); like *Faustus*, it abounds in scraps of Latin, and classical allusions; and, like *The Jew of Malta*, in blood and murder. I should be gratified on finding these conjectures established: for though these plays have been rejected, as unworthy the transcendent genius of Shakspeare, they would shed a lustre round any other name.

1. *Tamberlaine the Great*, T. two parts, 1st 4to. 1590; 4to. 1605. 2nd 4to. 1590*; 4to. 1606.

2. *Edward the Second*, T. 4to. 1598; 4to. 1612; 4to. 1622, D. C.

3. *The Massacre of Paris*, T. 8vo. N. D.

Mr. Malone supposes this and *The Tragedy of Guyes*, mentioned in a MS. of Henslowe's†, as acted on January 30, 1592, to be the same play.

4. *The Rich Jew of Malta*, T. 4to. 1633, D. C.

Though not published till so long after the decease of the author, it had been acted as early as February 26, 1591‡.

5. *Lust's Dominion; or, the Lascivious Queen*, T. 12mo. 1657; 12mo. 1661.

* 1593, says the *Biographia Dramatica*; but Egerton says 1590, and he is supported by the Roxburgh Catalogue.

† P. Henslowe was proprietor of the Rose theatre, near the Bank-side, Southwark: and the MS. here referred to, is an account-book of his, sometime since discovered at Dulwich College. But on this, and all other occasions where it is mentioned, I beg to be understood, as referring to the copy in Mr. Malone's *History of the Stage*.

‡ Henslowe, *ut supra*.

Marlowe also joined with Nash in

6. *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, 4to. 1594 *.

And with Day, in

7. *The Maiden's Holiday*, Com. N.P †.

8. *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*, 4to. 1604; 4to. 1616; 4to. 1624; 4to. 1631; 4to. 1663.

The first editions of this play are in black letter, and not divided into acts. It is extremely questionable, in my opinion, if in any of these it is given in a genuine uncorrupt state; for it is certain, from the following extract from Henslowe's MS., that it was *altered* previous to the date of its first publication: "Lent unto the company, 22 Nov. 1602, to pay unto Wm. Bride and Samuel Rowley, for their *adycions in Doctor Fostes*, the sum of £4." The last edition is intolerably corrupt; the whole scene at Rome is left out, and one at Constantinople substituted, merely giving an account of the means by which the Turks gained possession of Malta, and copied from *The Rich Jew of Malta* by this author; another scene has considerable additions; in brief, it is not worth referring to. The play itself has been since variously altered, and presented to the public. The scene at Rhodes and Wittenberg, and a great deal of the plot, is from Camerarius, Wierus, and other writers on magic; and I must not omit to mention, that Edward Alleyn, the celebrated founder of Dulwich College, used to play the principal character in it, as appears from the following passage, in Rowland's *Knave of Clubbs*, 1611.

"The gull gets on a surplice,
With a crosse upon his breast;
Like Allen playing Faustus,
In that manner was he drest."

This singular evidence of "the credulous ignorance" which then prevailed, is by no means a favourable speci-

* "The Tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, was completed and published by his friend Thomas Nash, in 1594," says Dr. Warton. It is a very scarce play: at Dr. Wright's sale it brought sixteen, and at the Roxburgh seventeen guineas.

† It was one of those destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

men of the plays to be submitted to the public in this work ; but it was the first in chronological order, and of too much consequence to be passed over altogether. Whoever shall attempt to judge of it by dramatic rule, will find himself baffled in every attempt, and, according to his humour, laugh or censure : but this would be trying a man by an *ex post facto* law, one that he could not have foreseen, and if he had, would probably never have acknowledged. The unity of time and place are set at all defiance ; four and twenty years pass in its representation ; and the scene changes with as much facility from Wittenberg to Rome, as the board itself was changed which notified it to the audience* : but for this violation of an arbitrary law, the rich vein of poetry that runs throughout it will amply compensate. Faustus is drawn with the hand of a master ; he is a personification of the weakness and worst passions of our nature : ambitious of power, he regards neither the means of possessing it, nor the subject of his authority : a seeker of knowledge beyond the narrow limits of our understanding, he becomes lost in an intellectual chaos. Mephostophilis, and the other characters, are inferior beings.

* A board, with the name of the place where the scene was laid, was suspended in front of the old theatres.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Faustus.
Mephostophilis.
The Pope.
Raymond, King of Hungary.
Bruno.
Emperor of Germany.
Duke of Saxony.
Duke and Duchess of Vanholt.
Frederick, }
Mertino, } three Gentlemen.
Benvolio, }
Valdes.
Cornelius.
Good Angel.

Bad Angel.
Old Man.
Three Scholars.
Seven deadly Sins.
Wagner.
Robin, the Clown.
Dick, an Hostler.
Carter.
Horse-courser.
Hostess.
Vintner.
Bishop of Rheims.
Lucifer.
Belzebub.

Cardinals, Bishops, Monks, Friars, Soldiers, Servants, &c. &c.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Enter CHORUS.

Not marching in the fields of Tharsimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagen;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings, where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse;
Only this, gentles, we must now perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
At riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology:
Till swoln with cunning, and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,

And melting heavens conspired his overthrow :
 For falling to a devilish exercise,
 And glutted now with Learning's golden gifts,
 He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
 Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
 Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,
 And this the man that in his study sits.

FAUSTUS *in his study.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
 To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess ;
 Having commenc'd, be a Divine in show,
 Yet level at the end of every art,
 And live and die in Aristotle's works.
 Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me.
Bene disserere est finis logices.
 Is, to dispute well, Logic's chiefest end ?
 Affords this art no greater miracle ?
 Then read no more ; thou hast attain'd that end.
 A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit :
 Bid Oeconomy farewell : and Galen come.
 Be a physician, Faustus ; heap up gold,
 And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure :
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas ;
 The end of physic is our bodies' health.
 Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end ?
 Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
 Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
 And thousand* desperate maladies been cur'd ?
 Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
 Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
 Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
 Then this profession were to be esteem'd.

* The edition of 1624 read " divers."

Physic farewell. Where is Justinian?

Si una eademque res legatur duobus,

Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.

A petty case of paltry legacies.

Exhereditari filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.

Such is the subject of the Institute,

And universal body of the law.

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aims at nothing but external trash,

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, Divinity is best.

Jerome's bible, Faustus; view it well.

Stipendium peccati mors est: ha! stipendium, &c.

The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis
veritas,*

If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves,
and there is no truth in us.

Why then belike we must sin,

And so consequently die.

Aye, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this? *Che, sera, sera:*

What ~~will~~ be*, shall be; Divinity adieu.

These Metaphysics of Magicians,

And necromantic books, are heavenly.

* It may, perhaps, be advisable here, to apologize for the unpleasing repetition of the name of "the most high," and the irreverend sporting with the best feelings of our nature, which will be found throughout the first part of this Play, in the mouth of Faustus; but it should be remembered that Marlowe is not particular in this; that some of the greatest, and best men, have not scrupled to represent vice speaking her own language. And it must be observed, that the moral of the parts, as of the whole, is excellent: the very devil is opposed to Faustus, and painted hating sin.

Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters :

Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,

Is promised to the studious artizan !

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings

Are but obey'd in their several provinces ;

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man :

A sound Magician is a Demigod.

Here tire my brains to get a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,

The German Valdes, and Cornelius :

Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help*
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter a GOOD and BAD ANGEL.

Good Ang. O Faustus ! lay that damned book
aside,

And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soul,

And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.

Read, read the scriptures ;—that is blasphemy.

* The original editions read, "help to me ;" but as it was unnecessary to the sense, and destructive of the metre, I struck it out : but I wish it to be here understood, that I have invariably preferred presenting the original in its corrupt state, and leaving the alteration to the judgment of the reader, to hazarding a conjectural emendation ; and that when I have presumed on any, I bore in mind the directions of Augustus to the friends of Virgil, when he delivered to them the *Æneid* for revision.

Bad Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all nature's treasure is contain'd.
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.

[*Exeunt Ang.*

Faust. How am I glutt'd with conceit of this!
Shall I make Spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world,
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy;
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg:
I'll have them fill the public schools with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land;
And reign sole king of all the provinces:
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest* with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last

* Edit. of 1624 reads, "wise."

33.44. To practise Magic and concealed Arts.
 Philosophy is odious and obscure;
 Both Law and Physic are for petty wits;
 'Tis Magic, Magic, that hath ravish'd me.
 Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
 And I, that have with subtile syllogisms
 Gravell'd the Pastors of the German Church,
 And made the flow'ring pride of Wittenberg
 Swarm to my problems, as th' infernal Spirits
 On sweet Musæus when he came to hell;
 Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
 Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

! *Val. to Faust.* These books, thy wit, and our
 experience,
 Shall make all nations to canonize us.
 As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
 So shall the Spirits of every Element
 Be always serviceable to us three:
 Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
 Like Almain Rutters with their horsemen's staves,
 Or Lapland giants trotting by our sides:
 Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
 Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows,
 Than have the white breast of the Queen of Love.
 + From Venice they shall drag whole* argasies;
 And from America the golden fleece,
 Q. 7/1624 That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
 If learned Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. to Val. As resolute am I in this
 As thou to live, therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform,
 Will make thee vow to study nothing else.

* Edit. 1616, reads "huge."

He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
The Spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks;
Yea, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth.
Then, tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want.

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius; O this cheers my
soul!

Come show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Val. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite,
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. to Val. First let him know the words of
art;
And then all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Val. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and
after meat

We'll canvass every quidity thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do,
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two SCHOLARS.

1 *Scho.* I wonder what's become of Faustus,
that was wont
To make our schools ring with *sic probo*.

Enter WAGNER.

2 *Scho.* That shall we presently know; here
comes his boy.

1 *Scho.* How now, sirrah, where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

2 *Scho.* Why dost not thou know then?

Wag. Yes, I know, but that follows not.

1 *Scho.* Go to, sirrah, leave your jesting, and
tell where he is.

Wag. That follows not by force of argument,
which you, being licentiates, should stand upon;
therefore acknowledge your error, and be atten-
tive.

2 *Scho.* Then you will not tell us?

Wag. You are deceived, for I will tell you;
yet if you were not dunces you would never ask
such a question; for is he not *corpus naturale*,
and is not that *mobile*? then, wherefore should
you ask me such a question? but that I am by
nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to
lechery (to love I would say), it were not for
you to come within forty feet of the place of
execution; although I do not doubt but to see
you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having
triumphed over you, I will set my countenance
like a precisian*, and begin to speak thus:

* Precisian—a puritan.

Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine if it would speak could inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren. [*Exit.* r / w

1 *Scho.* O Faustus! Then I fear that which I have long suspected, That thou art fallen into the damned art, For which they two are infamous through the world. h a 2

2 *Scho.* Were he a stranger, not allied to me, The danger of his soul would make me mourn; But come, let us go and inform the Rector, It may be his grave council may reclaim him.

1 *Scho.* I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.

2 *Scho.* Yet let us see what we can do.

[*Exeunt.*

Thunder.—Enter LUCIFER and Four DEVILS.

FAUSTUS to them with this Speech.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with his pitchy breath;
Faustus begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest;
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward, and backward, anagramatis'd;
The abbreviated names of holy saints;
Figures of every adjunct to the heav'ns,

And characters of signs, and erring* stars,
 By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise :
 Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute,
 And try the utmost, magic can perform.

(*Thunder.*)

*Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii Valeat numen
 triplex Jehovæ, ignei, aerii, aquitani spiritus! saluete
 Orientis Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis mo-
 narcha et demigorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat
 et surgat Mephostophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris;
 per Jehovan, Gehennam et consecratam aquam,
 quam nunc spargo; signumque crucis quod nunc
 facio; et per rota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis
 dictatis Mephostophilis.*

Enter DEVIL.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
 Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
 Go, and return an old franciscan friar,
 That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[*Exit Devil.*

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words;
 Who would not be proficient in this art?
 How pliant is this Mephostophilis;
 Full of obedience and humility;
 Such is the force of magic, and my spells.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have
 me do?

* The edit. of 1616 reads "evening." The edit. of 1663,
 "crying." The edit. of 1624, only, "erring stars," which I have
 preserved.

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command;
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to o'erwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
No more than he commands, must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring raise thee? speak!

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;
For when we hear one racke the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul:
Nor will we come unless he use such means,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring,
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath already done, and
holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word damnation terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in elysium;
My ghost be with the old philosophers.
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. Arch regent and commander of all
spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of
God. [Devils?

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of

Meph. Oh ! by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heav'n.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that live with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of
hell?

Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Thinkst thou that I that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heav'n,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus ! leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting heart.

Faust. What, is great Mephostophilis so pas-
sionate,
For being deprived of the joys of heav'n !
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go, bear these tidings to great Lucifer ;
Seeing Faustus hath incur'd eternal death,
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness ;
Having thee ever to attend on me ;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask ;
To tell me whatsoever I demand ;
To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends ;
And always be obedient to my will.
Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,

And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephostophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge through the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany,
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd.
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephostophilis return again. [*Exit.*

Enter WAGNER and the CLOWN.

Wag. Come hither, sirrah! boy!

Clown. Boy! Oh disgrace to my person! Zounds!
boy in your face! you have seen many boys
with beards, I am sure.

Wag. Hast thou no comings in?

Clown. And goings out too, you may see, sir. *yes*

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jests
in his nakedness. I know the villain's out of
service, and so hungry, that I know he would
give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mut-
ton, though it were blood raw.

Clown. Not so neither; I had need to have it
well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so
dear, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirrah, wilt thou be my man, and wait

on me? and I will make thee go like *qui mihi discipulus*.

Clown. What, in verse?

Wag. No, slave, in beaten silk and stavesaker*.

Clown. Stavesaker? that's good to kill vermin; then belike if I serve you I shall be lousy.

Wag. Why, so thou shalt be whether thou dost it or no: for, sirrah, if thou dost not presently bind thyself to me for seven years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and make them tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Nay, sir, you may spare yourself a labour, for they are as familiar with me as if they paid for their meat and drink, I can tell you.

Wag. Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these guilders.

Clown. Yes, marry, sir, and I thank you too.

Wag. So now thou art to be at an hour's warning whensoever and wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. Here, take you guilders again, I'll none of 'em.

Wag. Not I, thou art pressed; prepare thyself, for I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away. Banio! Belcher!

Clown. Belcher! and Belcher come here, I'll belch him; I am not afraid of a devil.

Enter two DEVILS.

Wag. How now, sir, will you serve me now?

* *Stavesaker*—Larkspur.

Clown. Ay, good Wagner, take away the Devil then.

Wag. Spirits away! now, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. I will, sir; but hark you, master, will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

Wag. Ay, sirrah, I'll teach thee to turn thyself to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

Clown. A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat! O brave Wagner!

Wag. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always diametrically fixed upon my left heel, that thou mayst *Quasi vestigias nostras insistere*.

Clown. Well, sir, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

FAUSTUS in his Study.

Faust. Now, Faustus,
Must thou needst be damn'd; canst thou not be
sav'd.

What boots it then to think on God or heav'n?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub.
Now, go not back, Faustus; be resolute.
Why waver'st thou*? O something soundeth in
mine ear,

Abjure this magic, turn to God again:
Why, he loves thee not;
The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is first the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

* Edit. 1624, reads, "waver'st thou."

Enter two ANGELS.

Bad Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that most famous art.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance, what of these*?

Good Ang. Oh, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

Bad Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy, That make men foolish that do use them most.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

Bad Ang. No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth. [*Exeunt Ang.*

Faust. Wealth!
Why the signiory of Embden shall be mine;
When Mephostophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts, Mephostophilis come,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephostophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephostophilis.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what sayeth Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,

So thou wilt buy his service with thy soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

* Edit. 1624 reads, "what be these."

Meph. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood :
For that security craves Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I must back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephostophilis, and tell me
What good will my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture
others? [man.

Meph. As great as have the human spirits of
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephostophilis, I'll give it him.

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courage-
ously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own ;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. Lo, Mephostophilis, for love of thee,
Faustus hath cut his arm, and with his blood
Assures himself to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord, and regent of perpetual night.
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for thy wish.

Meph. But, Faustus,
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ah, so I do! but, Mephostophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.
[Exit.

Faust. What might the staying of my blood
portend?

It is unwilling I should write this bill.

Why streams it not that I may write afresh?

Faustus gives to thee his soul: O there it stay'd!

Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?

Then write again, Faustus gives to thee his soul.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS with the Chafer of Fire.

Meph. See, Faustus, here is fire; set it on.

Faust. So now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately.

Meph. What will not I do to obtain his soul?

Faust. *Consummatum est*, this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?

Homo fuge, whither should I fly?
If unto heaven he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ:

O, yes, I see it plain, even here is writ

Homo fuge; yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him something to delight his
mind. *[Exit.*

*Enter DEVILS, giving Crowns and rich Apparel
to FAUSTUS. (They dance and then depart.)*

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Faust. What means this show? speak, Mephos-
tophilis.

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy
mind,
And let thee see what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise such spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then, Mephostophilis, receive this scroll*,

A deed of gift, of body, and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform'st
All covenants and articles between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer,
To effect all promises between us both.

Faust. Then hear me read it, Mephostophilis,
On these conditions following:

First. That Faustus may be a Spirit in form
and substance.

Secondly. That Mephostophilis shall be his
servant, and be by him commanded.

Thirdly. That Mephostophilis shall do for
him, and bring him whatsoever he requireth†.

Fourthly. That he shall be in his house or
chamber invisible.

Lastly. He shall appear to the said John
Faustus, at all times, in what shape and form
soever he please.

I, John Faustus of Wittenberg, Doctor, by
these presents, do give both body and
soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and
his minister Mephostophilis; and further-
more grant unto them, that four-and-
twenty years being expired, and these
articles above written being inviolate, full

* "This scroll," is left out in the edit. of 1624.

† "He requireth," is omitted in the edit. of 1616 and 1624.

power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, into their habitation wheresoever.

By me,
JOHN FAUSTUS.

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Aye, take it, and the devil give thee good of it.

Meph. So now, Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.

Faust. First I will question thee about hell. Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Aye, so are all things else; but whereabouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements; Where we are tortured and remain for ever. Hell hath no limits *, nor is circumscribed In one self place; but where we are is hell; And where hell is there must we ever be: And, to be short, when all the world dissolves, And every creature shall be purified, All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Faust. I think hell is a mere fable.

Meph. Ah! think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damned?

Meph. Aye, of necessity, for here's the scroll In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Aye, and body too; and what of that?

* This description is both morally and poetically beautiful.

Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine,
That after this life there is any pain?

No, these are trifles, and mere old wives tales.

Meph. But I am an instance to prove the contrary;

For I tell thee I am damn'd, and now in hell.

Faust. Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:

What sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing?

But, leaving this, let me have a wife,

The fairest maid in Germany;

For I am wanton and lascivious,

And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.

[*He fetches in a Woman Devil.*]

Faust. What sight is this?

Meph. Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?

Faust. Here's a hot whore indeed; no, I'll no wife.

Meph. Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,

And if thou lovest me think no more of it:

I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans,

And bring them every morning to thy bed:

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have;

Were she as chaste as was Penelope,

As wise as Saba, or as beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

Here take this book, and peruse it well;

The iterating of these lines brings gold;

The framing of this circle on the ground

Brings thunder, whirlwinds, storms, and lightning;

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,

And men in harness shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou command'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephostophilis, for this sweet
book,
This will I keep as chary as my life. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WAGNER solus.

Wag. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragon's necks:
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope, and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That on this day is highly solemnized. [*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS, in his Study, and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Faust. When I behold the heav'ns, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephostophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of these joys.

Meph. 'Twas thine own seeking, Faustus,
thank thyself*.
But think'st thou heav'n such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair
As thou, or any man that breathes on earth.

* When Faustus, in the bitterness of sorrow, seeks some palliative to his upbraiding conscience, in the allurements and excitement of Mephostophilis; how morally beautiful, but how caustic is the reply of this fiend, "It was thine own seeking, Faustus, thank thyself."

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, then he's more excellent.

Faust. If heav'n was made for man, 'twas made for me ;
I will renounce this magic, and repent.

Enter the two ANGELS.

Good Ang. Faustus, repent, yet heaven will pity thee. 50v

Bad Ang. Thou art a spirit, God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me ;
Yea, God will pity me if I repent.

Bad Ang. Ah ! but Faustus never will repent!
[*Exeunt Ang.* +

Faust. My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent :
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven :
Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,
Are laid before me to dispatch myself ;
And long ere this I should have done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair :
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me,
Of Alexander's love, and *Œnon's* death ?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephostophilis ?
Why should I die then, or basely despair ?
I am resolv'd Faustus shall not repent. x

Come, Mephostophilis, let us dispute again *,

* The remainder of this scene, an ostentatious display of school-learning, with which the authors before Shakspeare abound, may be passed over without loss to the reader.

And reason of divine astrology :
Speak, are there many spheres above the moon ;
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth ?

Meph. As are the elements such are the heav'ns ;
Even from the moon unto th' imperial orb,
Mutually folded in each other's spheres,
And jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose termine is termed the world's wide pole :
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter
Feign'd, but are evening stars.

Faust. But have they all one motion, both
situ et tempore ?

Meph. All move from east to west in four-and-
twenty hours upon the poles of the world ; but
differ in their motions upon the place of the
zodiac.

Faust. These slender questions Wagner can
decide ;
Hath Mephostophilis no greater skill ?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets ?
That the first is finish'd in a natural day ;
The second thus ; Saturn in 30 years, Jupiter in
12, Mars in 4 ; the Sun, Venus, and Mer-
cury in a year ; the Moon in 28 days :
these are freshmen's questions ; but tell
me, hath every sphere a dominion or *in-*
telligentia ?

Meph. Aye.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there ?

Meph. Nine : the seven planets, the firmament,
and the imperial heaven.

Faust. But is there none, *cælum igneum et*
chrySTALLinum ?

Meph. No, Faustus, they are but fables. le

Faust. Resolve me then this question. r r

Why are not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time? but in some years, we have more, some less.

Meph. *Per inequalem motum respectu totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answer'd; now tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephostophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, Faustus.

Faust. Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. Aye, that is not against our kingdom; This is: thou art damn'd; think thou of hell.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [Exit.

Faust. Ah! go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell; 'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul! /

Enter the two ANGELS.

Bad Ang. Too late.

Good Ang. Never too late if Faustus will repent.

Bad Ang. If thou repent, devils will tear thee in pieces.

Good Ang. Repent, and they shall never raise thy skin. 7030
[Exeunt Ang.

Faust. O Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour, Help to save distressed Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Luci. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just; There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. Oh! what art thou that look'st so terribly?

Luci. I am Lucifer;
And this is my companion Prince in Hell.

Faust. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch thee!

Belz. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

Luci. Thou call'st on Christ contrary to thy promise.

Belz. Thou should'st not think on God.

Luci. Think on the devil.

Belz. And his dam too.

Faust. Nor will he* henceforth pardon him for this,

And Faustus vows never to look to heav'n.

Luci. So show thyself an obedient servant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Belz. Faustus,
We are come from hell to show thee pastime:
Sit, and thou shalt behold the deadly sins
Appear to thee in their own proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasant unto me
As Paradise to Adam on creation.

Luci. Talk not of Paradise, but mark the show:
Go, Mephostophilis, and fetch them in.

Enter the seven DEADLY SINS.

Belz. Now, Faustus, question them of their names and dispositions.

Faust. That shall I soon: what art thou, the first?

Pride. I am Pride: I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea; I can creep into

* If any apology is necessary for the unusual freedom of my alterations here, I presume the corrupt state of the original amply furnishes me with it.

every corner of a wench; sometimes like a periwig I sit upon her brow; next like a necklace I hang about her neck; then like a fan of feathers I kiss her: and then turning myself to a wrought smock do what I list. But fie, what a smell is here! I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom, unless the ground is perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. Thou art a proud knave indeed; what art thou, the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness: begotten of an old churl, in a leathern bag: and might I now obtain my wish, this house, you, and all should turn to gold, that I might lock you safe into my chest: O my sweet gold!

Faust. And what art thou, the third?

Envy. I am Envy; begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife: I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned: I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone; then thou should'st see how fat I'd be! But must thou sit, and I stand? come down with a vengeance.

Faust. Out, envious wretch! But what art thou, the fourth?

Wrath. I am Wrath: I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth, when I was scarce an hour old; and I have ever since run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get none to fight withal: I was born in hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. And what art thou, the fifth?

Glut. I am Gluttony : my parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a small pension; and that buys me thirty meals a day and ten beavers; a small trifle to suffice nature: I am of a royal pedigree; my father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my mother was a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemass-beef; but my godmother, oh! she was an ancient gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. Not I.

Glut. The devil choak thee.

Faust. Choak thyself, glutton. What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. Heigho! I am Sloth : I was begotten on a sunny bank.

Heigho! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

Faust. And what art thou, Mistress Minx, the seventh, and last?

Letch. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton, better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with Letchery.

Luci. Away to hell, away! On piper.

[*Exeunt the seven Sins.*]

Faust. Oh! how this sight doth delight my soul.

Luci. But, Faustus, in hell are all manner of delights.

Faust. Oh! might I see hell, and return again safe; how happy were I then!

Luci. Faustus, thou shalt:

At midnight I will send for thee: meanwhile
Peruse this book and view it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou
wilt.

Faust. Thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luci. Now, Faustus, farewell.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.
Come, Mephostophilis. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter the CLOWN.

Clown. What, Dick! look to the horses there
till I come again; I have gotten one of Doctor
Faustus' conjuring books, and now we'll have
such knavery as 't passes.

Enter DICK.

Dick. What, Robin! you must come away
and walk the horses.

Rob. I walk the horses! I scorn i'faith; I
have other matters in hand; let the horses walk
themselves an they will. *A per se a, t. h. e. the:*
o per se o deny orgon gorgon: keep further
from me, O thou illiterate and unlearned hostler!

Dick. Snails! what hast thou got there? a
book! why thou canst not tell ne'er a word on't.

Rob. That shalt thou see presently: keep out
of the circle, I say, lest I send you into the
ostry* with a vengeance.

Dick. That's like i'faith! you had better
leave your foolery, for an my master come, he'll
conjure you i' faith.

* "Ostry," a corruption of hostelry.

Rob. My master conjure me! I'll tell thee what; an my master come here, I'll clap a fair pair of horns on his head, as e'er thou sawest in thy life.

Dick. Thou need'st not do that, for my mistress hath done it.

Rob. Ah! there be of us here that have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talk.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But, I prithee, tell me in good sadness, Robin, is that a conjuring book?

Rob. Do but speak what thou'lt have me to do, and I'll do't: if thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'll conjure thee about presently; or if thou'lt go but to the tavern with me, I'll give thee white wine, red wine, claret wine, sack, muskadine, malmsey, and whippincrust; hold, belly, hold, and we'll not pay one penny for it.

Dick. O brave! Prithee let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

Rob. Come, then, let us away. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Learned Faustus, to find the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount him up to scale Olympus top;
Where sitting in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragon's necks,
He views * the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,

* Edit. 1624, reads "To view."

From the bright circle of the horned moon,
 Even to the height of *Primum Mobile*,
 And whirling round of this * circumference,
 Within the concave compass of the pole.
 From East to West his dragons swiftly glide,
 And in eight days did bring him home again:
 Not long he staid within his quiet house,
 To rest his bones after this weary toil;
 But new exploits do hale him out again:
 And mounted then upon a dragon's back,
 That with his wings did part the subtle air,
 He now is gone to prove cosmography,
 That measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth;
 And as I guess will first arrive at Rome,
 To see the Pope and manner of his Court,
 And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
 The which this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephostophilis,
 Past with delight the stately town of Trier,
 Environ'd round with airy mountain tops,
 With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,
 Not to be won by any conquering Prince;
 From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
 We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
 Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines.

* The edit. 1616 and 1631, read "with this." The edit. 1624, "with his:" and the edit. 1663, "in this circumference." It will be evident from this, that all the editors were in doubt as to the meaning of the passage: I confess I cannot discover on what grounds any one of the alterations have been made, nor is the meaning I have presumed on clearly perceptible: I understand it as alluding to the rotary motion of the earth,

Then unto Naples; rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair, and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest
brick:

There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the East;
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top;
Whose frame is paved with sundry coloured stones,
And rooft aloft with curious work in gold:
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. I have, my Faustus, and for proof thereof,
This is the goodly palace of the Pope:
And, 'cause we are no common guests,
I choose his private chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his holiness will bid you welcome.

Meph. All's one, for we'll be bold with his
venison.

But now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive,
What Rome contains for to delight thine eyes;
Know that this city stands upon seven hills,
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tyber's
stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which two stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge, call'd Ponto Angelo,
Erected is a castle passing strong,

Where thou shalt see such store of ordnance,
As, that the double cannons forged of brass,
Do match the number of the days contain'd
Within the compass of one complete year;
Beside the gates and high pyramides,
That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegeton, I swear;
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright splendent Rome;
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, stay, my Faustus; I know you'd
see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which this day with high solemnity,
This day is held through Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Pope's triumphant victory.

Faust. Sweet Mephostophilis thou pleasest me;
Whilst I am here on earth let me be cloy'd
With all things that delight the heart of man:
My four-and-twenty years of liberty,
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus' name, whilst this bright frame
doth stand,
May be admired through the furthest land.

Meph. 'Tis well said, Faustus; come then,
stand by me,
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

Faust. Nay, stay, my gentle Mephostophilis,
And grant me my request, and then I go.
Thou know'st within the compass of eight days,
We view'd the face of heaven, of earth, and hell:
So high our dragons soar'd into the air,

That, looking down, the earth appear'd to me
 No bigger than my hand in quantity :
 There did we view the kingdoms of the world,
 And what might please mine eye, I there beheld.
 Then in this show let me an actor be,
 That this proud Pope may Faustus' coming see*.

Meph. Let it be so, my Faustus ; but first stay,
 And view their triumphs as they pass this way ;
 And then devise what best contents thy mind,
 By cunning † in thine art to cross the Pope,
 Or dash the pride of this solemnity ;
 To make his monks and abbots stand like apes,
 And point like antiques at his triple crown :
 To beat the beads about the friars' pates ;
 Or clap huge horns upon the cardinals heads ;
 Or any villany thou canst devise,
 And I'll perform it, Faustus : hark ! they come :
 This day shall make thee be admired in Rome.

*Enter the CARDINALS and BISHOPS, some bearing
 Crosiers, some the Pillars ; MONKS and FRIARS
 singing their Procession : then the POPE, and
 RAYMOND, King of Hungary, with BRUNO
 led in Chains.*

Pope. Cast down our footstool.

Ray. Saxon Bruno stoop,
 Whilst on thy back his holiness ascends
 Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.

Bru. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me ;
 But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

Pope. To me and Peter shalt thou groveling lie,
 And crouch before the Papal dignity :

* Edit. 1624 reads, "cunning."

† Edit. 1616 reads, "coming."

Sound trumpets then, for thus Saint Peter's heir,
From Bruno's back ascends Saint Peter's chair.

[*A flourish while he ascends.*]

Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men;
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.
Lord Cardinals of France, and Padua,
Go forthwith to our holy consistory,
And read among the statutes decretal,
What by the holy council held at Trent
The sacred synod hath decreed for him,
That doth assume the Papal government
Without election, and a true consent:
Away, and bring us word with speed.

1 *Card.* We go, my lord. [*Exeunt Card.*]

Pope. Lord Raymond.

Faust. Go, haste thee, gentle Mephostophilis,
Follow the cardinals to the consistory;
And as they turn their superstitious books,
Strike them with sloth and drowsy idleness;
And make them sleep so sound, that in their
shapes

Thyself and I may parley with this Pope,
This proud confronter of the Emperor,
And, in despite of all his holiness,
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And bear him to the states of Germany.

Meph. Faustus, I go.

Faust. Dispatch it soon,
The Pope shall curse, that Faustus came to Rome.

[*Exit Faust. and Meph.*]

Bru. Pope Adrian, let me have right of law.
I was elected by the Emperor.

Pope. We will depose the Emp'ror for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him :
Both he and thou shall stand excommunicate,
And interdict from church's privilege,
And all society of holy men :
He grows too proud in his authority,
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
And like a steeple overpeers the church :
But we'll pull down his haughty insolence ;
And as Pope Alexander, our progenitor,
Trod on the neck of German Frederick,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise ;
That Peter's heirs should tread on Emperors,
And walk upon the dreadful adder's back,
Treading the lion and the dragon down,
And fearless spurn the killing basilisk ;
So will we quell that haughty schismatic,
And by authority apostolical,
Depose him from his regal government.

Bru. Pope Julius swore to princely Sigismond,
For him, and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the Emperor their lawful lords.

Pope. Pope Julius did abuse the church's rites,
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on us ?
And therefore tho' we would we cannot err.
Behold this silver belt, whereto is fix'd
Seven golden seals, fast seal'd with seven seals,
In token of our seven-fold power from heaven,
To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn or judge,
Resign or seal, or what so pleaseth us :
Then he and thou, and all the world, shall stoop,

Or be assured of our dreadful curse,
To light as heavy as the pains of hell.

*Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS, like the
CARDINALS.*

Meph. Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted
well?

Faust. Yes, Mephosto, and two such Cardinals
Ne'er serv'd a holy Pope, as we shall do.
But whilst they sleep within the consistory,
Let us salute his reverend fatherhood.

Ray. Behold, my lord, the Cardinals are re-
turn'd.

Pope. Welcome, grave fathers; answer presently
What have our holy council there decreed,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor,
In quittance of their late conspiracy,
Against our state and papal dignity?

Faust. Most sacred patron of the church of
Rome,
By full consent of all the synod,
Of priest and prelates, it is thus decreed:
That Bruno, and the German Emperor,
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics,
And proud disturbers of the church's peace:
And if that Bruno, by his own assent,
Without enforcement of the German Peers,
Did seek to wear the triple diadem,
And by your death to climb St. Peter's chair,
The statutes decretal have thus decreed:
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresy,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

Pope. It is enough; here, take him to your
charge,

And bear him straight to Ponto Angelo,
 And in the strongest tower inclose him fast:
 To-morrow, sitting in our consistory,
 With all our college of grave Cardinals,
 We will determine of his life or death.
 Here take his triple crown along with you,
 And leave it in the church's treasury.
 Make haste, again, my good Lord Cardinals,
 And take our blessing apostolical.

Meph. So, so; was never devil thus bless'd
 before.

Faust. Away, sweet Mephostophilis, begone;
 The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon.

[*Exit Faust. and Mepho.*]

Pope. Go presently and bring a banquet forth,
 That we may solemnize St. Peter's feast,
 And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,
 Drink to our late and happy victory. [*Exeunt.*]

A Senet while the Banquet is brought in; and
 then enter FAUSTUS and MEPHOSTOPHILIS, in
 their own Shapes.*

Meph. Now, Faustus, come, prepare thyself
 for mirth;
 The sleepy Cardinals are hard at hand,
 To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
 And on a proud pac'd steed, as swift as thought,
 Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,
 There to salute the woeful Emperor.

* This word is variously spelt, sennet, signate, cynet; and in the old copies of this play it is found sometimes senit, at others sinet; it is supposed to mean a flourish of trumpets. The edit. of 1663, reads "sonnet."

Faust. The Pope will curse them for their
sloth to day,
That slept both Bruno and his crown away:
But now, that Faustus may delight his mind,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephostophilis, so charm me here,
That I may walk invisible to all,
And do whate'er I please unseen of any.

Meph. Faustus, thou shalt; then kneel down
presently,
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charm thee with this magic wand:
First, wear this girdle, then appear
Invisible to all are here;
The planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell, and the Furies' forked hair;
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree,
With magic spells so compass thee,
That no eye may thy body see.
So, Faustus, now for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Faust. Thanks, Mephostophilis; now, Friars,
take heed,
Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.

Meph. Faustus, no more: see where the Car-
dinals come.

*Enter POPE and LORDS; then the CARDINALS
with a Book.*

Pope. Welcome, Lord Cardinals; come, sit
down;
Lord Raymond, take your seat; Friars, attend
And see that all things be in readiness,
As best beseems this solemn festival.

1 *Card.* First, may it please your sacred holiness,

To view the sentence of the reverend synod,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor.

Pope. What needs this question? Did I not tell you,

To-morrow we would sit i' the consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?
You brought us word even now, it was decreed,
That Bruno, and the cursed Emperor,
Were by the holy council both condemn'd,
For lothed Lollards, and base schismatics:
Then wherefore would you have me view that book?

1 *Card.* Your grace mistakes, you gave us no such charge.

Ray. Deny it not; we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late delivered you,
With his rich triple crown to be reserv'd,
And put into the church's treasury.

Both CARD. By holy Paul we saw them not!

Pope. By Peter you shall die,
Unless you bring them forth immediately!
Hale them to prison, lade their limbs with gyves:
False prelates, for this hateful treachery,
Curs'd be your souls to hellish misery!

Faust. So, they are safe; now, Faustus, to the feast;

The Pope had never such a frolic guest.

Pope. Lord Archbishop of Reames, sit down with us.

Bish. I thank your holiness.

Faust. Fall to, the Devil choke you, an you spare.

Pope. Who's that spoke? Friars look about.
Lord Raymond pray fall to: I am beholden
To the Bishop of Millaine for this so rare a present.

Faust. I thank you, sir.

Pope. How now! Who snatch'd the meat
from me?

Villains! why speak you not? [dish,
My good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty
Was sent me from a Cardinal in France.

Faust. I'll have that too

Pope. What Lollards do attend our holiness,
That we receive such great indignity? fetch me
some wine.

Faust. Aye, pray do, for Faustus is a-dry.

Pope. Lord Raymond, I drink unto your grace.

Faust. I pledge your grace.

Pope. My wine gone too! Yelubbers look about
And find the man that doth this villany,
Or by our sanctitude you all shall die.
I pray, my lords, have patience at this trouble-
some banquet.

Bish. Please it, your holiness; I think it be
some ghost crept out of purgatory, and now is
come unto your holiness for his pardon.

Pope. It may be so.

Go then, command our priests to sing a dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

Faust. How now! must every bit be spiced
with a cross?

Nay, then, take that.

Pope. O I am slain! help me, my lords!
O come and help to bear my body hence!
Damn'd be his soul for ever for this deed!

[*Exeunt Pope and his train.*

Meph. Now, Faustus, what will you do now?
 For I can tell you
 You'll be curs'd with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. Bell, book, and candle; candle, book,
 and bell,
 Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

*Enter the FRIARS with Bell, Book, and Candle,
 for the Dirge.*

1 Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our busi-
 ness with good devotion.
 Cursed be he that stole his holiness' meat from
 the table.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that struck his holiness a blow on
 the face.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that struck friar Sandelo a blow
 on the pate.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that took away his holiness' wine.

Maledicat Dominus.

*[They beat the Friars, fling fire-works among
 them, and exeunt.]*

Enter CLOWN and DICK, with a Cup.

Dick. Sirrah! Robin! we were best look that
 your devil can answer the stealing of this same
 cup, for the Vintner's boy follows us at the hard
 heels!

Rob. 'Tis no matter, let him come: an he fol-

low us, I'll so conjure him, as he was never conjured in his life, I warrant him: let me see the cup.

Enter VINTNER.

Dick. Here 'tis: yonder he comes. Now, Robin, now or never show thy cunning.

Vint. Oh, are you here? I am glad I have found you; you are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup you stole from the tavern?

Rob. How, how! we steal a cup! take heed what you say; we look not like cup-stealers, I can tell you.

Vint. Never deny 't, for I know you have it, and I'll search you.

Rob. Search me? Aye, and spare not—Hold the cup, Dick—Come, come, search me, search me.

Vint. Come on, sirrah, let me search you now.

Dick. Aye, aye, do, do—Hold the cup, Robin—I fear not your searching; we scorn to steal your cups, I can tell you.

Vint. Never out-face me for the matter; for sure the cup is between you two.

Rob. Nay, there you lie, 'tis beyond us both.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought 'twas your knavery to take it away: come, give it me again.

Rob. Ah, much! when, can you tell? Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my back, and stir not for thy life. Vintner, you shall have your cup anon; say nothing, Dick: *O per se O, demigorgon; Belcher and Mephostophilis!*

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Meph. You princely legions of infernal rule,
How am I vexed by these villains' charms!
From Constantinople have they brought me now,
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

Rob. By lady, sir, you have had a shrewd journey of it! will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and a tester in your purse, and go back again?

Dick. Aye, I pray you heartily, sir; for we called you but in jest, I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashness of this cursed deed,

First, be thou turned to this ugly shape;
For apish deeds transformed to an ape.

Rob. O brave! an ape! I pray, sir, let me have the carrying of him about to show some tricks.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a dog, and carry him upon thy back; away! be gone!

Rob. A dog! That's excellent! let the maids look well to their porridge-pots, for I'll into the kitchen presently: come, Dick, come.

[Exeunt the two Clowns.]

Meph. Now with the flames of ever-burning fire,
I'll wing myself, and forthwith fly amain
Unto my Faustus to the Great Turk's court.

[Exit.]

Enter MARTENO and FREDERICK at several doors.

Mart. What, ho! officers, gentlemen!
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperor;

Good Frederick, see the rooms be voided straight,
His majesty is coming to the hall;
Go back, and see the state in readiness.

Fred. But where is Bruno, our elected Pope,
That on a fury's back came post from Rome?
Will not his Grace consort the Emperor?

Mart. O yes; and with him comes the German
conjuror,
The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberg;
The wonder of the world for magic art:
And he intends to show great Carolus
The race of all his stout progenitors;
And bring in presence of his majesty,
The royal shapes, and warlike semblances,
Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

Fred. Where is Benvolio?

Mart. Fast asleep, I warrant you;
He took his rouse with stoops of Rhenish wine
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

Fred. See, see his window's ope! we'll call to
him.

Mart. What, ho! Benvolio!

*Enter BENVOLIO above, at a window, in his Night-
cap: buttoning.*

Benv. What a devil ails you two?

Mart. Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you:
For Faustus at the court is late arriv'd,
And at his heels a thousand furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoever the Doctor please.

Benv. What of this?

Mart. Come, leave thy chamber first, and thou
shalt see

This conjurer perform such rare exploits,
Before the Pope and Royal Emperor,
As never yet was seen in Germany. [yet?

Benv. Has not the Pope enough of conjuring
He was upon the devil's back late enough;
And if he be so far in love with him,
I would he would post with him to Rome again.

Fred. Speak, wilt thou come and see this sport?

Benv. Not I.

Mart. Wilt thou stand in thy window, and
see it then?

Benv. Aye, an I fall not asleep i' the mean
time.

Mart. The Emperor is at hand, who comes
to see

What wonders by black spells may compass'd be.

Benv. Well, go you attend the Emperor: I
am content, for this once, to thrust my head out
at a window: for they say, if a man be drunk
over night, the devil cannot hurt him in the morn-
ing: if that be true, I have a charm in my head,
shall control him as well as the conjurer, I war-
rant you. [Exit.

A Senet. Enter CHARLES, the German Emperor,
BRUNO, SAXONY, FAUSTUS, MEPHOSTOPHILIS,
FREDERICK, MARTINO, and Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd magician,
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our court.
This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free
From his and our professed enemy,
Shall add more excellence unto thine art,
Than if by powerful necromantic spells
Thou could'st command the world's obedience;

For ever be belov'd of Carolus ;
And if this Bruno thou hast late redeem'd,
In peace possess the triple diadem,
And sit in Peter's chair, despite of chance ;
Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,
And honour'd of the German Emperor.

Faust. These gracious words, most royal Carolus,
Shall make poor Faustus, to his utmost power,
Both love and serve the German Emperor,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet :
For proof whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,
The Doctor stands prepar'd, by power of art,
To cast his magic charms, that shall pierce through
The ebon gates of ever-burning hell,
And hale the stubborn Furies from their caves,
To compass whatsoe'er your Grace commands.

Benv. Blood, he speaks terribly ! but for all that, I do not greatly believe him ; he looks as like a conjurer as the Pope to a coster-monger.

Emp. Then, Faustus, as thou late did'st promise us,
We would behold that famous conqueror,
Great Alexander and his paramour,
In their true shapes, and state majestical,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

Faust. Your majesty shall see them presently.
Mephostophilis, away ;
And with a solemn noise of trumpets sound,
Present before this royal Emperor,
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

Meph. Faustus, I will.

Benv. Well, Mr. Doctor, an your devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep pre-

sently: zounds! I could eat myself for anger, to think I have been such an ass all this while, to stand gaping after the devil's governor, and can see nothing.

Faust. I'll make you feel something anon, if my art fail me not.

My lord, I must forewarn your majesty,
That when my spirits present the royal shapes
Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your grace demand no questions of the king;
But in dumb silence let them come and go.

Emp. Be it as Faustus please, we are content.

Benv. Aye, aye, and I am content too: an thou bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor, I'll be Acteon, and turn myself to a stag.

Faust. And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns presently.

Senet. *Enter at one Door the EMPEROR ALEXANDER, at the other DARIUS; they meet; DARIUS is thrown down, ALEXANDER kills him; takes off his crown, and offering to go out, his Paramour meets him; he embraceth her, and sets DARIUS' Crown upon her Head; and coming back, both salute the EMPEROR, who leaving his State, offers to embrace them; which FAUSTUS seeing, suddenly stays him: then Trumpets cease, and Music sounds.*

My gracious lord, you do forget yourself,
These are but shadows, not substantial.

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished
With sight of this renowned Emperor,
That in mine arms I would have compass'd him

But, Faustus, since, I may not speak to them,
To satisfy my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee: I have heard it said,
That this fair lady, whilst she liv'd on earth,
Had on her neck a little wart or mole;
Now may I prove that saying to be true?

Faust. Your majesty may boldly go and see.

Emp. Faustus, I see it plain;
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Than if I'd gain'd another monarchy.

Faust. Away! begone! [*Exit show.*
See, see, my gracious lord! what strange beast
is yon,
That thrust his head out at window?

Emp. O wondrous sight! see, Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading horns most strangely fastened
Upon the head of young Benvolio.

Sax. What, is he asleep or dead?

Faust. He sleeps, my lord, but dreams not of
his horns.

Emp. This sport is excellent: we'll call and
wake him.

What, ho! Benvolio!

Benv. A plague upon you, let me sleep awhile.

Emp. I blame thee not to sleep much, having
such a head of thine own.

Sax. Look up, Benvolio, 'tis the Emperor calls.

Benv. The Emperor! where? O, zounds, my
head!

Emp. Nay, an thy horns hold, 'tis no matter
for thy head, for that's arm'd sufficiently.

Faust. Why, how now, Sir Knight, what
hang'd by the horns? This is most horrible: fie,

fie, pull in your head for shame ; let not all the world wonder at you.

Benv. Zounds, Doctor ! is this your villany ?

Faust. O say not so, sir : the Doctor has no skill,
No art, no cunning, to present these lords,
Or bring before this royal Emperor
The mighty monarch, warlike Alexander :
If Faustus do it, you are straight resolv'd
In bold Acteon's shape to turn a stag.
And therefore, my lord, so please your majesty,
I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so,
As all his footmanship shall scarce prevail
To keep his carcase from their bloody fangs.
Ho ! Belimote, Argiron, Asterote !

Benv. Hold, hold ! zounds ! he'll raise up a
kennel of devils I think anon : good my lord
intreat for me ; 'sblood, I am never able to endure
these torments.

Emp. Then, good Mr. Doctor,
Let me entreat you to remove his horns,
He has done penance now sufficiently.

Faust. My gracious lord ; not so much for injury done to me, as to delight your majesty with some mirth, hath Faustus justly requited this injurious knight ; which being all I desire, I am content to remove his horns. Mephostophilis, transform him ; and hereafter, sir, look you speak well of scholars.

Benv. Speak well of ye ? 'sblood, an scholars be such cuckold-makers to clap horns on honest men's heads o' this order ; I'll ne'er trust smooth faces and small ruffs more. But an I be not reveng'd for this, would I might be turned

to a gaping oyster, and drink nothing but salt water.

Emp. Come, Faustus, while the Emperor lives,
In recompense of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
And live belov'd of mighty Carolus.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter BENVOLIO, MARTINO, FREDERICK, and
SOLDIERS.

Mart. Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway thy
thoughts

From this attempt against the conjurer.

Benv. Away, you love me not, to urge me thus;
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When every servile groom jests at my wrongs,
And in their rustic gambols proudly say,
Benvolio's head was grac'd with horns to-day?
O may these eyelids never close again,
Till with my sword I have that conjurer slain:
If you will aid me in this enterprise,
Then draw your weapons and be resolute;
If not, depart; here will Benvolio die,
But Faustus' death shall quit thy infamy.

Fred. Nay, we will stay with thee, betide
what may,

And kill that Doctor if he come this way.

Benv. Then, gentle Frederick, hie thee to the
grove,

And place our servants, and our followers,
Close in an ambush there behind the trees;
By this I know the conjurer is near,
I saw him kneel, and kiss the Emperor's hand,

And take his leave, laden with rich rewards :
Then, soldiers, boldly fight ; if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leave us the victory.

Fred. Come, soldiers, follow me unto the grove,
Who kills him shall have gold and endless love.

[*Exit Fred. with Soldiers.*]

Benv. My head is lighter than it was by th'
horns,

But yet my heart's more ponderous than my head,
And pants until I see that conjurer dead.

Mart. Where shall we place ourselves, Ben-
volio ?

Benv. Here will we stay to hide the first assault ;
O were that damned hell-hound but in place,
Thou soon shouldst see me quit my foul disgrace !

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Close, close, the conjurer is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his gown ;
Be ready then, and strike the peasant down.

Benv. Mine be that honour then : now, sword,
strike home,
For horns he gave, I'll have his head anon.

Enter FAUSTUS with a false Head.

Mart. See, see, he comes.

Benv. No words : this blow ends all ;
Hell take his soul, his body thus must fall.

Faust. Oh !

Fred. Groan you, Master Doctor ?

Benv. Break may his heart with groans : dear
Frederick, see,
Thus will I end his griefs immediately.

Mart. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.

Benv. The devil's dead, the Furies now may laugh.

Fred. Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown,

Made the grim monarch of infernal spirits
Tremble and quake at his commanding charms?

Mart. Was this that damned head, whose
art conspir'd
Benvolio's shame before the Emperor?

Benv. Aye, that's the head, and here the body
lies,
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

Fred. Come, let's devise how we may add
more shame
To the black scandal of his hated name.

Benv. First, on his head, in quittance of my
wrongs,
I'll nail huge forked horns, and let them hang
Within the window where he yok'd me first,
That all the world may see my just revenge.

Mart. What use shall we put his beard to?

Benv. We'll sell it to a chimney-sweeper; it
will wear out ten birchen brooms, I warrant you.

Fred. What shall his eyes do?

Benv. We'll put out his eyes; and they shall
serve for buttons to his lips, to keep his tongue
from catching cold.

Mart. An excellent policy: and now, sirs,
having divided him, what shall the body do?

Benv. Zounds, the devil's alive again!

Fred. Give him his head for God's sake.

Faust. Nay, keep it: Faustus will have heads
and hands,

I call your hearts to recompense this deed.
Knew you not, traitors, I was limited
For four-and-twenty years to breathe on earth?
And had you cut my body with your swords,
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,
And I had breath'd a man, made free from harm.
But wherefore do I dally my revenge?
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephostophilis!

Enter. MEPHOSTOPHILIS, and other Devils.

Go, horse these traitors on your fiery backs,
And mount aloft with them as high as heav'n;
Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:
Yet, stay, the world shall see their misery,
And hell shall after plague their treachery.
Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence,
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt:
Take thou this other, drag him through the woods
Amongst the pricking thorns and sharpest briars;
Whilst with my gentle Mephostophilis,
This traitor flies unto some steepy rock,
That rolling down may break the villain's bones,
As he intended to dismember me.

Fly hence! dispatch my charge immediately!

Fred. Pity us, gentle Faustus, save our lives!

Faust. Away!

Fred. He must needs go, that the devil drives.

[Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.]

Enter the ambushed SOLDIERS.

1 *Sold.* Come, sirs, prepare yourselves in readiness;

Make haste to help these noble gentlemen,
I heard them parley with the conjurer.

2 Sold. See, where he comes; dispatch and
kill the slave.

Faust. What's here? an ambush to betray my
life!

Then, Faustus, try thy skill: base peasants, stand!
For lo, these trees remove at my command,
And stand as bulwarks 'twixt yourselves and me,
To shield me from your hated treachery:
Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,
Behold an army comes incontinent.

*[Faustus strikes the door, and enter a Devil
playing on a drum, after him another
bearing an ensign; and divers with wea-
pons; Mephostophilis with fire-works;
they set upon the Soldiers and drive them
out.]*

*Enter at several Doors, BENVOLIO, FREDERICK,
and MARTINO, their Heads and Faces bloody,
and besmeared with Mud and Dirt: all having
Horns on their Heads.*

Mart. What, ho! Benvolio!

Benv. Here; what, Frederick, ho!

Fred. O help me, gentle friend; where is
Martino?

Mart. Dear Frederick, here,
Half smother'd in a lake of mud and dirt,
Through which the Furies dragg'd me by the heels.

Fred. Martino, see
Benvolio's horns again.

Mart. Oh, misery! how now, Benvolio?

Benv. Defend me, heaven ! shall I be haunted still ?

Mart. Nay, fear not, man, we have no power to kill.

Benv. My friends transformed thus : oh, hellish spite !

Your heads are all set with horns.

Fred. You hit it right,
It is your own you mean ; feel on your head.

Benv. Zounds ! horns again !

Mart. Nay, chafe not, man, we all are sped.

Benv. What devil attends this damn'd magician,
That spite of spite our wrongs are doubled ?

Fred. What may we do that we may hide our shames ?

Benv. If we should follow him to work revenge,
He'd join long asses ears to these huge horns,
And make us laughing-stocks to all the world.

Mart. What shall we then do, dear Benvolio ?

Benv. I have a castle joining near these woods,
And thither we'll repair, and live obscure,
Till time shall alter this our brutish shapes :
Sith black disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame,
We'll rather die with grief than live with shame.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter FAUSTUS, *and the* HORSE-COURSER, *and*
MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Horse. I beseech your worship accept of these forty dollars.

Faust. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse for so small a price : I have no great need to sell him, but if thou likest him for ten dollars.

more, take him, because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

Horse. I beseech you, sir, accept of this: I am a very poor man, and have lost very much of late by horse-flesh, and this bargain will set me up again.

Faust. Well, I will not stand with thee; give me the money. Now, sirrah, I must tell you that you may ride him o'er hedge and ditch, and spare him not; but, do you hear, in any case, ride him not into the water.

Horse. How, sir, not into the water? why, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. Yes; he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water; o'er hedge and ditch, and where thou wilt, but not into the water. Go, bid the hostler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

Horse. I warrant you, sir; oh! joyful day: now am I made a man for ever! [*Exit.*]

Faust. What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time draws to a final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts,
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush! Christ did call the Thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*He sits to sleep.*]

Enter the HORSE-COURSER wet.

Horse. Oh! what a cozening Doctor was this! I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had been in the horse, I had no-

thing under me but a little straw, and had much ado to escape drowning. Well, I'll go rouse him, and make him give me my forty dollars again. Ho ! sirrah ! Doctor ! you cozening scab ! Master Doctor, awake and rise, and give me my money again ; for your horse is turned to a bottle of hay. Master Doctor ! [*He pulls off his leg.*] Alas ! I am undone ! what shall I do ! I have pulled off his leg.

Faust. Oh ! help, help, the villain hath murdered me !

Horse. Murder or not murder, now he has but one leg I'll outrun him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

Faust. Stop him ! stop him ! stop him !—ha, ha, ha ! Faustus hath his leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty dollars.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner, what news with thee ?

Wag. If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company ; and hath sent some of his men to attend you, with provision fit for your journey.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning : come, away. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLOWN, DICK, HORSE-COURSER, and CARTER.

Cart. Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in Europe ;
What, ho ! hostess ! where be these whores ?

Enter Hostess.

Host. How now, what lack you? What, my old guests? welcome.

Robin *Clown.* Sirrah! Dick! dost thou know why I stand so mute?

Dick. No, Robin, why is't?

Robin *Clown.* I am eighteen pence on the score; but say nothing: see if she has forgotten me.

Host. Who's this, that stands so solemnly by himself? What, my old guest?

Robin *Clown.* O, hostess, how do you? I hope my score stands still.

Host. Aye, there's no doubt of that; for methinks you make no haste to wipe it out.

Dick. Why, hostess, I say fetch us some beer.

Host. You shall presently: look up into the hall there, ho! [*Exit.*

Dick. Come, sirs, what shall we do now till mine hostess comes?

Cart. Marry, sirs, I'll tell you the bravest tale how a conjurer served me; you know Doctor Faustus?

Horse. Aye, a plague take him; here's some on's have cause to know him; did he conjure thee too?

Cart. I'll tell you how he served me: as I was going to Wittenberg t'other day, with a load of hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much hay as he could eat; now, sir, I thinking a little would serve his turn, bad him take as much as he would for three farthings; so he presently gave me my money and fell to eating; and as I am a cursen man, he

never left eating till he had eat up all my load of hay.

All. Oh, monstrous ! eat a whole load of hay?

Clown. Yes, yes, that may be ; for I have heard of one that has eat a load of logs.

Horse. Now, sirs, you shall hear how villainously he served me : I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no means sell him under forty dollars ; so, sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge and ditch and never tire, I gave him his money ; so when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bad me ride him night and day, and spare him no time ; but, quoth he, in any case, ride him not into the water : now, sir, I thinking the horse had had some quality that he would not have me know of ; what did I, but ride him into a great river ; and when I came just in the midst, my horse vanished away, and I sat straddling upon a bottle of hay.

All. O brave Doctor !

Horse. But you shall hear how bravely I served him for it ; I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep ; I kept a hallooing and whooping in his ears, but all could not wake him : I seeing that, took him by the leg, and never rested pulling till I had pulled me his leg quite off ; and now 'tis at home in mine hostry.

Clown. And has the Doctor but one leg then ? That's excellent ! for one of his devils turn'd me into the likeness of an ape's face.

Cart. Some more drink, hostess.

Clown. Hark you, we'll into another room and

drink awhile, and then we'll go seek out the Doctor. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, his DUCHESS, FAUSTUS, and MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Duke. Thanks, Master Doctor, for these pleasant sights; nor know I how sufficiently to recompense your great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the air: the sight whereof so delighted me, as nothing in the world could please me more.

Faust. I do think myself, my good lord, highly recompensed in that it pleaseth your grace to think but well of that which Faustus hath performed. But, gracious lady, it may be that you have taken no pleasure in those sights; therefore, I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to have; be it in the world, it shall be yours: I have heard that great-bellied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

Lady. True, Master Doctor; and since I find you so kind, I will make known unto you what my heart desires to have; and were it now summer as it is January, a dead time of the winter, I would request no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. This is but a small matter: go, Mephostophilis; away! [*Exit Mephostophilis.*] Madam, I will do more than this for your content.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS again, with the Grapes.

Here now, take ye these; they should be good, for they come from a far country, I can tell you.

Duke. This makes me wonder more than all the rest; that at this time of the year, when every tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these ripe grapes.

Faust. Please it, your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world; so that when it is winter with us, in the contrary circle it is likewise summer with them; as in India, Saba, and such countries that lie far east, where they have fruit twice a year; from whence, by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had these grapes brought as you see.

Lady. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that e'er I tasted.

(The Clown bounceth at the gate, within.)

Duke. What rude disturbers have we at the gate?

Go, pacify their fury, set it ope,
And then demand of them what they would have.

(They knock again, and call out to talk with Faustus.)

A Serv. Why, how now, masters; what a coil is there;

What is the reason you disturb the Duke?

Dick. We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

Serv. Why, saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

Horse. I hope, sir, we have wit enough to be more bold than welcome.

Serv. It appears so; pray be bold elsewhere, and trouble not the duke.

Duke. What would they have?

Serv. They all cry out to speak with Doctor Faustus.

Cart. Aye, and we will speak with him.

Duke. Will you, sir? Commit the rascals.

Dick. Commit with us; he were as good commit with his father as commit with us.

Faust. I do beseech your Grace, let them come in,

They are good subject for a merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt, Faustus, I give thee leave.

Faust. I thank your Grace.

Enter the CLOWN, DICK, CARTER, and HORSE-COURSER.

Why, how now, my good friends?

Faith, you are too outrageous; but come near, I have procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

Clown. Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take: What, ho! give's half a dozen of beer here, and be hanged.

Faust. Nay, hark you, can you tell me where you are?

Cart. Aye, marry, can I, we are under heaven.

Serv. Aye; but, Sir Sauce-box, know you in what place?

Horse. Aye, aye, the house is good enough to drink in: zounds! fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles.

Faust. Be not so furious; come, you shall have beer.

My lord, beseech you give me leave awhile,
I'll gage my credit, 'twill content your Grace.

Duke. With all my heart, kind Doctor, please
thyself,

Our servants and our court's at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thank your Grace; then fetch
some beer.

Horse. Ah, marry! there spake a Doctor,
indeed! and faith, I'll drink a health to thy
wooden leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden leg! what dost thou mean
by that?

Cart. Ha, ha, ha! dost hear him, Dick? he
has forgot his leg.

Horse. Aye, aye, he does not stand much upon
that.

Faust. No, faith; not much upon a wooden
leg.

Cart. Good Lord! that flesh and blood should
be so frail with your worship! Do not you re-
member a Horse-courser you sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Cart. And do you remember you bid he
should not ride him into the water?

Faust. Yes, I do very well remember that.

Cart. And do you remember nothing of your
leg?

Faust. No, in good sooth.

Cart. Then, I pray, remember your curtesie.

Faust. I thank you, sir.

Cart. 'Tis not so much worth: I pray you tell
me one thing.

Faust. What's that?

Cart. Be both your legs bed-fellows every night?

Faust. Would'st thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askest me such a question?

Cart. No, truly, sir, I would make nothing of you; but I would fain know that.

Enter Hostess with drink.

Faust. Then, I assure thee, certainly they are.

Cart. I thank you, I am fully satisfied.

Faust. But wherefore dost thou ask?

Cart. For nothing, sir; but methinks you should have a wooden bed-fellow of one of 'em.

Horse. Why, do you hear, sir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

Faust. But I have it again now I am awake: look you here, sir.

All. O horrible! had the Doctor three legs?

Cart. Do you remember, sir, how you cozened me, and eat up my load of ——

[Faustus charms him dumb.]

Dick. Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's ——

Horse. You whoreson conjuring scab! do you remember how you cozened with a ho——

Clown. Ha' you forgotten me? you think to carry it away with your hey-passe and re-passe: do you remember the dog's fa——

[Exeunt Clowns.]

Host. Who pays for the ale? hear you, Master Doctor; now you have sent away my guests, I pray who shall pay me for my a——

[Exit Hostess.]

Lady. My lord,
We are much beholden to this learned man.

Duke. So are we, madam; which we will re-
compense

With all the love and kindness that we may;
His artful sport drives all sad thoughts away.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*Thunder and lightning.*) *Enter DEVILS with covered Dishes: MEPHOSTOPHILIS leads them into FAUSTUS'S Study: then enter WAGNER.*

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly; he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate; besides two thousand ducats ready coined: I wonder what he means! If death were nigh, he would not frolic thus: he's now at supper with the scholars; where there's such belly-cheer, as Wagner in his life ne'er saw the like: and see where they come, belike the feast is done. [*Exit.*]

Enter FAUSTUS, MEPHOSTOPHILIS, and two or three Scholars.

1 *Schol.* Mister Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves, that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Mister Doctor, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,

It is not Faustus's custom to deny
 The just request of those that wish him well :
 You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
 No otherwise for pomp or majesty,
 Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
 And brought the spoils to rich Dardania :
 Be silent then, for danger is in words.

*(Music sounds. Mephostophilis brings in
 Helen; she passeth over the Stage.)*

2 *Scho.* Was this fair Helen, whose admired
 worth
 Made Greece with ten years war afflict poor Troy?

3 *Scho.* Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
 Whom all the world admires for majesty.

1 *Scho.* Now we have seen the pride of Na-
 ture's work,
 We'll take our leave; and for this blessed sight,
 Happy and bless'd be Faustus evermore.

[Exeunt Scholars.]

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish
 to you.

Enter an OLD MAN.

Old Man. O, gentle Faustus! leave this damned
 art,
 This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell;
 And quite bereave thee of salvation.
 Though thou hast now offended like a man,
 Do not persevere in it like a devil:
 Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,
 If sin by custom grow not into nature;
 Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late;
 Then thou art banish'd from the sight of heav'n;

No mortal can express the pains of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seems harsh, and all unpleasant; let it not;
For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath,
Or envy of thee, but in tender love
And pity of thy future misery;
And so have hope that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch! what
hast thou done?

[*Mephostophilis gives him a dagger.*
Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come, thine hour is almost come;"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

Old Man. Oh! stay, good Faustus, stay thy
desperate steps;
I see an angel hover o'er thy head,
And with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul;
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. O friend! I feel thy words to comfort
my distressed soul;
Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. Faustus, I leave thee, but with grief
of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul. [*Exit.*

Faust. Accursed Faustus! wretch! what hast
thou done?
I do repent, and yet I do despair;
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast,
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus! I arrest thy soul,
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

Faust. I do repent I e'er offended him;
Sweet Mephostophilis, intreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it then, Faustus, with unfeigned
heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift*.

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and
aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his
soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave
of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire:
That I may have unto my paramour,
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clear
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. This, or what else my Faustus shall
desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

*Enter HELEN again, passing over between two
Cupids.*

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thou-
sand ships,

* Both in the edit. of 1616 and 1624, this speech is given to
Faustus.

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
 Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies;
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
 Here will I dwell, for heav'n is in these lips,
 And all is dross that is not Helena.
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
 Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
 And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
 When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
 More lovely than the Monarch of the sky,
 In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[*Exeunt.*

(*Thunder.*) *Enter* LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and
 MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Luci. Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend,
 To view the subjects of our monarchy;
 Those souls, which sin seals the black sons of
 hell,
 'Mong which, as chief, Faustus we come to thee;
 Bringing with us lasting damnation,
 To wait upon thy soul; the time is come
 Which makes it forfeit.

Meph. And this gloomy night,
 Here, in this room, will wretched Faustus be.

Belz. And here we'll stay,
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

Meph. How should he but in desperate lunacy!
Fond worlding! now his heart-blood dries with
grief;

His conscience kills it, and his labouring brain
Begets a world of idle phantasies,
To over-reach the devil, but all in vain;
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.
He, and his servant Wagner, are at hand;
Both come from drawing Faustus' latest will.
See where they come.

Enter FAUSTUS and WAGNER.

Faust. Say, Wagner, thou hast perus'd my will:
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.

Enter the SCHOLARS.

Faust. Gramarcy, Wagner! welcome, gentlemen.

1 *Scho.* Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your
looks are changed.

Faust. Oh! gentlemen.

2 *Scho.* What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow! had I
liv'd with thee,
Then had I lived still, but now must die eternally.
Look, sirs, comes he not? Comes he not?

1 *Scho.* O, my dear Faustus, what imports
this fear?

2 *Scho.* Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

3 *Scho.* He is not well with being over solitary.

2 *Scho.* If it be so, we'll have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

3 *Scho.* 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

2 *Scho.* Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned; the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Oh, gentlemen! hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years; oh! would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself; heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever. Hell! O hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

2 *Scho.* Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Oh, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears! Gush forth blood instead of tears! yea, life and soul.—Oh! he stays my tongue!—I

would lift up my hands ; but see, they hold 'em !
they hold 'em !

All. Who, Faustus ?

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephostophilis. Oh, gentlemen ! I gave them my soul for my cunning.

All. Oh ! God forbid !

Faust. God forbid it, indeed ; but Faustus hath done it ; for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood ; the date is expired ; this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1 Scho. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee ?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so ; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God ; to fetch me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity ; and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

2 Scho. Oh ! what may we do to save Faustus ?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

3 Scho. God will strengthen me ; I will stay with Faustus.

1 Scho. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. Aye, pray for me, pray for me ; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2 Scho. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell ; if I live till morning, I'll visit you ; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell. [*Exeunt Scholars.*]

Meph. Ah, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven,
Therefore despair, think only upon hell;
For that must be thy mansion there to dwell.

Faust. Oh, thou bewitching fiend! 'twas thy temptation
Hath robb'd me of eternal happiness.

Meph. I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice
'Twas I, that when thou wert i' the way to heav'n,
Dam'd up thy passage; when thou took'st the book
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,
And led thine eye.
What, weep'st thou! 'tis too late, despair!—Fare-
well!

Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter the GOOD and BAD ANGELS, at several Doors.

Good Ang. Oh! Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me,
Innumerable joys had followed thee;
But thou didst love the world.

Bad Ang. Gave ear to me,
And now must taste hell's pains perpetually.

Good Ang. Oh! what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps
Avail thee now?

Bad Ang. Nothing but vex thee more,
To want in hell that had on earth such store.

[*Music while the throne descends.*]

Good Ang. Oh, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end!

Hadst thou affected sweet divinity,
Hell or the devil had had no power on thee:
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold
In what resplendent glory thou hadst set
In yonder throne, like those bright shining saints,
And triumph'd over hell; that hast thou lost:
And now (poor soul!) must thy good angel leave
thee;
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee. [*Exit.*
(*Hell is discovered.*)

Bad Ang. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with
horror stare
Into that vast perpetual torture-house:
There are the furies tossing damned souls
On burning forks; their bodies boil in lead:
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die; this ever-burning chair
Is for o'er-tortur'd souls to rest them in;
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and lov'd only delicacies,
And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates;
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. Oh! I have seen enough to torture me!

Bad Ang. Nay, thou must feel them, taste the
smart of all;

He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall:
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon;
Then wilt thou tremble in confusion. [*Exit.*

(*The clock strikes eleven.*)

Faust. Oh, Faustus!
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.

Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heav'n,
 That time may cease, and midnight never come.
 Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
 Perpetual day; or let this hour be but a year,
 A month, a week, a natural day,
 That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will
 strike,
 The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd!
 Oh, I'll leap up to heav'n!—Who pulls me down?
 See where Christ's blood streams in the firma-
 ment*:

One drop of blood will save me: oh, my Christ!
 Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
 Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer!—
 Where is it now?—'tis gone!
 And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow.
 Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of heav'n!
 No! Then will I headlong run into the earth:
 Gape, earth!—O no, it will not harbour me.
 You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
 Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
 That when you vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
 But let my soul mount and ascend to heav'n.

(The watch strikes.)

Oh! half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.

* This whole line is omitted in the edit. 1616.

Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain.
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
 A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd:
 No end is limited to damned souls.
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
 Oh! Pythagoras, Metemsyscosis! were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
 Into some brutish beast.

All beasts are happy, for when they die
 Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
 But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
 Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
 No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
 That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heav'n.

(The clock strikes twelve.)

It strikes, it strikes! now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
 O soul! be chang'd into small water-drops,
 And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

(Thunder.) Enter the DEVILS.

Oh! mercy, heav'n, look not so fierce on me!
 Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!—
 Ugly hell, gape not!—Come not, Lucifer!—
 I'll burn my books!—Oh, Mephostophilis!

[Exeunt.]

Enter the SCHOLARS.

1 *Scho.* Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
 For such a dreadful night was never seen
 Since first the world's creation did begin;
 Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard;
 Pray heaven the Doctor have escap'd the danger.

2 *Scho.* Oh, help us, heavens! see, here are
Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

3 *Scho.* The devils whom Faustus serv'd have
torn him thus;
For twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and cry aloud for help;
At which self-time the house seem'd all on fire,
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

2 *Scho.* Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end
be such
As every christian heart laments to think on;
Yet, for he was a scholar once admir'd
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;
And all the students, clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things;
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,
To practice more than heavenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat Author opus.

LUST'S DOMINION;

OR,

THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN:

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

IF the multiplicity of editions may be considered the criterion of public opinion, *Faustus* ranked considerably above this play, in the estimation of our ancestors; it was called for early, and went through five editions before 1663; whereas *Lust's Dominion* was not published till 1657, upwards of sixty years after the decease of its author. In particular passages, and some whole scenes, *Faustus* has great beauties; but it must have been principally indebted for its success, to the superstitious ignorance of the times; *Lust's Dominion* is a much better play: it was altered by Mrs. Behn, and performed at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1671, under the title of *Abdelazar*; and probably furnished hints for the admirable tragedy of *The Revenge*. But, notwithstanding the luxuriance of imagery in the first scenes, the exquisite delicacy of the language that is throughout given to Maria, and the great beauty of parts, "it has too much of *King Cambyzes*' vein; rape, and murder, and superlatives;" and if the stage be intended as a portraiture of real character, such representations tend only to excite a disgust and abhorrence of human nature: with the exception of the innocent Maria, the fiery Philip, Isabella, Alvero, and Hortenzo, there is not one with whom our feelings hold communion. The open representation of the devil in *Faustus* is less offensive than the introduction of him here in the garb of a Moor: but the philanthropy of our ancestors was not shocked at any representation of an African or an Israelite.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Eleazar, the Moor, Prince of Fesse and Barbary.
Philip, King of Spain; Father to Fernando, Philip, and Isabella.
Fernando, King of Spain, } Sons to Philip.
Philip, Prince of Spain, }
Alvero, a Nobleman, and Father-in-Law to Eleazar, and Father
to Hortenzo and Maria.
Mendoza, the Cardinal.
Christofero, } two Noblemen of Spain.
Roderigo, }
Hortenzo, Lover to Isabella, and Son to Alvero.
Zarack, } two Moors attending Eleazar.
Baltazar, }
Cole, } two Friars.
Crab, }
Emmanuel, King of Portugal.
Captain, Soldiers, *cum aliis*.
Two Pages attending the Queen.
The Queen Mother of Spain, and Wife to King Philip.
Isabella, the Infanta of Spain.
Maria, Wife to Eleazar, and Daughter to Alvero.

The Scene, Spain.

LUST'S DOMINION;

OR, THE

LASCIVIOUS QUEEN.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter ZARACK, BALTAZAR, two Moors, taking Tobacco; Music sounding within: enter QUEEN MOTHER OF SPAIN with two PAGES: ELEAZAR, sitting on a Chair, suddenly draws the Curtain.*

Eleaz. ON me does music spend this sound!
on me,

That hate all unity! ah! Zarack, Baltazar!

Qu. Mo. My gracious lord.

Eleaz. Are you there with your beagles! hark,
you slaves!

Did not I bind you on your lives to watch,
That none disturb'd us?

Qu. Mo. Gentle Eleazar.

Eleaz. There, off: is't you that deaf me with
this noise? [*Exeunt two Moors.*

Qu. Mo. Why is my love's aspect so grim and
horrid?

Look smoothly on me;

Chime out your softest strains of harmony,

* The curtains, in front of the old theatres, divided in the middle, and was drawn to the sides: but it may save further explanation to add here, that, "beside the principal curtain they sometimes used others as substitutes for scenes."

MALONE.

And on delicious music's silken wings
Send ravishing delight to my love's ears,
That he may be enamoured of your tunes.
Come, let's kiss.

Eleaz. Away, away !

Qu. Mo. No, no, says aye ; and twice away, says
stay :

Come, come, I'll have a kiss ; but, if you strive,
For one denial, you shall forfeit five.

Eleaz. Nay, prithee, good queen, leave me ;
I am now sick, heavy, and dull as lead.

Qu. Mo. I'll make thee lighter by taking some-
thing from thee.

Eleaz. Do: take from me this ague, and these
fits ;
That, hanging on me,
Shake me in pieces, and set all my blood
A boiling with the fire of rage ; away, away !
Thou believ'st I jest,
And laugh'st to see my wrath wear antic shapes :
Begone, begone !

Qu. Mo. What means my love ?
Burst all those wires ; burn all those instruments ;
For they displease my Moor. Art thou now
pleas'd ?

Or wert thou now disturb'd ? I'll wage all Spain,
To one sweet kiss, this is some new device
To make me fond and long. Oh ! you men
Have tricks to make poor women die for you.

Eleaz. What, die for me ? away !

Qu. Mo. Away, what way ? I prithee speak
more kindly ;
Why dost thou frown ? at whom ?

Eleaz. At thee.

Qu. Mo. At me!

Oh! why at me? For each contracted frown,
A crooked wrinkle interlines my brow:
Spend but one hour in frowns, and I shall look
Like to a beldam of one hundred years.
I prithee speak to me, and chide me not.
I prithee, chide, if I have done amiss;
But let my punishment be this, and this; [*Kiss.*
I prithee, smile on me, if but awhile,
Then frown on me, I'll die: I prithee smile.
Smile on me, and these two wanton boys,
These pretty lads that do attend on me,
Shall call thee Jove, shall wait upon thy cup,
And fill thee nectar: their enticing eyes
Shall serve as crystal, wherein thou may'st see
To dress thyself, if thou wilt smile on me.
Smile on me, and with coronets of pearl,
And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms,
In a round ivory fount these two shall swim,
And dive to make thee sport:
Bestow one smile, one little little smile,
And in a net of twisted silk and gold
In my all-naked arms thyself shalt lie.

Eleaz. Why, what to do? Lust's arms do
stretch so wide

That none can fill them: I'll lay there, away!

Qu. Mo. Where hast thou learn'd this lan-
guage, that can say

No more but two rude words? away, away.

Am I grown ugly now?

Eleaz. Ugly as hell.

Qu. Mo. Thou lov'dst me once.

Eleaz. That can thy bastards tell.

Qu. Mo. What is my sin? I will amend the same.

Eleaz. Hence, strumpet! use of sin makes thee
past shame.

Qu. Mo. Strumpet!

Eleaz. Aye, strumpet.

Qu. Mo. Too true 'tis, woe is me;
I am a strumpet, but made so by thee.

Eleaz. By me!

No no, by these young bawds: fetch thee a glass,
And thou shalt see the balls of both thine eyes
Burning in fire of lust. By me! there's here
Within this hollow cistern of thy breast,
A spring of hot blood: have not I to cool it
Made an extraction to the quintessence,
Even of my soul; melted all my spirits,
Ravish'd my youth, deflour'd my lovely cheeks,
And dried this, this, to an anatomy,
Only to feed your lust? (these boys have ears,)
Yet wouldst thou murder me.

Qu. Mo. I murder thee!

Eleaz. I cannot ride through the Castilian
streets,
But thousand eyes, through windows and through
doors,
Throw killing looks at me; and every slave
At Eleazar darts a finger out,
And every hissing tongue cries, "There's the
Moor;

That's he that makes a cuckold of our king;
There goes the minion of the Spanish queen;
That's the black prince of devils; there goes he,
That on smooth boys, on masks, and revellings,
Spend the revenues of the King of Spain."

Who arms this many headed beast, but you?
Murder and lust are twins, and both are thine.
Being weary of me, thou wouldst worry me,
Because some new love makes thee loathe thine
old.

Qu. Mo. Eleazer.

Eleaz. Harlot, I'll not hear thee speak.

Qu. Mo. I'll kill myself unless thou hear'st me
speak.

My husband-king upon his death-bed lies,
Yet have I stol'n from him to look on thee:
A queen hath made herself thy concubine,
Yet dost thou now abhor me; hear me speak,
Else shall my sons plague thy adult'rous wrongs,
And tread upon thy heart for murd'ring me:
This tongue hath murder'd me. Cry murder, boys.

2 Boys. Murder! the queen's murder'd!

Eleaz. Love! slaves, peace!

2 Boys. Murder! the queen's murder'd!

Eleaz. Stop your throats!

Hark! hush, you squaller. Dear love, look up:
Our chamber-window stares into the court,
And every wide-mouth'd ear, hearing this news,
Will give alarum to the cuckold king:
I did dissemble when I chid my love,
And that dissembling was to try my love.

Qu. Mo. Thou call'dst me strumpet.

Eleaz. I'll tear out my tongue
From this black temple for blaspheming thee.

Qu. Mo. And when I woo'd thee but to smile
on me,

Thou cry'dst away, away, and frown'dst upon me.

Eleaz. Come,
Now I'll kiss thee; now I'll smile upon thee;

Call to thy ashy cheeks their wonted red ;
 Come, frown not, pout not ; smile, smile upon me,
 And with my poniard will I stab my flesh,
 And quaff carouses to thee of my blood ;
 Whilst, in moist nectar kisses, thou dost pledge
 me.

How now, why star'st thou thus ?

(*Knock.*) *Enter ZARACK.*

Zar. The king is dead !

Eleaz. Ah ! dead !

You hear this ? Is't true, is't true ? The king dead !
 Who dare knock thus ?

Zar. It is the cardinal,
 Making inquiry if the queen were here.

Eleaz. See, she's here, tell him ; and yet, Za-
 rack, stay.

Enter BALTAZAR.

Baltaz. Don Roderigo's come to seek the
 queen.

Eleaz. Why should Roderigo seek her here ?

Baltaz. The king hath swounded thrice ; and
 being recovered,
 Sends up and down the court to seek her grace.

Eleaz. The king was dead with you. Run,
 and with a voice,
 Erected high as mine, say thus, thus threaten,
 To Roderigo and the cardinal :
 Seek no queens here, I'll broach them if they do
 Upon my falchion's point : [*Knock again.*
 Again ! more knocking !

Zar. Your father is at hand, my gracious lord.

Eleaz. Lock all the chambers, bar him out,
you apes :
Hither, a vengeance ! stir Eugenia,
You know your old walk under ground ; away !
So down, hie to the king ; quick, quick, you squalls,
Crawl with your dam i' th' dark ; dear love, fare-
well ;
One day I hope to shut you up in hell.

[Eleazar shuts them in.]

SCENE II.

Enter ALVERO.

Alv. Son Eleazar, saw you not the queen ?

Eleaz. Hah !

Alv. Was not the queen here with you ?

Eleaz. Queen with me !

Because, my lord, I'm married to your daughter,
You, like your daughter, will grow jealous :
The queen with me ! with me, a Moor, a devil,
A slave of Barbary, a dog ; for so
Your silken courtiers christen me : but, father,
Although my flesh be tawny, in my veins
Runs blood as red, as royal, as the best
And proudest in Spain ; there does, old man.
My father, who with his empire lost his life,
And left me captive to a Spanish tyrant ;
Oh !
Go tell him, Spanish tyrant ; tell him, do.
He that can lose a kingdom, and not rave,
He's a tame jade ; I am not : tell old Philip
I call him tyrant ; here's a sword and arms,
A heart, a head, and so, pish—'tis but death.

Old fellow, she's not here: but ere I die,
Sword, I'll bequeath thee a rich legacy.

Alv. Watch fitter hours to think on wrongs
than now ;
Death's frozen hand holds royal Philip's heart ;
Half of his body lies within a grave ;
Then do not now by quarrels shake that state,
Which is already too much ruinate.
Come, and take leave of him before he die.

[*Exit.*

Eleaz. I'll follow you. Now purple villany,
Sit like a robe imperial on my back,
That under thee I closelier may contrive
My vengeance ; foul deeds hid, do sweetly thrive.
Mischief erect thy throne and sit in state,
Here, here upon this head ; let fools fear fate,
Thus I defy my stars : I care not, I,
How low I tumble down, so I mount high :
Old Time, I'll wait bare-headed at thy heels,
And be a foot-boy to thy winged hours ;
They shall not tell one minute out in sands,
But I'll set down the number ; I'll still wake
And waste these balls of sight, by tossing them
In busy observations upon thee,
Sweet opportunity ! I'll bind myself
To thee in base apprenticeship so long,
Till on thy naked scalp grow hair as thick
As mine, and all hands shall lay hold on thee,
If thou wilt lend me but thy rusty scythe,
To cut down all that stand within my wrongs
And my revenge. Love, dance in twenty forms
Upon my beauty, that this Spanish dame
May be bewitch'd and doat ; her amorous flames
Shall blow up the old king, consume his sons,

And make all Spain a bonfire.
 This tragedy being acted, hers doth begin;
 To shed a harlot's blood can be no sin. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*The Curtain being drawn, there appears in his
 Bed KING PHILIP, with his Lords; the PRIN-
 CESS ISABELLA at the Feet, MENDOZA, ALVERO,
 HORTENZO, FERNANDO, RODERIGO; and to
 them enter QUEEN in haste.*

Qu. Mo. Whose was that screech-owl's voice,
 that, like the sound
 Of a hell-tortur'd soul, rung through mine ears
 Nothing but horrid shrieks, nothing but death?
 Whilst I, vailing my knees to the cold earth,
 Drowning my withered cheeks in my warm tears,
 And stretching out my arms to pull from heaven
 Health for the royal majesty of Spain,
 All cried, the majesty of Spain is dead!
 That last word, dead, struck through the echo-
 ing air,
 Rebounded on my heart, and smote me down
 Breathless to the cold earth, and made me leave
 My prayers for Philip's life; but, thanks to
 heaven,
 I see him live, and lives, I hope, to see
 Unnumber'd years to guide this empery.

K. Phil. The number of my years ends in one
 day:
 Ere this sun's down, all a king's glory sets,
 For all our lives are but death counterfeits.

Father Mendoza, and you peers of Spain,
Dry your wet eyes; for sorrow wanteth force,
T' inspire a breathing soul in a dead corse;
Such is your king. Where's Isabel our daughter?

Mend. At your bed's feet, confounded in her
tears.

K. Phil. She of your grief the heaviest bur-
then bears;

You can but lose a king, but she a father.

Qu. Mo. She bear the heaviest burthen! Oh!
say rather

I bear, and am borne down; my sorrowing
Is for a husband's loss, loss of a king.

K. Phil. No more. Alvero, call the princess
hither.

Alv. Madam, his majesty doth call for you.

K. Phil. Come hither, Isabella, reach a hand,
Yet now it shall not need: instead of thine,
Death, shoving thee back, clasps his hands in
mine,

And bids me come away: I must, I must,
Though kings be gods on earth, they turn to dust.
Is not Prince Philip come from Portugal?

Rod. The prince, as yet, is not return'd, my
lord.

K. Phil. Commend me to him if I ne'er be-
hold him.

This tells the order of my funeral;
Do it as 'tis set down; embalm my body;
Though worms do make no difference of flesh,
Yet kings are curious here to dig their graves;
Such is man's frailty: when I am embalm'd,
Apparel me in a rich royal robe,
According to the custom of the land;

Then place my bones within that brazen shrine,
Which death hath builded for my ancestors;
I cannot name death, but he straight steps in,
And pulls me by the arm.

Fern. His grace doth faint,
Help me, my lords, softly to raise him up.

Enter ELEAZAR, and stands sadly by.

K. Phil. Lift me not up, I shortly must go
down.

When a few dribbling minutes have run out,
Mine hour's ended. King of Spain farewell;
You all acknowledge him your sovereign?

All. When you are dead we will acknowledge
him.

K. Phil. Govern this kingdom well; to be a
king

Is given to many; but to govern well,
Granted to few. Have care to Isabel,
Her virtue was King Philip's looking-glass;
Reverence the queen your mother; love your
sister,

And the young prince your brother: even that
day,

When Spain shall solemnize my obsequies,
And lay me up in earth, let them crown you.

Where's Eleazar, Don Alvero's son?

Fern. Yonder, with cross'd arms, stands he
malcontent.

K. Phil. I do commend him to thee for a man
Both wise and warlike; yet beware of him:
Ambition wings his spirit; keep him down;
What will not men attempt to win a crown?

Mendoza is protector of thy realm,
I did elect him for his gravity ;
I trust he'll be a father to thy youth.
Call help, Fernando, now I faint indeed.

Fern. My lords !

K. Phil. Let none with a distracted voice
Shriek out, and trouble me in my departure.
Heaven's hands I see are beckoning for my soul ;
I come, I come ; thus do the proudest die ;
Death hath no mercy, life no certainty. [*Dies.*

Mend. As yet his soul's not from her temple
gone,
Therefore forbear loud lamentation.

Qu. Mo. Oh ! he's dead, he's dead ! lament
and die ;
In her king's end begins Spain's misery.

Isa. He shall not end so soon. Father, dear
father !

Fern. Forbear, sweet Isabella, shrieks are vain.

Isa. You cry forbear ; you, by his loss of breath,
Have won a kingdom, you may cry forbear :
But I have lost a father and a king,
And no tongue shall control my sorrowing.

Horten. Whither, good Isabella ?

Isa. I will go
Where I will languish in eternal woe.

Horten. Nay, gentle love.

Isa. Talk not of love to me,
The world and the world's pride henceforth I'll
scorn. [*Exit.*

Horten. My love shall follow thee ; if thou
deny'st
To live with poor Hortenzo as his wife,
I'll never change my love, but change my life.

Enter PHILIP hastily.

Phil. I know he is not dead ; I know proud death

Durst not behold such sacred majesty.

Why stand you thus distracted ? Mother, brother,
My Lord Mendoza, where's my royal father ?

Qu. Mo. Here lies the temple of his royal soul.

Fern. Here's all that's left of Philip's majesty ;
Wash you his tomb with tears, Fernando's moan,
Hating a partner, shall be spent alone. [*Exit.*

Phil. Oh, happy father ! miserable son !
Philip is gone to joy, Philip's forlorn,
He dies to live, my life with woe is torn.

Qu. Mo. Sweet son.

Phil. Sweet mother : Oh ! how I now do shame
To lay on one so foul, so fair a name :
Had you been a true mother, a true wife,
This king had not so soon been robb'd of life.

Qu. Mo. What means this rage, my son ?

Phil. Call not me your son.

My father, whilst he liv'd, tir'd his strong arms
In bearing christian armour 'gainst the Turks,
And spent his brains in warlike stratagems,
To bring confusion on damn'd infidels :
Whilst you, that snorted here at home, betray'd
His name to everlasting infamy ;
Whilst you at home, suffer'd his bed-chamber
To be a brothelry ; whilst you at home,
Suffer'd his queen to be a concubine,
And wanton red-cheek'd boys to be her bawds ;
Whilst she, reeking in that lecher's arms——

Eleaz. Me !

Phil. Villain, 'tis thee ;
Thou hell-begotten fiend ; at thee I stare.

Qu. Mo. Philip, thou art a villain to dishonour
me.

Phil. Mother, I am no villain : 'tis this villain
Dishonours you and me, dishonours Spain,
Dishonours all these lords ; this devil is he,
That——

Eleaz. What ! oh, pardon me, I must throw off
All chains of duty wert thou ten kings sons ;
Had I as many souls as I have sins,
As this from hence, so they from this should fly,
In just revenge of this indignity.

Phil. Give way, or I'll make way upon your
bosoms.

Eleaz. Did my dear sovereign live, sirrah, that
tongue——

Qu. Mo. Did but King Philip live, traitor,
I'd tell——

Phil. A tale that should rid both your souls
to hell.

Tell Philip's ghost, that Philip tells his queen,
That Philip's queen is a Moor's concubine ;
Did the king live, I'd tell him how you two
Ripp'd up the entrails of his treasury,
With masks and antic revellings.

Eleaz. Words insupportable ! dost hear me, boy ?

Qu. Mo. Stand you all still, and see me thus
trod down ?

Phil. Stand you all still, yet let this devil
stand here ?

Mend. Forbear, sweet prince : Eleazar, I am
now

Protector to Fernando, King of Spain ;

By that authority, and by consent
Of all these peers, I utterly deprive thee
Of all those royalties thou holdst in Spain.

Qu. Mo. Cardinal, who lends thee this commission?

Eleaz. Cardinal, I'll shorten thee by the head for this.

Phil. Forward, my lord, Mendoza damn the fiend.

Eleaz. Princes of Spain, consent you to this pride?

All. We do.

Qu. Mo. For what cause? Let his faith be tried.

Mend. His treasons need no trial, they're too plain.

Come not within the court, for if you do
To beg with Indian slaves I'll banish you.

[Exeunt all but Alvero, Queen, and Eleazar.]

SCENE IV.

Alv. Why should my son be banished?

Enter MARIA.

Qu. Mo. Of that, dispute not now. Alvero,
I'll to the king my son; it shall be tried,
If Castile's king can cool a cardinal's pride.

[Exeunt Queen and Alvero.]

Eleaz. If I digest this gall—oh! my Maria,
I am whipp'd, and rack'd, and torn upon the wheel
Of giddy fortune; she, and her minions,
Have got me down, and treading on my bosom,
They cry, lie still: the cardinal,

(Oh ! rare) would bandy me away from Spain,
And banish me to beg ; ah ! beg with slaves.

Maria. Conquer with patience these indignities.

Eleaz. Patience ! ha, ha ! yes, yes, an honest
cardinal.

Maria. Yet smother the grief, and seek revenge.

Eleaz. Hah ! banish me ! s'foot, why say they do,
There's Portugal a good air, and France a fine
country,

Or Barbary rich, and has Moors ; the Turk

Pure devil, and allows enough to fat

The sides of villany, good living there ;

I can live there, and there, and there ;

Troth 'tis a villain can live any where.

But, say I go from hence, I leave behind me

A cardinal that will laugh ; I leave behind me

A Philip that will clap his hands for joy,

And dance levaltoes through the Castile court ;

But the deep'st wound of all is this, I leave

My wrongs, dishonours, and my discontents,

Oh ! unreveng'd ; my bed-rid enemies

Shall never be rais'd up by the strong physical

Curing of my sword ; therefore stay still ;

Many have hearts to strike, that dare not kill.

Leave me, *Maria.* Cardinal, this disgrace

Shall dye thy soul as inky as my face.

Pish ! hence *Maria.*

Enter ALVERO.

Maria. To the king I'll fly,

He shall revenge my lord's indignity. [*Exit.*

Alv. Mendoza woos the king to banish thee.

Startle thy wonted spirits, awake thy soul,

And on thy resolution fasten wings,
Whose golden feathers may outstrip their hate.

Eleaz. I'll tie no golden feathers to my wings.

Alv. Shall they thus tread thee down, which
once were glad

To lacquey by thy conquering chariot wheels?

Eleaz. I care not, I can swallow more sour
wrongs.

Alv. If they triumph o'er thee, they'll spurn
me down.

Eleaz. Look—spurn again.

Alv. What ice hath cool'd that fire,
Which sometimes made thy thoughts to heaven
aspire?

This patience had not wont to dwell with thee.

Enter FERNANDO and MARIA.

Eleaz. 'Tis right, but now the world's chang'd
you see;

Though I seem dead to you, here lives a fire——

No more, here comes the king and my Maria:

The Spaniard loves my wife, she swears to me

She's chaste as the white moon; well, if she be;

Well too if she be not, I care not I;

I'll climb up by that love to dignity.

Fern. Thou woo'st me to revenge thy husband's
wrong,

I woo thy fair self not to wrong thyself;

Swear but to love me, and to thee I'll swear

To crown thy husband with a diadem.

Maria. Such love as I dare yield, I'll not deny.

Fern. When in the golden arms of majesty——

I am broke of;—yonder thy husband stands;

I'll set him free if thou unite my bands;

So much for that.—Durst then the cardinal
Put on such insolence? tell me, fair madam,
Where's your most valiant husband?

Eleaz. He sees me, and yet inquires for me.

Maria. Yonder, my lord.

Fern. Eleazar, I have in my breast writ down,
From her report, your late receiv'd disgrace;
My father lov'd you dearly, so will I.

Eleaz. True, for my wife's sake. [Aside.

Fern. This indignity
Will I have interest in; for being your king,
You shall perceive I'll curb my underling.
This morning is our coronation,
And father's funeral solemnized;
Be present, step into your wonted place,
We'll gild your dim disgraces with our grace.

[Exeunt.

Eleaz I thank my sovereign, that you love my
wife;

I thank thee, wife, that thou wilt lock my head
In such strong armour, to bear off all blows;
Who dare say such wives are their husband's foes?
Let's see now, by her falling I must rise;
Cardinal, you die if the king bid me live;
Philip, you die, for railing at me; proud lord,
you die,
That with Mendoza cry'd, banish the Moor.
And you, my loving liege, you're best sit fast,
If all these live not, you must die at last.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter two LORDS, PHILIP, MENDOZA, ELEAZAR, with him the KING crowned; QUEEN MOTHER, ALVERO, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, and Attendants.

Mend. Why stares this devil thus, as if pale death

Had made his eyes the dreadful messengers
To carry black destruction to the world?

Was he not banish'd Spain?

Phil. Your sacred mouth
Pronounc'd the sentence of his banishment:
Then spurn the villain forth.

Eleaz. Who spurns the Moor,
Were better set his foot upon the devil.
Do spurn me, and this confounding arm of wrath
Shall, like a thunderbolt breaking the clouds,
Divide his body from his soul! Stand back.
Spurn Eleazar!

Rod. Shall we bear this pride?

Alv. Why not? he underwent much injury.

Mend. What injury have we perform'd, proud
lord?

Eleaz. Proud cardinal, my unjust banishment.

Mend. 'Twas we that did it, and our words
are laws.

King. 'Twas we repeal'd him, and our words
are laws.

Zar. Balt. If not, these are.

[*All the Moors draw.*

Phil. How ! threaten'd and out-dar'd !

King. Shall we give arm to hostile violence ?
Sheath your swords, sheath them, it's we command.

Eleaz. Grant Eleazar justice, my dread liege.

Mend. Eleazar hath had justice from our hands,
And he stands banish'd from the court of Spain.

King. Have you done justice ? Why, Lord
Cardinal,

From whom do you derive authority
To banish him the court without our leave ?

Mend. From this, the staff of our protector-
ship ;

From this, which the last will of your dead father
Committed to our trust ; from this high place,
Which lifts Mendoza's spirits beyond the pitch
Of ordinary honour, and from this——

*[King takes the staff from Mendoza and
gives it to Eleazar.]*

King. Which too much over-weening insolence
Hath quite ta'en from thee. Eleazar up,
And from us sway this Staff of Regency.

All. How's this !

Phil. Dare sons presume to break their father's
will ?

King. Dare subjects counter-check their sove-
reign's will ?

'Tis done, and who gainsays it is a traitor.

Phil. I do, Fernando, yet am I no traitor.

Mend. Fernando, I am wrong'd ; by Peter's
chair,

Mendoza vows revenge. I'll lay aside
My cardinal's hat, and in a wall of steel,
The glorious livery of a soldier,
Fight for my late lost honour.

King. Cardinal!

Mend. King! thou shalt be no king for wronging me.

The Pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm,

And pull obedience from thy subjects' hearts,

To put on armour of the Mother Church.

Curses shall fall like lightnings on thy head,

Bell, book, and candle, holy water, prayers,

Shall all chime vengeance to the court of Spain,

Till they have power to conjure down that fiend,

That damn'd Moor, that devil, that lucifer,

That dares aspire the staff the card'nal sway'd.

Eleaz. Ha! ha! ha! I laugh yet, that the cardinal's vex.

Phil. Laugh'st thou, base slave! the wrinkles of that scorn,

Thine own heart's blood shall fill. Brother, farewell;

Since you disprove the will our father left,

For base lust of a loathed concubine.

Eleaz. Ha! concubine! who does Prince Philip mean?

Phil. (*To Eleaz.*) Thy wife.—(*To Alv.*) Thy daughter,—base aspiring lords;

Who to buy honour are content to sell

Your names to infamy, your souls to hell.

And stamp you now? Do, do, for you shall see

I go for vengeance, and she'll come with me.

Eleaz. Stay, for she's here already, see, proud boy.

[*They both draw.*]

Qu. Mo. Hold! stay this fury; if you long for blood,

Murder me first. Dear son, you are a king ;
Then stay the violent tempest of their wrath.

King. Shall kings be overway'd in their desires?

Rod. Shall subjects be oppress'd by tyranny?

Qu. Mo. No state shall suffer wrong; then
hear me speak :

Mendoza, you have sworn you love the queen ;
Then by that love I charge you leave these arms.
Eleazar, for those favours I have given you,
Embrace the cardinal, and be friends with him.

Eleaz. And have my wife call'd strumpet to
my face !

Qu. Mo. (*Aside to Eleazar.*) 'Twas rage made
his tongue err ; do you not know
The violent love Mendoza bears the queen ?
Then speak him fair, for in that honied breath
I'll lay a bait shall train him to his death.
Come, come, I see your looks give way to peace ;
Lord Cardinal begin ; (*aside*) and for reward,
Ere this fair setting sun behold his bride ;
Be bold to challenge love, yet be denied.

Mend. (*Aside.*) That promise makes me
yield,—my gracious lord,
Although my disgrace hath graven its memory
On every Spaniard's eye, yet shall the duty
I owe your sacred highness, and the love
My country challengeth, make me lay by
Hostile intendments, and return again
To the fair circle of obedience.

King. Both pardon and our favour bids you
welcome ;
And for some satisfaction for your wrongs,
We here create you Salamanca's Duke :

But first, as a true sign all grudges die,
 Shake hands with Eleazar, and be friends;
 This union pleaseth us. Now, brother Philip,
 You are included in this league of love,
 So is Roderigo. To forget all wrongs,
 Your castle for a while shall bid us welcome;
 Eleazar, shall it not? It is enough.
 Lords, lead the way, (*aside*), that whilst you feast
 yourselves,
 Fernando may find time all means to prove,
 To compass fair Maria for our love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

QUEEN MOTHER *and* ELEAZAR.

Eleaz. Madam, a word: now have you wit or spirit?

Qu. Mo. Both.

Eleaz. Set them both to a most gainful task.
 Our enemies are in my castle-work.

Qu. Mo. Aye; but the king's there too; it's dangerous pride
 To strike at those that crouch by a lion's side.

Eleaz. Remove them.

Qu. Mo. How?

Eleaz. How! a thousand ways:
 By poison, or by this: but every groom
 Has skill in such base traffic; no, our policies
 Must look more strange, must fly with loftier
 wings;
 Vengeance the higher it falls more honour brings;
 But you are cold, you dare not do.

Qu. Mo. I dare.

Eleaz. You have a woman's heart; look you,
this hand,
Oh! 'tis too little to strike home.

Qu. Mo. At whom?

Eleaz. Your son.

Qu. Mo. Which son, the king?

Eleaz. Angels of heaven,
Stand like his guard about him! how, the king!
Not for so many worlds as there be stars
Sticking upon th' embroider'd firmament.
The king! he loves my wife, and should he die
I know none else would love her; let him live——
(*Aside.*) In heaven. Good Lord Philip——

Qu. Mo. He shall die.

Eleaz. How? good, good.

Qu. Mo. By this hand.

Eleaz. When? good, good; when?

Qu. Mo. This night, if Eleazar give consent.

Eleaz. Why, then, this night Philip shall not
live.

To see you kill him! Is he not your son?
A mother be the murd'rer of a brat
That liv'd within her! hah!

Qu. Mo. 'Tis for thy sake.

Eleaz. Pish! What excuses cannot damn'd
sin make

To save itself! I know you love him well;
But that he has an eye, an eye, an eye.
To others, our two hearts seem to be lock'd
Up in a case of steel; upon our love, others
Dare not look; or if they dare, they cast
Squint, purblind glances; who care though all
see all,

So long as none dare speak? But Philip
Knows that iron ribs of our villains
Are thin: he laughs to see them like this hand,
With chinks and crevices; how a villainous,
A stabbing desperate tongue the boy dare speak:
A mouth! a villainous mouth! let's muzzle him.

Qu. Mo. How?

Eleaz. Thus:

Go you, and with a face well set, do
In good sad colours, such as paint out
The cheek of that fool penitence, and with a
tongue

Made clean and glib, cull from their lazy swarm
Some honest friars, whom that damnation gold
Can tempt to lay their souls to the stake.

Seek such, they are rank and thick.

Qu. Mo. What then? I know such, what's the
use?

Eleaz. This is excellent!

Hire these to write books, preach, and proclaim
abroad,

That your son Philip is a bastard.

Qu. Mo. How?

Eleaz. A bastard. Do you know a bastard?
do't:

Say conscience spake with you, and cry'd out do't;
By this means shall you thrust him from all hope
Of wearing Castile's diadem, and that spur,
Galling his sides, he will fly out, and fling,
And grind the cardinal's heart to a new edge
Of discontent; from discontent grows treason,
And on the stalk of treason, death: he's dead,
By this blow and by you; yet no blood shed.
Do't then; by this trick he's gone.

We stand more sure in climbing high ;

Care not who fall, 'tis real policy :

Are you arm'd to do this? hah !

Qu. Mo. Sweet Moor, it's done.

Eleaz. Away then, work with boldness and
with speed,

On greatest actions, greatest dangers feed :

[*Exit Queen Mother.*

Ha! ha! I thank thee, provident creation,

That seeing in moulding me thou didst intend

I should prove villain ; thanks to thee and nature,

That skilful workman : thanks for my face !

Thanks that I have not wit to blush !

What, Zarack ! ho ! Baltazar !

Enter the two MOORS.

Both. My lord.

Eleaz. Nearer ; so silence.

Hang both your greedy ears upon my lips ;

Let them devour my speech, suck in my breath,

And in, who lets it break prison, here's his death :

This night the card'nal shall be murder'd.

Both. Where?

Eleaz. And to fill up a grave, Philip dies.

Both. Where?

Eleaz. Here.

Both. By whom?

Eleaz. By thee ; and, slave, by thee.

Have you hearts and hands to execute?

Both. Here's both.

1 *Moor.* He dies, were he my father.

Eleaz. Ho, away.

Stay ; go, go ; stay ; see me no more till night,

Your cheeks are black, let not your souls look white.

Both. Till night?

Eleaz. Till night: a word; the Mother Queen
Is trying if she can, with fire of gold,
Warp the green consciences of two covetous friars,
To preach abroad Philip's bastardy.

1 *Moor.* His bastardy! who was his father?

Eleaz. Who?

Search for these friars, hire them to work with
you;

Their holy callings will approve the fact,
Most good and meritorious: sin shines clear,
When her black face religion's mask doth wear.
Here comes the queen, good, and the friars.

SCENE III.

*Enter two Friars, CRAB and COLE, and QUEEN
MOTHER.*

Cole. Your son a bastard? say we do;
But how then shall we deal with you?
I tell you, as I said before,
His being a bastard, you are so poor
In honour and in name, that time
Can never take away the crime.

Qu. Mo. I grant that, friar; yet, rather I'll
endure

The wound of infamy to kill my name,
Than to see Spain bleeding with civil swords.
The boy is proud, ambitious, he woos greatness;
He takes up Spanish hearts on trust, to pay them
When he shall finger Castile's crown. Oh! then,

Were it not better my disgrace were known,
Than such a base aspirer fill the throne?

Cole. Ha ! brother Crab, what think you?

Crab. As you, dear brother Cole.

Cole. Then we agree ;

Cole's judgment is as Crab's you see.

Lady, we swear to speak and write

What you please, so all go right.

Qu. Mo. Then, as we gave directions, spread
abroad

In Cadiz, Madrid, Granado, and Medyna,

And all the royal cities of the realm,

Th' ambitious hopes of that proud bastard Philip :

And sometimes, as you see occasion,

Tickle the ears of the rude multitude

With Eleazar's praise ; gild his virtues,

Naples recovery, and his victories

Achiev'd against the Turkish Ottoman.

Will you do this for us ?

Eleaz. Say, will you ?

Both. Aye.

Eleaz. Why start you back and stare ?

Ha ! are you afraid ?

Cole. Oh ! no, sir, no ! but truth to tell,
Seeing your face we thought of hell.

Eleaz. Hell is a dream

Cole. But none do dream in hell.

Eleaz. Friars, stand to her and me ; and by
your sin,

I'll shoulder out Mendoza from his seat,

And of two friars create you cardinals.

Oh ! how would cardinal's hats on their heads sit.

Cole. This face would look most goodly under it.
Friars Crab and Cole do swear,

In those circles still to appear,
In which she or you do charge us rise;
For you our lives we'll sacrifice.

Valete, Guadete:

Si pereamus flete;

Orate pro nobis,

Oramus pro vobis.

Cole will be burnt, and Crab be press'd,
Ere they prove knaves; thus are you cross'd
and bless'd. [*Exeunt Friars.*]

Eleaz. Away! you know. Now, madam, none
shall throw

Their leaden envy in an opposite scale,
To weigh down our true golden happiness.

Qu. Mo. Yes, there is one.

Eleaz. One! who? Give me his name, and I will
Turn it to a magic spell,
To bind him here, here; who?

Qu. Mo. Your wife, Maria.

Eleaz. Hah! my Maria!

Qu. Mo. She's the hellespont divides my love
and me:

She, being cut off——

Eleaz. Stay, stay; cut off! let's think upon't;
my wife!

Humph! kill her too!

Qu. Mo. Does her love make thee cold?

Eleaz. Had I a thousand wives, down go they all.
She dies; I'll cut her off: now Baltazar!

Enter BALTAZAR.

Balt. Madam, the king entreats your com-
pany.

Qu. Mo. His pleasure be obey'd. Dear love,
farewell ;

Remember your Maria. [*Exit.*

Eleaz. Here adieu ;
With this I'll guard her, whilst it stabs at you.

Balt. My lord, the friars are won to join with us.

Eleaz. Be prosperous ! about it Baltazar.

Balt. The watch-word ?

Eleaz. Oh, the word ; let it be Treason ;
When we cry treason, break ope chamber doors,
Kill Philip and the cardinal. Hence !

Balt. I fly. [*Exit.*

Eleaz. Murder, now ride in triumph ; darkness,
horror,
Thus I invoke your aid ; your act begin ;
Night is a glorious robe for th' ugliest sin.

SCENE IV.

*Enter COLE and CRAB in Trousers; the CARDINAL
in one of their Weeds, and PHILIP putting on
the other.*

Friars. Put on, my lord, and fly, or else you
die.

Phil. I will not, I will die first ; cardinal,
Prithee good cardinal, pluck off ; friars ! slave
Murder us two ! he shall not, by this sword.

Card. My lord, you will endanger both our lives.

Phil. I care not ; I'll kill some before I die.
Away ! s'heart take your rags ! Moor, devil, come.

Friars. My lord, put on, or else——

Phil. God's foot, come help.

Card. Ambitious villain! Philip, let us fly
Into the chamber of the Mother Queen.

Phil. Thunder beat down the lodgings.

Card. Else let's break into the chamber of the
king.

Phil. Agreed;

A pox upon these lousy gabardines.

Agreed; I am for you, Moor; stand side by side;
Come, hands off, leave your ducking; hell can-
not fright

Their spirits that do desperately fight.

Cole. You are too rash, you are too hot,
Wild desperateness doth valour blot.

The lodging of the king's beset,

With staring faces black as jet,

And hearts of iron; your deaths are vow'd

If you fly that way; therefore shroud

Your body in friar Cole's grey weed;

For is't not madness, man, to bleed,

When you may scape untouch'd away?

Here's hell, here's heaven; here if you stay

You're gone, you're gone; friar Crab and I

Will here dance friskin, whilst you fly.

Gag us, bind us, come put on;

The gag's too wide; so, gone, gone, gone!

Phil. Oh! well, I'll come again. Lord Cardinal,
Take you your castle, I'll to Portugal.

I vow I'll come again, and if I do——

Card. Nay, good my lord.

Phil. Black devil, I'll conjure you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

To the FRIARS making a noise, gagged and bound, enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, and other Moors, all with their Swords drawn.

Eleaz. Guard all the passages ; Zarack, stand there ;

There Baltazar ; there you ; the friars,
Where have you plac'd the friars ?

All. My lord, a noise * !

Balt. The friars are gagg'd and bound.

Eleaz. 'Tis Philip and the cardinal ; shoot !
hah ! stay,

Unbind them. Where's Mendoza and the prince ?

Cole. Santa Maria, who can tell !

By Peter's keys they bound us well,
And having crack'd our shaven crowns,
They have escap'd you in our gowns.

Eleaz. Escap'd ! escap'd away ! I'm glad, it's
good ;

I would their arms may turn to eagles' wings,
To fly us swift as time ; sweet air give way ;
Winds, leave your two and thirty palaces,
And meeting all in one, join all your might,
To give them speedy and a prosperous flight.
Escap'd, friars ! which way ?

Both. This way.

Eleaz. Good ! alas, what sin is't to shed innocent blood !

For look you, holy men, it is the king,

* In the original this speech is given to Alvero ; but it is evidently an error, as he does not enter till some time after.

The king, the king! see, friars, sulphury wrath
 Having once enter'd into royal breasts,
 Mark how it burns: the queen, Philip's mother,
 Oh, most unnatural! will have you two
 Divulge abroad that he's a bastard. Oh!
 Will you do't?

Crab. What says my brother friar?

Cole. A prince's love is balm, their wrath a fire.

Crab. 'Tis true; but yet I'll publish no such
 thing;

What fool would lose his soul to please a king?

Eleaz. Keep there, good there; yet, for it
 wounds my soul,

To see the miserablest wretch to bleed,

I counsel you, in care unto your lives,

T' obey the Mother Queen; for, by my life,

I think she has been prick'd; her conscience,

Oh! it has stung her for some fact mis-done,

She would not else disgrace herself and son.

Do't therefore; hark! she'll work your deaths
 else, hate

Bred in woman is insatiate.

Do't, friars.

Crab. Brother Cole, zeal sets me in a flame.

I'll do't.

Cole. And I: his baseness we'll proclaim.

[*Exeunt Friars.*

Eleaz. Do, and be damn'd; Zarack and Bal-
 tazar,

Dog them at the heels; and when their poisonous
 breath

Hath scatter'd this infection on the hearts

Of credulous Spaniards, here, reward them thus;

Slaves too much trusted do grow dangerous.

Why, this shall feed
 And fat suspicion, and my policy :
 I'll ring through all the court this loud alarum,
 That they contriv'd the murder of the king,
 The queen, and me ; and being undermin'd,
 To scape the blowing up, they fled. Oh, good !
 There, there, thou there cry treason ; each one take
 A several door ; your cries my music make.

Balt. Where's the king ? treason pursues him.

Enter ALVERO in his Shirt, his Sword drawn.

Eleaz. Where's the sleepy queen ?
 Rise, rise, and arm against the hand of treason.

Alv. Whence comes this sound of treason ?

Enter the KING in his Shirt, his Sword drawn.

King. Who frights our quiet slumbers
 With this heavy noise ?

Enter QUEEN in her Night Attire.

Qu. Mo. Was it a dream, or did the sound
 Of monster treason call me from my rest ?

King. Who rais'd this rumour ? Eleazar, you ?

Eleaz. I did, my liege, and still continue it,
 Both for your safety and mine own discharge.

King. Whence comes the ground then ?

Eleaz. From the cardinal,
 And the young prince ; who bearing in his mind
 The true idea of his late disgrace,
 In putting him from the protectorship,
 And envying the advancement of the Moor,
 Determined this night to murder you ;

And for your highness lodg'd within my castle,
They would have laid the murder on my head.

King. The cardinal, and my brother! bring
them forth,

Their lives shall answer this ambitious practice.

Eleaz. Alas! my lord, it is impossible;
For when they saw I had discover'd them,
They train'd two harmless friars to their lodgings,
Disrob'd them, gagg'd them, bound them to two
posts,

And in their habits did escape the castle.

King. The cardinal is all ambition,
And from him doth our brother gather heart.

Qu. Mo. Th' ambition of the one infects the
other,

And in a word they both are dangerous:
But might your mother's council stand in force,
I would advise you, send the trusty Moor
To fetch them back before they have seduc'd
The squint-ey'd multitude from true allegiance,
And drawn them to their dangerous faction.

King. It shall be so. Therefore, my state's
best prop,
Within whose bosom I durst trust my life,
Both for my safety and thine own discharge,
Fetch back those traitors; and till your return
Our self will keep your castle.

Eleaz. My liege, the tongue of true obedience
Must not gainsay his sovereign's impose.
By heaven! I will not kiss the cheek of sleep
Till I have fetch'd those traitors to the court!

King. (*Aside.*) Why this sorts right; he gone,
his beauteous wife
Shall sail into the naked arms of love.

Qu. Mo. (Aside.) Why this is as it should be;
 he once gone,
 His wife, that keeps me from his marriage bed,
 Shall by this hand of mine be murdered.

King. This storm is well nigh past; the swell-
 ing clouds
 That hang so full of treason, by the wind
 In awful majesty are scattered.
 Then each man to his rest. Good night, sweet
 friend!

Whilst thou pursu'st the traitors that are fled,
 Fernando means to warm thy marriage bed.

[*Exeunt.*

Eleaz. Many good nights consume and damn
 your souls!

I know he means to cuckold me this night,
 Yet do I know no means to hinder it:
 Besides, who knows whether the lustful king,
 Having my wife and castle at command,
 Will ever make surrender back again?
 But if he do not, with my falchion's point
 I'll lance those swelling veins, in which hot lust
 Does keep his revels; and with that warm blood,
 Where Venus' bastard cool'd his swelt'ring spleen,
 Wash the disgrace from Eleazar's brow.

SCENE VI.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Dear Eleazar!

Eleaz. If they lock the gates,
 I'll toss a ball of wild-fire o'er the walls.

Maria. Husband! sweet husband!

Eleaz. Or else swim o'er the moat,
And make a breach through the flinty sides
Of the rebellious walls.

Maria. Hear me, dear heart.

Eleaz. Or undermine the chamber where they
lie,
And by the violent strength of gunpowder,
Blow up the castle and th' incestuous couch,
In which lust wallows ; but my labouring thoughts,
Wading too deep in bottomless extremes,
Do drown themselves in their own stratagems.

Maria. Sweet husband ! dwell not upon cir-
cumstance,
When weeping sorrow, like an advocate,
Importunes you for aid ; look in mine eye,
There you shall see dim grief swimming in tears
Invocating succour. Oh, succour !

Eleaz. Succour ! zounds ! for what ?

Maria. To shield me from Fernando's unchaste
love,
Who with uncessant prayers importun'd me——

Eleaz. To lie with you ! I know't.

Maria. Then seek some means how to pre-
vent it.

Eleaz. 'Tis possible !
For to the end that his unbridled lust
Might have more free access unto thy bed,
This night he hath enjoined me
To fetch back Philip and the cardinal.

Maria. Then this ensuing night shall give an end
To all my sorrows ; for before foul lust
Shall soil the fair complexion of mine honour,
This hand shall rob Maria of her life.

Eleaz. Not so, dear soul ! for in extremities

Choose out the least : and ere the hand of death
Should suck this ivory palace of thy life,
Embrace my counsel, and receive this poison ;
Which, in the instant he attempts thy love,
Then give it him : do, do,
Do poison him ; (*aside*) he gone, thou'rt next.
Be sound in resolution, and farewell.

(*Aside.*) By one, and one, I'll ship you all to hell.
Spain, I will drown thee with thine own proud
blood,

Then make an ark of carcasses : farewell !
Revenge and I will sail in blood to hell. [*Exit.*

Maria. Poison the king ! alas, my trembling
hand
Would let the poison fall ; and through my cheeks
Fear, suited in a bloodless livery,
Would make the world acquainted with my guilt.
But thanks prevention, I have found a means,
Both to preserve my royal sovereign's life,
And keep myself a true and loyal wife. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter QUEEN MOTHER with a Torch.

Qu. Mo. Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless night,

Empress of silence, and the queen of sleep,
Who with thy black cheeks pure complexion,
Mak'st lovers eyes enamour'd of thy beauty,
Thou art like my Moor; therefore will I adore thee

For lending me this opportunity,
Oh! with the soft-skin'd negro. Heavens, keep back

The saucy staring day from the world's eye,
Until my Eleazar make return:
Then, in his castle shall he find his wife
Transform'd into a strumpet by my son:
Then shall he hate her whom he would not kill;
Then shall I kill her whom I cannot love.
The king is sporting with his concubine;
Blush not, my boy, be bold like me thy mother;
But their delights torture my soul like devils,
Except her shame be seen: wherefore, awake!
Christophero! Roderigo! raise the court;
Arise, you peers of Spain; Alvero rise,
Preserve your country from base infamies.

Enter at several Doors, with Lights and Rapiers drawn, ALVERO, RODERIGO, and CHRISTOPHERO, with others.

All. Who rais'd these exclamations through the court?

Qu. Mo. Sheath up your swords ; you need
not swords, but eyes
To intercept this treason.

Alv. What's the treason ?
Who are traitors ? ring the larum bell ;
Cry arm through all the city : once before
The horrid cry of treason did affright
Our sleeping spirits.

Qu. Mo. Stay ;
You need not cry arm, arm ; for this black deed
Works treason to your king, to me, to you,
To Spain, and all that shall in Spain ensue.
This night Maria (Eleazar's wife)
Hath drawn the king by her lascivious looks
Privately to a banquet ; I unseen,
Stood and beheld him in her lustful arms ;
O God ! shall bastards wear Spain's diadem ?
If you can kneel to baseness, vex them not ;
If you disdain to kneel, wash off this blot.

Rod. Let's break into the chamber, and sur-
prise her.

Alv. Oh, miserable me ! do, do, break in ;
My country shall not blush at my child's sin.

Qu. Mo. Delay is nurse to danger, follow me ;
Come you and witness to her villany.

Alv. Hapless Alvero, how art thou undone,
In a light daughter, and a stubborn son !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter KING with his Rapier drawn in one Hand,
leading MARIA, seeming affrighted, in the other.*

Maria. Oh ! kill me ere you stain my chastity.

King. My hand holds death, but love sits in
mine eye.

Exclaim not, dear Maria, do but hear me:
Though thus in dead of night, as I do now,
The lustful Tarquin stole to the chaste bed
Of Collatine's fair wife, yet shall thou be
No Lucrece, nor thy king a Roman slave,
To make rude villany thine honour's grave.

Maria. Why from my bed have you thus
frighted me?

King. To let thee view a bloody horrid tragedy.

Maria. Begin it then, I'll gladly lose my life,
Rather than be an emperor's concubine.

King. By my high birth, I swear thou shalt
be none;

The tragedy I'll write with my own hand,
A king shall act it, and a king shall die,
Except sweet mercy's beam shine from thine eye.
If this affright thee it shall sleep for ever.
If still thou hate me, thus this noble blade,
This royal purple temple shall invade.

Maria. My husband is from hence, for his
sake spare me.

King. Thy husband is no Spaniard; thou art one,
So is Fernando; then for country's sake,
Let me not spare thee: on thy husband's face,
Eternal night in gloomy shades doth dwell;
But I'll look on thee like the gilded sun,
When to the west his fiery horses run.

Maria. True, here you look on me with sun-
set eyes,
For by beholding you my glory dies.

King. Call me thy morning then, for like the
morn,
In pride Maria shall through Spain be borne.

[*Music plays within.*]

This music was prepar'd to please thine ears * :
Love me, and thou shalt hear no other sounds.

[*A banquet brought in.*

Lo, here's a banquet set with mine own hands ;
Love me, and thus I'll feast thee like a queen.
I might command thee, being thy sovereign ;
But love me, and I'll kneel and sue to thee,
And circle this white forehead with the crown
Of Castile, Portugal, and Arragon,
And all those petty kingdoms which do bow
Their tributary knees to Philip's heir.

Maria. I cannot love you whilst my husband
lives.

King. I'll send him to the wars, and in the front
Of some main army shall he nobly die.

Maria. I cannot love you if you murder him.

King. For thy sake then I'll call a Parliament,
And banish, by a law, all Moors from Spain.

Maria. I'll wander with him into banishment.

King. It shall be death for any Negro's hand
To touch the beauty of a Spanish dame.
Come, come, what needs such cavils with a king ?
Night blinds all jealous eyes, and we may play ;
Carouse that bowl to me, I'll pledge all this ;
Being down, we'll make it more sweet with a kiss.
Begin, I'll lock all doors, begin Spain's queen,

[*Locks the doors.*

Love's banquet is most sweet when 'tis least seen.

Maria. Oh ! thou conserver of my honour's life,
Instead of poisoning him, drown him in sleep ;

* In the original it runs, " This music was prepar'd thine ears." An omission was evident ; I trust the right reading is restored.

Because I'll quench the flames of wild desire,
I'll drink this off, let fire conquer love's fire.

King. Were love himself in real substance here,
Thus would I drink him down; let your sweet
strings

Speak louder, pleasure is but a slave to kings,
In which love swims. Maria, kiss thy king:
Circle me in this ring of ivory;
Oh! I grow dull, and the cold hand of sleep
Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast*,
And made a frost within me: sweet, one kiss,
To thaw this deadness that congeals my soul.

Maria. Your majesty hath over-watch'd your-
self.

He sleeps already, not the sleep of death,
But a sweet slumber which the powerful drug
Instill'd through all his spirits. Oh! bright day,
Bring home my dear lord ere his king awake,
Else of his unstain'd bed he'll shipwreck make.

[Offers to go.]

*Enter OBERON, and FAIRIES dancing before him;
and Music with them.*

Maria. Oh me! what shapes are these!

Ober. Stay, stay, Maria.

Maria. My sovereign lord awake, save poor
Maria.

Ober. He cannot save thee, save that pain;
Before he wake thou shalt be slain:
His mother's hand shall stop thy breath,
Thinking her own son is done to death:

* "And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw."

King John, Act V. Scene 7.

And she that takes away thy life,
Does it to be thy husband's wife :
Adieu, Maria ; we must hence ;
Embrace thine end with patience ;
Elves and fairies make no stand,
Till you come in fairy land.

[*Exeunt dancing and singing.*]

Maria. Fairies or devils, whatsoe'er you be,
Thus will I hide me from your company.

[*Offers to go.*]

SCENE III.

To her enter QUEEN MOTHER *suddenly, with*
ALVERO and RODERIGO, with Rapiers.

Qu. Mo. Lay hold upon the strumpet ! where's
the king ?

Fernando ! son ! ah, me ! your king is dead !
Lay hands upon the murd'ress.

Maria. Imperious queen,
I am as free from murder as thyself ;
Which I will prove, if you will hear me speak.
The king is living.

Rod. If he liv'd his breath would beat within
his breast.

Qu. Mo. The life he leads, Maria, thou shalt
soon participate.

Maria. Oh, father ! save me !

Alv. Thou'rt no child of mine.

Had'st thou been owner of Alvero's spirit,
Thy heart would not have entertain'd a thought
That had convers'd with murder : yet mine eyes,

(Howe'er my tongue wants words), brim full with
tears,

Intreat her further trial.

Qu. Mo. To what end?

Here lies her trial; from this royal breast

Hath she stolen all comfort; all the life

Of every bosom in the realm of Spain.

Rod. She's both a traitor and murd'ress.

Qu. Mo. I'll have her forthwith strangled.

Alv. Hear her speak.

Qu. Mo. To heaven let her complain if she
have wrong,

I murder but the murd'ress of my son.

All. We murder the murdress of our king*.

Alv. Ah, me! my child! oh! oh, cease your
torturing!

Maria. Heaven ope your windows, that my
spotless soul,

Riding upon the wings of innocence,

May enter Paradise. Fairies, farewell;

Fernando's death in mine you did foretell.

[*She dies. King wakes.*]

King. Who calls Fernando? Love, Maria,
speak;

Oh! whither art thou fled? Whence flow these
waters,

That fall like winter storms from the drown'd eyes?

Alv. From my Maria's death.

King. My Maria dead!

Damn'd be the soul to hell that stop'd her breath.

Maria! oh, me! who durst murder her?

* In the original this is given to Alvero, but evidently in error.

Qu. Mo. I thought my dear Fernando had been
dead,
And in my indignation murder'd her.

King. I was not dead until you murder'd me,
By killing fair Maria.

Qu. Mo. Gentle son—

King. Ungentle mother, you a deed have done
Of so much ruth, that no succeeding age
Can ever clear you of. Oh! my dear love!
Yet heavens can witness thou wert never mine.
Spain's wonder was Maria.

Qu. Mo. Sweet, have done.

King. Have done! for what? For shedding
zealous tears
Over the tomb of virtuous chastity?
You cry have done, now I am doing good;
But cry'd do on, when you were shedding blood.
Have you done, mother? Yes, yes, you have done
That which will undo your unhappy son.

Rod. These words become you not, my gra-
cious lord.

King. These words become not me! no more.
it did
Become you lords to be mute standers by,
When lustful fury ravish'd chastity:
It ill becomes me to lament her death;
But it became you well to stop her breath.
Had she been fair, and not so virtuous,
This deed had not been half so impious.

Alv. But she was fair in virtue, virtuous fair.
Oh, me!

King. Oh, me! she was true honour's heir.
Hence, beldams, from my presence! all fly hence;
You are all murderers. Come, poor innocent,

Clasp thy cold hand in mine ; for here I'll lie,
And since I liv'd for her, for her I'll die.

SCENE IV.

Enter ELEAZAR with a Torch ; his Rapier drawn.

Eleaz. Bar up my castle gates ! fire and confusion

Shall girt these Spanish curs. Was I for this
Sent to raise power against a fugitive ?

To have my wife deflower'd ? Zounds ! where's
my wife ?

My slaves cry out she's dallying with the king :
Stand by ; where is your king ? Eleazar's bed
Shall scorn to be an Emperor's brothelrie.

Qu. Mo. Be patient, Eleazar ; here's the king.

Eleaz. Patience and I am foes ; where's my
Maria ?

Alv. Here is her hapless corse, that was Maria.

King. Here lies Maria's body, here her grave,
Her dead heart in my breast a tomb shall have.

Eleaz. Now, by the proud complexion of my
cheeks,

Ta'en from the kisses of the amorous sun,
Were he ten thousand kings that slew my love,
Thus should my hand, plum'd with revenge's
wings,

Requite mine own dishonour and her death.

[*Stabs the King.*

Qu. Mo. Ah, me ! my son.

All. The king is murder'd ! lay hold on the
damn'd traitor.

Eleaz. In his breast,

That dares but dart a finger at the Moor,
 I'll bury this sharp steel, yet reeking warm
 With the unchas'd blood of that letcher king,
 That threw my wife in an untimely grave.

Alv. She was my daughter, and her timeless
 grave
 Did swallow down my joys as deep as yours.
 But thus—

Eleaz. But what? Bear injuries that can,
 I'll wear no forked crest.

Rod. Damn this black fiend! cry treason
 through the court,
 The king is murder'd.

Eleaz. He that first opes his lips, I'll drive his
 words
 Down his wide throat upon my rapier's point.
 The king is murder'd, and I'll answer it;
 I am dishonour'd, and I will revenge it.
 Bend not your dangerous weapons at my breast;
 Think where you are; this castle is the Moor's;
 You are environ'd with a wall of flint,
 The gates are lock'd, portcullises let down;
 If Eleazar spend one drop of blood,

(*Zarack and Baltazar above with calivers*.*)
 On those high turret tops my slaves stand arm'd,
 And shall confound your souls with murd'ring shot:
 Or if you murder me, yet under ground,
 A villain, that for me will dig to hell,
 Stands with a burning limstock in his fist,
 Who firing gunpowder, up in the air
 Shall fling your torn and mangled carcasses.

* Caliver, a musket.

Qu. Mo. Oh! sheath your weapons though my son be slain,
Yet save yourselves, choose a new sovereign.

All. Prince Philip is our sovereign, choose him king!

Eleaz. Prince Philip shall not be my sovereign.
Philip's a bastard, and Fernando's dead;
Mendoza sweats to wear Spain's diadem.
Philip hath sworn confusion to this realm,
They both are up in arms, war's flames do shine
Like lightning in the air. Wherefore, my lords,
Look well on Eleazar; value me,
Not by my sun-burnt cheeks, nor by my birth;
But by my loss of blood,
Which I have sacrificed in Spain's defence.
Then look on Philip and the cardinal;
Look on those gaping curs, whose wide throats
Stand stretch'd wide open like the gates of death,
To swallow you, your country, children, wives.
Philip cries fire and blood, the cardinal
Cries likewise fire and blood; I'll quench those flames.

The Moor cries blood and fire, and that shall burn
Till Castile, like proud Troy, to cinders turn.

Rod. Lay by these ambages; what seeks the Moor?

Eleaz. A kingdom, Castile's crown.

Alv. Peace, devil; for shame!

Qu. Mo. Peace, doting lord, for shame! Oh, misery!

When Indian slaves thirst after empery.
Princes and peers of Spain, we are beset
With horror on each side; you deny him,
Death stands at all our backs, we cannot fly him.

Crown Philip king, the crown upon his head
 Will prove a fiery meteor; war and vengeance,
 And desolation, will invade our land :
 Besides, Prince Philip is a bastard born.
 Oh ! give me leave to blush at mine own shame ;
 But I, for love to you, love to fair Spain,
 Choose rather to rip up a queen's disgrace,
 Than by concealing it, to set the crown
 Upon a bastard's head : wherefore, my lord,
 By my consent, crown that proud blackamore.
 Since Spain's bright glory must so soon grow dim,
 Since it must end, let it end all in him.

All. Eleazar shall be king !

Alv. Oh, treachery !

Have you so soon ras'd out Fernando's love ?
 So soon forgot the duty of true peers ?
 So soon, so soon, buried a mother's name,
 That you will crown him king, that slew your
 king ?

Eleaz. Will you hear him or me : who shall be
 king ?

All. Eleazar shall be Castile's sovereign !

Alv. Do, do ! make haste to crown him ! lords
 adieu :

Here hell must be when the devil governs you.

[*Exit.*

Eleaz. By heaven's great star, which Indians
 do adore,

But that I hate to hear the giddy world
 Shame that I waded to a crown through blood,
 I'd not digest his pills : but since, my lords,
 You have chosen Eleazar for your king,
 Invest me with a general applause.

All. Live, Eleazar, Castile's royal king !

Rod. (Aside.) A villain, and a base born fugitive.

Christo. (Aside.) A bloody tyrant and usurping slave.

Eleaz. Thanks to you all: 'Tis not the Spanish crown

That Eleazar strives for, but Spain's peace ;
Amongst you I'll divide her empery.

Christofero shall wear Granado's crown ;

To Roderigo, I'll give Arragon ;

Naples, Navar, and fair Jerusalem,

I'll give to other three ; and then our viceroys

Shall shine about our bright Castilian crown,

As stars about the sun. Cry all, arm, arm ;

Prince Philip and the Cardinal do ride

Like Jove in thunder ; in a storm we'll meet them.

Go, levy powers ; if any man must fall,

My death shall first begin the funeral. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter ZARACK and BALTAZAR, with Calivers.

Balt. Is thy cock ready, and thy powder dry ?

Zar. My cock stands pearching like a cock
o' the game, with a red coal for his crest, instead
of a comb ; and for my powder, 'tis but touch
and take.

Balt. I have tickling geer too ; anon I'll cry,
here I have it, and yonder I see it. But, Zarack,
is't policy for us to kill these bald-pates ?

Zar. Is't policy for us to save ourselves ? If
they live, we die. Is't not wisdom then to send
them to heaven, rather than be sent ourselves ?
Come, you black slave, be resolute. This way

they come; here they will stand, and yonder will I stand.

Balt. And in yonder hole, I.

Zar. Our amiable faces cannot be seen if we keep close; therefore hide your cock's head, lest his burning cocks-comb betray us. But soft; which of the two shall be thy white*?

Balt. That black villain, friar Cole.

Zar. I shall have a sharp piece of service; Friar Crab shall be my man; farewell, and be resolute.

Balt. Zounds, Zarack! I shall never have the heart to do it.

Zar. You rogue, think who commands; Eleazar. Who shall rise? Baltazar. Who shall die? A lousy friar. Who shall live? Our good lord and master, the negro king of Spain.

Balt. Cole, thou art but a dead man, and shalt turn to ashes. *[Exit.*

Zar. Crab, here's that shall make vinegar of thy carcass. *[Exit.*

Enter CRAB and COLE, two Friars, with a Rout of Stinkards following them.

Crab. Ah, brother, 'tis best so. Now we have drawn them to a head, we'll begin here i' the market-place. Tut, so long as we be commanded by the Mother Queen, we'll say her son is a bastard, an he were ten Philips.

Cole. Take you one market form, I'll take another.

Crab. No, godso, we must both keep one form.

* "The mark at which an arrow is shot, which used to be painted white." JOHNSON.

Cole. Aye, in oration, but not in station. Mount, mount.

1 *Stinkard.* Well, my masters, you know him not so well as I, on my word. Friar Crab is a sour fellow.

2 *Stinkard.* Yet he may utter sweet doctrine, by your leave. But what think you of friar Cole?

1 *Stinkard.* He, all fire: an he be kindled once, a hot catholic.

3 *Stinkard.* And you mark him, he has a zealous nose, and richly inflam'd.

1 *Stinkard.* Peace, you rogues! Now they begin.

Crab. *Incipe Frater.*

Crab. *Non ego Domine.*

Crab. *Nec ego.*

Cole. *Quare.*

Crab. *Quia.*

Cole. *Quæso.*

All. Here's a quezy beginning methinks. Silence! silence!

Crab. Brethren, citizens, and market folks of Seville.

Cole. Well beloved, and honoured Castilians.

Crab. It is not unknown to you.

Cole. I am sure you are not ignorant.

Crab. How villainous, and strong!

Cole. How monstrous, and huge!

Crab. The faction of Prince Philip is.

Cole. Philip, that is a bastard.

Crab. Philip, that is a dastard.

Cole. Philip, that kill'd your king.

Crab. Only to make himself king.

Cole. And, by Gad's blessed lady, you are all damn'd, an you suffer it.

1 *Stinkard*. Friar Cole says true, he speaks out to the heat of his zeal ; look how he glows.

2 *Stinkard*. Well, friar Crab, for my money ; he has set my teeth an edge against this bastard.

1 *Stinkard*. Oh ! his words are like vergis, to whet a man's stomach.

All. Silence ! silence !

Crab. Now, contrariwise.

Cole. Your noble king the Moor—

Crab. Is a valiant gentleman ;

Cole. A noble gentleman ;

Crab. An honourable gentleman ;

Cole. A fair black gentleman.

Crab. A friend to Castilians ;

Cole. A champion for Castilians ;

Crab. A man fit to be a king,

Cole. If he were not borne down by him that would be king ; who (as I said before) is a bastard, and no king.

1 *Stinkard*. What think you, my masters ? Do you mark his words well ?

Crab. Further, compare them together.

All. S'blood ! there's no comparison between them.

Cole. Nay ; but hear us, good countrymen.

All. Hear friar Cole ! hear friar Cole !

Cole. See that bastard and Eleazar together.

1 *Stinkard*. How ? mean you by the ears ?

Crab. No ; but compare them.

Cole. Do but compare them.

2 *Stinkard*. Zounds ! we say, again, comparisons are odious.

1 *Stinkard*. But say on, say on.

[*Pieces go off ; Friars die.*]

All. Treason! treason! every man shift for himself. This is Philip's treason. Arm! arm! arm! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, and BALTAZAR.

Eleaz. Zarack and Baltazar, are they dispatch'd?

Zar. We saw 'em sprawl, and turn up the white of the eye.

Eleaz. So shall they perish that lay counter-mines

To cross our high designments: by their habits
The cardinal and Philip 'scap'd our nets,
And by your hands they tasted our revenge.

Enter QUEEN MOTHER.

Here comes the queen, away! under our wings
You shall stand safe, and brave the proudest kings.
[*Exeunt.*]

Qu. Mo. Oh! fly my Eleazar, save thy life,
Else 'point a guard about thee; the mad people,
Tempestuous like the sea, run up and down,
Some crying, kill the bastard; some the Moor;
Some cry, God save King Philip; and some cry,
God save the Moor; some others, he shall die.

Eleaz. Are these your fears? Thus blow them
into air.

I rush'd amongst the thickest of their crowds,
And with a countenance majestic,
Like the imperious sun, dispers'd their clouds;
I have perfum'd the rankness of their breath,
And by the magic of true eloquence,
Transform'd this many-headed Cerberus,

This py'd Camelion, this beast multitude,
Whose power consists in number, pride in threats,
Yet melt like snow when majesty shines forth,
This heap of fools, who crowding in huge swarms,
Stood at our court gates like a heap of dung,
Reeking and shouting out contagious breath,
Of power to poison all the elements ;
This wolf I held by th' ears, and made him tame,
And made him tremble at the Moor's great name :
No, we must combat with a grimmer foe ;
That damn'd Mendoza overturns our hopes.
He loves you dearly.

Qu. Mo. By his secret letters
He hath intreated me to leave the court,
And fly into his arms.

Eleaz. The world cannot devise a stratagem
Sooner to throw confusion on his pride.
Subscribe to his desires, and in dead night
Steal to his castle ; swear to him his love
Hath drawn you thither ; undermine his soul,
And learn what villanies are there laid up ;
Then, for your pleasure, walk to take the air :
Near to the castle I'll in ambush lie,
And seem, by force, to take you prisoner :
This done, I have a practice plotted here,
Shall rid him of his life, and us of fear.
About it, madam, this is all in all ;
We cannot stand, unless Mendoza fall.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter EMANUEL, *King of Portugal*, PRINCE PHILIP, MENDOZA, ALVERO, *with Drums and Soldiers marching.*

K. of Port. Poor Spain! how is the body of
thy peace

Mangled and torn by an ambitious Moor.

How is thy prince and counsellors abus'd,

And trodden under the base foot of scorn.

Wrong'd lords, Emanuel of Portugal partakes

A falling share in all your miseries;

And though the tardy-hand of slow delay

Withheld us from preventing your mishaps,

Yet shall revenge dart black confusion

Into the bosom of that damned fiend.

Phil. But is it possible our Mother Queen
Should countenance his ambition?

Alv. Her advice is a steersman to direct his
course;

Besides, as we by circumstance have learnt,

She means to marry him.

Phil. Then, here upon my knees,

I pluck allegiance from her; all that love,

Which by innative duty I did owe her,

Shall henceforth be converted into hate.

This will confirm the world's opinion

That I am base born, and the damned Moor

Had interest in my birth; this wrong alone

Gives new fire to the cinders of my rage;

I may be well transformed from what I am,
When a black devil is husband to my dam.

K. of Port. Prince, let thy rage give way to
patience,
And set a velvet brow upon the face
Of wrinkled anger ; our keen swords
Must right these wrongs, and not light airy words.

Phil. Yet words may make the edge of rage
more sharp,
And whet a blunted courage with revenge.

Alv. Here's none wants whetting, for our keen
resolves
Are steel'd unto the back with double wrongs ;
Wrongs that would make a handless man take
arms,
Wrongs that would make a coward resolute.

Card. Why, then join all our several wrongs
in one,
And from these wrongs assume a firm resolve
To send this devil to damnation.

[*Drums afar off.*

Phil. I hear the sound of his approaching march.
Stand fair ; Saint Jaques for the right of Spain.

*Enter the MOOR, RODERIGO, CHRISTOFERO, with
Drums, Colours, and Soldiers, marching bravely.*

Eleaz. Bastard of Spain !

Phil. Thou true stamp'd son of hell,
Thy pedigree is written in thy face.

[*Alarum, and a battle, the Moor prevails ;
all exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PHILIP and CARDINAL.

Phil. Move forward with your main battalion,
Or else all is lost.

Card. I will not move a foot.

Phil. S'heart! will you lose the day?

Card. You lose your wits,
You're mad; it is no policy.

Phil. You lie.

Card. Lie!

Phil. Lie; a pox upon't, cardinal, come on,
Second the desperate vanguard which is mine,
And where I'll die or win; follow my sword
The bloody way I lead it, or by heaven
I'll play the devil, and mar all! we'll turn our backs
Upon the Moors, and set on thee; aye, thee,
Thee cardinal; s'heart! thee.

Card. Your desperate arm,
Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of
hope:
Our fortunes lie a bleeding by your rash
And violent onset.

Phil. Oh! oh! s'life! s'foot! will you fight?

Card. We will not hazard all upon one cast.

Phil. You will not?

Card. No.

Phil. Coward!

Card. By deeds, I'll try
Whether your venomous tongue says true. Fare-
well;
Courage shines both in this, and policy. [*Exit.*

Phil. To save thy skin whole, that's thy policy.
 You whoreson fat-chop'd guts, I'll melt away
 That larded body by the heat of fight,
 Which I'll compel thee to, or else by flying:
 To work which, I'll give way to the proud foe,
 Whilst I stand laughing to behold thee run.
 Cardinal, I'll do't, I'll do't; a Moor, a Moor,
 Philip cries, a Moor; holla! ha! whoo!

Enter KING OF PORTUGAL.

K. of Port. Prince Philip! Philip!

Phil. Here, plague where's the Moor?

K. of Port. The Moor's a devil: never did
 horrid fiend,

Compel'd by some magician's mighty charm,
 Break through the prisons of the solid earth
 With more strange horror, than this prince of hell:
 This damned negro, lion-like, doth rush
 Through all, and spite of all knit opposition.

Phil. Puh! puh! where? where?

I'll meet him, where? You mad me!

'Tis not his arm

That acts such wonders, but our cowardice.

This cardinal, oh! this cardinal is a slave.

Enter CAPTAIN.

Capt. Sound a retreat, or else the day is lost!

Phil. I'll beat that dog to death that sounds
 retreat.

K. of Port. Philip!

Phil. I'll tear his heart out that dares name
 but sound.

K. of Port. Sound a retreat!

Phil. Who's that? you tempt my sword, sir;
Continue this alarum, fight pell-mell;
Fight, kill, be damn'd. This fat-back, coward
cardinal,
Lies heavy on my shoulders; this, aye this,
Shall fling him off. Sound a retreat? Zounds!
you mad me!

Ambition plumes the Moor, whilst black despair,
Offering to tear from him the diadem
Which he usurps, makes him to cry at all,
And to act deeds beyond astonishment;
But Philip is the night that darks his glories:
This sword, yet reeking with his negro's blood,
Being grasp'd by equity and this strong arm,
Shall through and through.

All. Away then!

Phil. From before me.

Stay, stand; stand fast, fight! a Moor, a Moor!

SCENE III.

*Enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, RODERIGO,
CHRISTOFERO, and others; they fight: Moors
are all beat in. Exeunt omnes. Manet ELEAZAR
weary; a Moor lays slain.*

Eleaz. Oh! for more work, more souls to post
to hell,
That I might pile up Charon's boat so full,
Until it topple o'er! Oh! 'twould be sport
To see them sprawl through the black slimy lake.
Ha, ha! there's one going thither: sirrah! you,
You slave! who kill'd thee? How he grins! this
breast,

Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine,
 It never would have been a mark for fools
 To hit afar off with their dastard bullets.
 But thou didst well ; thou knew'st I was thy lord,
 And out of love and duty to me, here,
 Where I fell weary, thou laid'st down thyself,
 To bear me up thus : God a-mercy, slave,
 A king for this shall give thee a rich grave.

As he sits down enter PHILIP with a broken sword.

Phil. I'll wear thee to the pommel, but I'll find
 The subject of mine honour and revenge.
 Moor, 'tis for thee I seek ! come, now, now take me
 At good advantage ; speak ! where art thou ?

Eleaz. Here !

Phil. Fate and revenge, I thank you. Rise !

Eleaz. Leave and live.

Phil. Villain, it is Philipppo that bids rise.

Eleaz. It had been good for thee to have hid
 thy name ;

For the discovery, like to a dangerous charm,
 Hurts him that finds it. Wherefore do those
 blood-hounds,

Thy rage and valour, chase me ?

Phil. Why, to kill thee.

Eleaz. With that ! what a blunt axe ? Think'st
 thou, I'll let

Thy fury take a full blow at this head,
 Having these arms ? Be wise, go change thy
 weapon.

Phil. Oh, sir !

Eleaz. I'll stay thy coming.

Phil. Thou't be damn'd first.

Eleaz. By all our Indian gods——

Phil. Puh! never swear.

Thou know'st 'tis for a kingdom which we fight,
And for that who'll not venture to hell gates?
Come, Moor, I'm arm'd with more than complete
steel,

The justice of my quarrel: when I look
Upon my father's wrongs, my brother's wounds,
My mother's infamy, Spain's misery,
And lay my finger here; oh! 'tis too dull
To let out blood enough to quench them all.
But when I see your face, and know what fears
Hang on thy troubled soul, like leaden weights
To make it sink, I know this finger's touch
Has strength to throw thee down; I know this
iron

Is sharp and long enough to reach that head.
Fly not, devil; if thou do——

Eleaz. How! fly! Oh, base!

Phil. Come then.

Eleaz. Stay, Philip; whosoe'er begat thee——

Phil. Why, slave, a king begat me.

Eleaz. May be so;

But I'll be sworn thy mother was a queen;
For her sake will I kill thee nobly.
Fling me thy sword, there's mine; I scorn to strike
A man disarm'd.

Phil. For this dishonouring me,
I'll give thee one stab more.

Eleaz. I'll run away,
Unless thou change that weapon or take mine.

Phil. Neither.

Eleaz. Farewell.

Phil. S'heart, stay! and if you dare,

Do as I do, oppose thy naked breast
Against this poniard; see! here's this for thine.

Eleaz. I am for thee, Philip.

Phil. Come, nay, take more ground,
That with a full career thou may'st strike home.

Eleaz. Thou't run away then.

Phil. Hah!

Eleaz. Thou't run away then.

Phil. Faith I will; but first, on this I'll bear
Thy panting heart, thy head upon thy spear.

Eleaz. Come.

Enter CARDINAL *and* KING OF PORTUGAL *on the*
one, and MOORS *on the other Side.*

Card. Side, upon the Moors.

1 Moor. Side, upon the cardinal.

Phil. Hold, cardinal; strike not any of our side.

Eleaz. Hold, Moors; strike not any of our side.

Phil. We two will close this battle.

Eleaz. Come, agreed.

Stand armies and give aim, whilst we two bleed.

Card. With poniards! 'tis too desperate, dear
Philip.

Phil. Away! have at the Moor! s'heart! let
me come.

K. of Port. Be arm'd with manly weapons,
'tis for slaves

To dig their own and such unworthy graves.

Eleaz. I am for thee any way: thus; or, see,
thus;

Here, try the vigour of thy sinewy arm.

The day is ours already; brainless heads,
And bleeding bodies, like a crown, do stand
About the temples of our victory.

Yet, Spaniards, if you dare, we'll fight it out,
Thus, man to man alone. I'll first begin,
And conquer, or in blood wade up to the chin.

Phil. Let not a weapon stir but his and mine.

Eleaz. Nor on this side; conquest in blood
shall shine.

*[Alarum; they fight, the Moor is struck
down; which his side seeing, step all in
and rescue him; the rest join, and drive
in the Moors. Alarum continuing, Spa-
niards and Moors, with drums and colours,
fly over the stage, pursued by Philip,
Cardinal, King of Portugal, and others.]*

*Enter ZARACK, CHRISTOFERO, and ELEAZAR, at
several Doors.*

Christo. Where is my lord?

Zar. Where is my sovereign?

Eleaz. What news brings Zarack and Chris-
tofero?

Zar. Oh, fly my lords! fly, for the day is lost!

Eleaz. There are three hundred and odd days
in a year,

And cannot we lose one of them? come, fight.

Christo. The lords have left us, and the soldiers
faint;

You are round beset with proud fierce enemies;
Death cannot be prevented but by flight.

Eleaz. He shall, Christofero. I have yet left
One stratagem, that in despite of fate
Shall turn the wheel of war about once more.
The Mother Queen hath all this while sat sadly
Within our tent, expecting to whose bosom
White-winged peace and victory will fly:

Her have I us'd as a fit property
 To stop this dangerous current ; her have I sent
 Arm'd with love's magic, to enchant the cardinal,
 And bind revenge down with resistless charms ;
 By this time does she hang about his neck,
 And by the witchcraft of a cunning kiss
 Has she disarm'd him. Hark ! they sound retreat ;
 She has prevail'd ; a woman's tongue and eye,
 Are weapons stronger than artillery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CARDINAL, QUEEN MOTHER, SOLDIERS,
Drums and Colours.

Qu. Mo. By all those sighs which thou, like
 passionate tunes,
 Hast often to my dull ears offered,
 By all thy hopes to enjoy my royal bed,
 By all those mourning lines which thou hast sent,
 Weeping in black, to tell thy languishment ;
 By love's best, richest treasure, which I swear
 I will bestow, and which none else shall wear,
 As the most prized jewel, but thyself ;
 By that bright fire, which, flaming through thine
 eyes,
 From thy love-scorched bosom does arise,
 I do conjure thee let no churlish sound,
 With war's lewd horror my desires confound.
 Dear, dear Mendoza ; thus I do entreat,
 That still thou would'st continue this retreat ;
 I'll hang upon thee, till I hear thee say,
 Woman prevail ; or chiding, cry'st away.

Card. Is there no trick in this, forg'd by the
 Moor ?

Qu. Mo. I would the Moor's damnation were
the ransom

Of all the innocent blood that has been shed,
In this black day: I care not for the Moor;
Love to my kingdom's peace makes me put on
This habit of a suppliant; shall I speed?

Card. You shall, were it to have my bosom
bleed;

I have no power to spare the negro's head,
When I behold the wounds which his black hand
Has given mine honour: but, when I look on you
I have no power to hate him; since your breath
Dissolves my frozen heart, being spent for him;
In you my life must drown itself or swim;
You have prevail'd: drum, swiftly hence; call
back

Our fierce pursuing troops, that run to catch
The laurel wreath of conquest: let it stand
Awhile untouch'd by any soldier's hand.

[*Exit drum.*]

Away! stay you and guard us. Where's the Moor?
I'll lose what I have got, a victor's prize,
Yielding myself a prisoner to your eyes.

Qu. Mo. Mine eyes shall quickly grant you
liberty.

The Moor stays my return; I'll put on wings
And fetch him; to make peace belongs to kings.

*As she goes out, enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BAL-
TAZAR, and SOLDIERS well armed; at sight of
each other all draw.*

Card. Soldiers, call back the drum, we are be-
tray'd.

Eleaz. Moors, stand upon your guard; avoid,
look back.

Qu. Mo. What means this jealousy? Mendoza,
Moor,

Lay by your weapons and embrace; the sight
Of this, and this, begets suspicion.
Eleazar, by my birth, he comes in peace:
Mendoza, by mine honour, so comes he.

Card. Discharge these soldiers then.

Eleaz. And these. [*Soldiers stand aloof.*]

Card. Away!

Eleaz. Go!

Qu. Mo. Soul rejoice, to see this glorious day.

[*She joins them together, they embrace.*]

Card. Your virtues work this wonder. I have
met

At her most dear command: what's your desires?

Eleaz. Peace, and your honour'd arms: how
loathingly

I sounded the alarums, witness heaven.

'Twas not to strike your breast, but to let out
The rank blood of ambition. That Philip
Makes you his ladder, and being climb'd so high
As he may reach a diadem, there you lie.
He's base begotten, that's his mother's sin.

Qu. Mo. God pardon it.

Eleaz. Ah! amen. But he's a bastard,
And rather than I'll kneel to him, I'll saw
My legs off by the thighs, because I'll stand
In spite of reverence: he's a bastard, he's!
And to beat down his usurpation
I have thrown about this thunder: but, *Mendoza*,
The people hate him for his birth;
He only leans on you, you are his pillar,

You gone, he walks on crutches or else falls :
Then shrink from under him ; are not they
Fools, that bearing others up, themselves seem low,
Because they above sit high ; why you do so.

Card. 'Tis true.

Qu. Mo. Behold this error with fix'd eyes.

Card. 'Tis true ; well.

Eleaz. Oh ! have you found it ? Have you smelt
The train of powder that must blow you up,
Up into air ? What air ? Why this, a breath ;
Look you ; in this time may a king meet death.
An eye to't, check it, check it.

Card. How ?

Eleaz. How ! thus :
Steal from the heat of that incestuous blood,
Where ravish'd honour and Philipppo lies ;
Leave him ; divide this huge and monstrous body
Of armed Spaniards into limbs thus big :
Part man from man, send every soldier home ;
I'll do the like : peace, with an olive branch,
Shall fly with dove-like wings about all Spain ;
The crown, which I as a good husband keep,
I will lay down upon the empty chair ;
Marry you the queen, and fill it : for my part,
These knees are yours, sir.

Card. Is this sound ?

Eleaz. From my heart.

Card. If you prove false——

Eleaz. If I do, let fire fall——

Card. Amen.

Eleaz. (*Aside.*) Upon thy head ; and so it shall.

Card. All of myself is yours ; soldiers, begone.

Eleaz. And that way you.

Card. The rest I will divide :

The lords shall be convented.

Eleaz. Good.

Card. Let's meet.

Qu. Mo. Where?

Eleaz. Here anon, (*aside*) this is thy winding sheet. [*Exit Card.*

(*The Moor walks up and down musing.*)

Qu. Mo. What shape will this prodigious womb bring forth,

Which groans with such strange labour?

Eleaz. Excellent!

Qu. Mo. Why, Eleazar, art thou wrap'd with joys,

Or does thy sinking policy make to shore?

Eleaz. Ha!

Qu. Mo. Eleazar, madman! hear'st thou, Moor?

Eleaz. Well, so; you turn my brains; you mar the face

Of my attempts i' the making; for this chaos,
This lump of projects, ere it be lick'd over,
'Tis like a bear's conception; stratagems
Being but begot, and not got out, are like
Charg'd cannons not discharg'd, they do no harm
Nor good; true policy breeding in the brain,
Is like a bar of iron, whose ribs being broken
And soften'd in the fire, you then may forge it
Into a sword to kill, or to a helmet to defend life:
'Tis therefore wit to try all fashions,
Ere you apparel villany. But, but,
I ha' suited him; fit, fit; oh, fit!

Qu. Mo. How? prithee, how?

Eleaz. Why thus;—yet, no;—let's hence;
My heart is nearest of my council, yet
I scarce dare trust my heart with't; what I do,

It shall look old the hour wherein 'tis born ;
Wonders twice seen are garments overworn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter CARDINAL *at one Door* ; PHILIPPO *half armed, and two SOLDIERS following him with the rest of the Armour* ; the CARDINAL *seeing him turns back again.*

Phil. Sirrah ! you, cardinal ! coward ! run away !

So, ho, ho ! what, cardinal !

Card. I am not for your lure. [*Exit.*]

Phil. For that then, oh ! that it had nail'd thy heart

Up to the pommel to the earth ; come, arm me.

Ha ! s'foot ! when all our swords were royally
gilt with blood ;

When with red sweat, that trickled from our
wounds,

We had dearly earn'd a victory ; when hell

Had from their hinges heav'd off her iron gates,

To bid the damn'd Moor and the devils enter,

Then to lose all, then to sound base retreat ;

Why, soldiers, hah !

1 Sold. I am glad of it, my lord.

Phil. Hah ! glad ! art glad I am dishonoured ?
That thou and he dishonoured ?

1 Sold. Why, my lord,
I am glad that you so cleanly did come off.

Phil. Thou hast a lean face and a carrion heart ;
A plague on him and thee too : then, s'heart ! then

To crack the very heart-strings of our army—
To quarter it in pieces—I could tear my hair,
And in cursing spend my soul ;
Cardinal ! what, Judas ! come, we'll fight
Till there be left but one ; if I be he,
I'll die a glorious death.

1 Sold. So will I, I hope, in my bed.

2 Sold. Till there be but one left, my lord ?
Why that's now ; for all our fellows are crawl'd
home ; some with one leg, some ne'er an arm,
some with their brains beaten out, and glad they
'scaped so.

Phil. But, my dear countrymen, you'll stick
to me ?

1 Sold. Stick ! aye, my lord, stick like bandogs,
till we be pull'd off.

Phil. That's nobly said : I'll lead you but to
death,

Where I'll have greatest share ; we shall win fame
For life, and that doth crown a soldier's name.

1 Sold. How ! to death, my lord ? Not I, by
Gad's-lid : I have a poor wife and children at
home, and if I die, they beg : and do you think
I'll see her go up and down the wide universal
world ?

Phil. For every drop of blood which thou shalt
lose,
Coward, I'll give thy wife a wedge of gold.

2 Sold. Hang him, meacock ! my lord, arm
yourself ; I'll fight for you, till I have not an eye
to see the fire in my touch-hole.

Phil. Be thou a king's companion ; thou, and I,
Will dare the cardinal and the Moor to fight
In single combat ; shall we ? hah !

2 Sold. Agreed.

Phil. We'll beat 'em to hell gate; shall we?
hah!

2 Sold. Hell gate's somewhat too hot, somewhat too hot; the porter's a knave: I'd be loath to be damn'd for my conscience; I'll knock any body's costard, so I knock not there, my lord; hell gates!

Phil. A pox upon such slaves!

1 Sold. Hang him, a peasant: my lord, you see I am but a scrag; my lord, my legs are not of the biggest, nor the least, nor the best that e'er were stood upon, nor the worst; but they are of God's making; and for your sake, if ever we put our enemies to flight again, by Gad's-lid, if I run not after them like a tiger, hoffer me.

Phil. But wilt thou stand to't ere they fly?
ha! wilt thou?

1 Sold. Will I, quoth-a! by this hand and the honour of a soldier.

Phil. And by a soldier's honour I will load thee
With Spanish pistolets: to have this head,
Thy face, and all thy body stuck with scars,
Why 'tis a sight more glorious than to see
A lady hung with diamonds. If thou lose
A hand, I'll send this after; if an arm,
I'll lend thee one of mine; come then, let's fight.
A mangled, lame, true soldier is a gem
Worth Cæsar's empire, though foolspurn at them.

1 Sold. Yet, my lord, I have seen lame soldiers not worth the crutches they leant upon; hands and arms quoth-he! zounds, not I: I'll double my files, or stand centry, or so; but I'll

be hanged and quartered before I'll have my members cut off.

2 Sold. And I too, hold thee there.

[*Beats them both in.*

Phil. Hold you both there ; away, you rogues, you dirt ;
Thus do I tread upon you ; out, begone !
One valiant is an host, fight then alone.

Enter CARDINAL, ALVERO, CHRISTOFERO, and
SOLDIERS.

Card. Prince Philip.

Phil. For the crown of Spain, come all.

Card. We come in love and peace.

Phil. But come in war ;
Bring naked swords, not laurel boughs ; in peace !
Plague on your rank peace ! will you fight and
cry,

Down with the Moor ? and then I'm yours ; I'll die.
I have a heart, two arms, a soul, a head ;
I'll lay that down ; I'll venture all ; s'foot, all !
Come tread upon me, so that Moor may fall.

Card. By heaven, that Moor shall fall.

Phil. Thy hand and thine.

[*Flings down his weapons.*
Give me but half your hearts, you have all mine ;
By heaven, shall he fall ?

Card. Yes, upon thee,
Like to the ruins of a tower, to grind
Thy body into dust. Traitor and bastard,
I do arrest thee of high treason.

Phil. Hah !
Traitor and bastard ! and by thee ! my weapons.

Card. Lay hands upon him!

Phil. Ah! you're best do so.

Card. Alvero, there's the warrant; to your hands

The prisoner is committed. Lords, let's part:
Look to him on your life. [*Exeunt Card. &c.*

Manent PHILIP and ALVERO.

Phil. Heart! heart! heart! heart!

[*Tears the warrant.*

The devil and his dam, the Moor and my mother,
Their warrant! I will not obey: old grey beard,
Thou shalt not be my jailer; there's no prison,
No dungeon deep enough, no grates so strong,
That can keep in a man so mad with wrong.
What, dost thou weep?

Alv. I would fain shed a tear,
But from mine eyes so many show'rs are gone;
Grief drinks my tears so fast, that here's not one.
You must to prison.

Phil. Dost thou speak to me?

Alv. You must to prison.

Phil. And from thence to death.

I thought I should have had a tomb hung round
With tatter'd colours, broken spears; I thought
My body should have fallen down full of wounds;
But one can kill an emperor, fool, then why
Would'st thou have many? Curse, be mad, and
die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter RODERIGO and CHRISTOFERO; two bare-headed before them; CARDINAL alone; ZARACK and BALTAZAR bearing the Crown on a Cushion; ELEAZAR next; QUEEN MOTHER after him; other LORDS after her; ALVERO, sad, meets them.

Card. Alvero, 'tis the pleasure of the king,
Of the Queen Mother, and these honoured states,
To ease you of Philip; there's a warrant
Sent to remove him to a stronger guard.

Alv. I thank you, you shall rid me of much care.

Eleaz. Sit down, and take your place.

Alv. If I might have the place I like best,
It should be my grave. [*Sits down.*

[*The Moors stand aside with the crown;*

Eleazar, rising, takes it.

Eleaz. Stand in voice reach, away!

Both Moors. We are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Eleaz. Princes of Spain, if in this royal court
There sit a man, that having laid his hold
So fast on such a jewel, and dare wear it
In the contempt of envy, as I dare,
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as poor pilgrims
Bestow their prayers) would give such wealth
away;

Let such a man step forth;—what, do none rise?
No, no, for kings indeed are deities;
And who'd not (as the sun) in brightness shine?

To be the greatest is to be divine.
Who among millions, would not be the mightiest?
To sit in godlike state; to have all eyes
Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues
Shouting loud prayers; to rob every heart
Of love; to have the strength of every arm:
A sovereign's name, why 'tis a sovereign charm.
This glory round about me hath thrown beams:
I have stood upon the top of fortune's wheel,
And backward turn'd the iron screw of fate.
The destinies have spun a silken thread
About my life; yet, noble Spaniards, see
Hoc tantum tanti, thus I cast aside
The shape of majesty, and on my knee,

[*Kneels: the Cardinal fetches the crown and
sets it on the chair.*]

To this imperial state lowly resign
This usurpation; wiping off your fears
Which stuck so hard upon me; let a hand,
A right and royal hand, take up this wreath
And guard it; right is of itself most strong;
No kingdom got by cunning can stand long.

Card. Proceed to new election of a king.

All. Agreed.

Eleaz. Stay, peers of Spain! if young Philippo
Be Philip's son, then is he Philip's heir;
Then must his royal name be set in gold;
Philip is then the diamond to that ring;
But if he be a bastard, here's his seat,
For baseness has no gall till it grow great:
First, therefore, let him bleed if he must bleed,
Yet in what vein you strike him best take heed;
The Portugal's his friend; you saw he came,

At holding up a finger, arm'd: this peace
 Rid hence his dangerous friendship; he's at home;
 But when he hears that Philip is ty'd up,
 Yet hears not why, he'll catch occasion's lock,
 And on that narrow bridge make shift to lead
 A scrambling army through the heart of Spain:
 Look to't; being in, he'll hardly out again.
 Therefore, first prove and then proclaim him
 bastard.

Alv. How shall we prove it?

Eleaz. He that put him out to making
 I am sure can tell; if not,
 Then she that shap'd him can: here's the Queen
 Mother,

Being prick'd in conscience, and preferring Spain
 Before her own respect, will name the man.
 If he be noble, and a Spaniard born,
 He'll hide the apparent scars of their infamies,
 With the white hand of marriage; that and time
 Will eat the blemish off: say, shall it?

All. No.

Card. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall
 die.

Horten. Death is too easy for such villany.

Eleaz. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave
 shall die.

I would he might; I know myself am clear
 As is the new-born infant. Madam, stand forth;
 Be bold to speak, shame in the grave wants sense,
 Heaven with sin's greatest forfeits can dispense.

Qu. Mo. Would I were cover'd with the veil
 of night,
 You might not see red shame sit on my cheeks;

But being Spain's common safety stands for truth,
Hiding my weeping eyes, I blush and say,
Philippo's father sits here.

Rod. Here! name him.

Qu. Mo. The Lord Mendoza did beget that son;
Oh! let not this dishonour further run.

Alv. What, Cardinal Mendoza?

Qu. Mo. Yes, yes, even he.

Eleaz. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave
shall die.

Card. I Philip's father!

[*Comes down, the rest talk.*]

Qu. Mo. Nay, deny me not;
Now may a kingdom and my love be got.

Card. Those eyes and tongue bewitch me,
shame lie here;

That love has sweetest taste that is bought dear.

Christo. What answers Lord Mendoza to the
queen?

Card. I confess guilty, Philip is my son;
Her majesty hath nam'd the time and place.

Alv. To you, but not to us; go forward, madam.

Qu. Mo. Within the circle of twice ten years
since,

Your deceas'd king made war in Barbary,
Won Tunis, conquer'd Fesse, and hand to hand
Slew great Abdela, king of Fesse, and father
To that Barbarian prince.

Eleaz. I was but young, but now methinks
I see my father's wounds: poor Barbaria!
No more.

Qu. Mo. In absence of my lord, mourning his
want,
To me alone being in my private walk,

I think at Salamanca :—yes, 'twas there ;
 Enters Mendoza, under shew of shrift *,
 Threatens my death if I deny'd his lust,
 In fine, by force he won me to his will :
 I wept and cry'd for help, but all in vain,
 Mendoza there abus'd the bed of Spain.

Eleaz. Spaniard or Moor, that saucy slave
 shall die. *[Aside.*

Alv. Why did not you complain of this vile act ?

Qu. Mo. Alas ! I was alone, young, full of fear,
 Bashful and doubtful of my own defame ;
 Knowing King Philip rash and jealous,
 I hid his sins thinking to hide my shame.

Horten. What says the cardinal ?

Card. Such a time there was ;
 'Tis past : I'll make amends with marriage,
 And satisfy with trentals †, dirges, prayers,
 The offended spirit of the wronged king.

[Queen and they talk.

Eleaz. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave
 shall die.

Oh ! 'twould seem best it should be thus, Mendoza ;
 She to accuse, I urge, and both conclude
 Your marriage, like a comic interlude.
 Lords, will you hear this hateful sin confess'd,
 And not impose upon the ravisher death,
 The due punishment ? Oh ! it must be so.

Alv. What does the queen desire ?

Qu. Mo. Justice, revenge,
 On vile Mendoza for my ravishment.
 I kiss the cold earth with my humble knees,

* “ Under shew of shrift,” or, in other words, as coming to hear me confess.

† “ Trentals,” thirty masses on the same account.

From whence I will not rise till some just hand
Cast to the ground the traitor cardinal.

All. Stand forth, Mendoza.

Eleaz. Swells your heart so high?
Down, letcher; if you will not stand, then lie.

Card. You have betray'd me, by my too much
trust;
I never did this deed of rape and lust.

Rod. Your tongue confess'd it.

Card. True, I was entic'd.

Eleaz. Entic'd! do you believe that?

Qu. Mo. Justice, lords;
Sentence the cardinal for his hateful sin.

Alv. We will assemble all the states of Spain,
And as they judge so justice shall be done.

Eleaz. A guard:—to prison with the cardinal.

Enter ZARACK, BALTAZAR, and others.

Card. Damn'd slave, my tongue shall go at
liberty
To curse thee, ban that strumpet; dogs keep off.

Eleaz. Hist! hist! on! on!

Qu. Mo. I cannot brook his sight

Alv. You must to prison, and be patient.

Card. Weep'st thou, Alvero? all struck dumb?
My fears
Are that those drops will change to bloody tears.
This woman, and this serpent——

Qu. Mo. Drag him hence.

Card. Who dares lay hands upon me? Lords
of Spain,
Let your swords bail me: this false queen did lie.

Eleaz. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave
shall die.

Card. I'll fight thee, damn'd hell-hound, for my life.

Eleaz. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

Card. I'll prove upon thy head—

Eleaz. The slave shall die.

Card. Lords, stop this villain's throat.

Eleaz. Shall die, shall die.

Card. Hear me but speak.

Eleaz. Away.

Alv. Words are ill spent,
Were wrong sits judge; you're arm'd if innocent.

Card. Well then, I must to prison : Moor, no more.

Heavens thou art just! Prince Philip I betray'd,
And now myself fall; guile with guile is paid.

[*Exit.*

Qu. Mo. Philip being prov'd a bastard, who shall sit
Upon this empty throne?

Eleaz. Strumpet! not you.

Qu. Mo. Strumpet! and I not sit there! who then?

Eleaz. Down!

Back! if she touch it she'll bewitch the chair;
This throne belongs to Isabel the fair.

Bring forth the princess dress'd in royal robes,
The true affecter of Alvero's son,
Virtuous Hortenzo. Lords, behold your queen.

SCENE II.

Enter ISABELLA, in Royal Robes. HORTENZO.

Qu. Mo. Thou villain, what intend'st thou?
savage slave!

Eleaz. To advance virtue thus, and thus to tread
On lust, on murder, on adultery's head.
Look lords upon your sovereign Isabel;
Though all may doubt the fruits of such a womb,
Is she not like King Philip? Let her rule.

Qu. Mo. She rule!

Eleaz. She rule: aye she.

Qu. Mo. A child to sway an empire? I am her
protectress;

I'll pour black curses on thy damned head,
If thou wrongst me. Lords! lords!

Eleaz. Princes of Spain,
Be deaf, be blind; hear not, behold her not;
She kill'd my virtuous wife.

Qu. Mo. He kill'd your king.

Eleaz. 'Twas in my just wrath.

Qu. Mo. 'Twas to get his crown.

Eleaz. His crown! why here 'tis: thou slew'st
my Maria,
To have access to my unstained bed.

Qu. Mo. Oh, heaven!

Eleaz. 'Tis true: how often have I stop'd
Thy unchaste songs from passing through mine
ears.

How oft, when thy luxurious arms have twin'd
About my jetty neck, have I cry'd out,
Away, those scalding veins burn me: 'tis true.

Qu. Mo. Devil, 'tis a lie.

Eleaz. Thou slew'st my sweet Maria;
Alvero, 'twas thy daughter, 'twas; Hortenzo,
She was thy sister; justice, Isabella;
This serpent poison'd thy dear father's bed,
Setting large horns on his imperial head.

Qu. Mo. Hear me!

Eleaz. Hah! why?

Alv. Madam, you shall be heard
Before the courts, before the courts of Spain.

Eleaz. A guard! a guard!

Enter two MOORS and others.

Qu. Mo. A guard! for what? for whom?

Horten. To wait on you;
So many great sins must not wait with few.

Qu. Mo. Keep me in prison! dare you, lords?

Alv. Oh no!

Were your cause strong, we would not arm you so;
But honour fainting, needeth many hands;
Kingdoms stand safe, when mischief lies in bands.
You must to prison. [*Exeunt.*

Qu. Mo. Must I! must I! Slave,
I'll damn thee ere thou triumph'st o'er my grave.
[*Exit with a guard.*

SCENE III.

Manet ELEAZAR.

Eleaz. Do, do, my jocund spleen!
It does, it will, it shall. I have at one throw
Rifled away the diadem of Spain;
'Tis gone, and there's no more to set but this
At all; then at this last cast I'll sweep up

My former petty losses, or lose all,
Like to a desperate gamester.

Enter ZARACK.

Hah! how? fast?

Zar. Except their bodies turn to airy spirits,
And fly through windows, they are safe, my lord :
If they can eat through locks and bars of iron,
They may escape ; if not, then not.

Eleaz. Oh, Zarack !

Wit is a thief ; there's pick-lock policy,
To whom all doors fly open ; therefore, go,
In our name charge the keeper to resign
His office ; and if he have tricks of cruelty,
Let him bequeath 'em at his death, for kill him.
Turn all thy body into eyes,
And watch them ; let those eyes, like fiery comets,
Sparkle out nothing but the death of kings.
And ah ! now thus : thou know'st I did invent
A torturing iron chain.

Zar. Oh, for necks, my lord.

Eleaz. Aye ; that, that, that ; away, and yoke
them,—stay,

Enter BALTAZAR.

Here's Baltazar : go both, teach them to preach
Through an iron pillory. I'll spread a net
To catch Alvero ; oh, he is old and wise ;
They are unfit to live, that have sharp eyes.
Hortenzo, Roderigo, to't, to't : all
They have supple knees, sleek'd brows, but
 hearts of gall ;
The bitterness shall be wash'd off with blood :
Tyrants swim safest in a crimson flood.

Balt. I come to tell your grace, that Isabella

Is with Hortenzo arm in arm at hand ;
 Zarack and I may kill them now with ease.
 Is't done? and then, 'tis done.

Zar. Murther thou the man,
 And I'll stab her.

Eleaz. No, I'll speed * her myself.
 Arm in arm, so, so ; look upon this ring ;
 Whoever brings this token to your hands,
 Regard not for what purpose, seize on them,
 And chain them to the rest : they come, away.
 Murder be proud, and tragedy laugh on,
 I'll seek a stage for thee to jet † upon.

*Enter ISABELLA and HORTENZO ; seeing the
 MOOR, they turn back.*

Eleaz. My lord, my lord Hortenzo.

Horten. Hah ! is't you ?
 Trust me I saw you not.

Eleaz. What makes your grace so sad?

Horten. She grieves for the imprison'd queen,
 her mother,
 And for Philip ; in the sandy heap
 That wait upon an hour, there are not found
 So many little bodies, as those sighs
 And tears which she hath every minute spent,
 Since her lov'd brother felt imprisonment.

Eleaz. Pity, great pity ; would it lay in me
 To give him liberty.

Isa. It does.

Eleaz. In me !
 Free him, your mother queen, and cardinal too.
 In me ! alas ! not me ; no, no ; in you :

* "Speed," to destroy, to kill.

† "Jet," to strut.

Yet, for I'll have my conscience white and pure,
Here, madam, take this ring; and if my name
Can break down castle-walls and open gates,
Take it, and do't; fetch them all forth,—and yet
'Tis unfit you should go.

Horten. That happy office I'll execute myself.

Eleaz. Will you? Would I
Stood gracious in their sight. Well, go,
Do what you will: Hortenzo, if this charm
Unbinds them, here 'tis: lady, you and I
Aloof will follow him, and when we meet
Speak for me, for I'll kiss Philippo's feet.

Horten. I shall be proud to see all reconcil'd.

[*Exit.*

Eleaz. Alas, my lord! why true; go, go.

Isa. Make haste, dear love.

Eleaz. Hortenzo is a man
Compos'd of sweet proportion; has a foot,
A leg, a hand, a face, an eye, a wit,
The best, Hortenzo, in the Spanish court.
Oh! he's the nonpareil.

Isa. Your tongue had wont
To be more sparing in Hortenzo's praise.

Eleaz. Ah! I may curse his praises, rather ban
Mine own nativity: why did this colour
Dart in my flesh so far! Oh! would my face
Were of Hortenzo's fashion; else would yours
Were as black as mine is.

Isa. Mine like yours, why?

Eleaz. Hark,
I love you; yes, faith, I said this, I love you;
I do; leave him.

Isa. Damnation, vanish from me.

Eleaz. Coy!

Were you as hard as flint, oh! you should yield
Like soften'd wax; were you as pure as fire,
I'd touch you; yes, I'll taint you: see you this,
I'll bring you to this lure.

Isa. If I want hands
To kill myself before thou do'st it, do.

Eleaz. I'll cut away your hands. Well, my
desire
Is raging as the sea, and mad as fire.
Will you?

Isa. Torment me not, good devil.

Eleaz. Will you?

Isa. I'll tear mine eyes out if they tempt thy
lust.

Eleaz. Do.

Isa. Touch me not; these knives——

Eleaz. Ah, ah: kill yourself,
Because I jest with you. I wrong Hortenzo.
Settle your thoughts, 'twas but a trick, to try
That which few women have, true constancy.

Isa. If then my speeches taste of gall——

Eleaz. Nay, faith,
You are not bitter; no; you should have rail'd,
Have spit upon me, spurn'd me; you are not
bitter:

Why, do you think that I'd nurse a thought,
To hurt your honour? If that thought had brains
I'd beat them out. But come; by this Hortenzo
Is fast.

Isa. Hah! fast?

Eleaz. Aye, fast in Philip's arms;
Wrestling together for the price of love;

By this they're on the way : I'll be your guard ;
 Come follow me ; I'll lead you in the van,
 (*Aside.*) Where thou shalt see four chins upon
 one chain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

HORTENZO, QUEEN MOTHER, CARDINAL, *and*
 PHILIP, *chained by the Necks.* ZARACK *and* .
 BALTAZAR *busy about fastening* HORTENZO.

Horten. You damned ministers of villany,
 Sworn to damnation by the book of hell ;
 You maps of night, you element of devils,
 Why do you yoke my neck with iron chains ?

Baltaz. Many do borrow chains, but you have
 this,
 Gratis, for nothing.

Card. Slaves, unbind us.

Both. No. [*Exeunt the two Moors.*]

Phil. I am impatient ; veins, why crack you not,
 And tilt your blood into the face of heaven,
 To make red clouds, like ensigns in the sky,
 Displaying a damn'd tyrant's cruelty !
 Yet can I laugh in my extremest pangs
 Of blood and spirit, to see the cardinal
 Keep rank with me ; and my vile mother queen,
 To see herself where she would have me seen.
 Good fellowship i'faith.

Horten. And I can tell,
 True misery loves a companion well.

Phil. Thou left'st me to the mercy of a Moor,
 That hath damnation dy'd upon his flesh ;

'Twas well; thou, mother, didst unmotherly
Betray thy true son to false bastardy;
Thou left'st me then, now thou art found and staid,
And thou who did'st betray me art betray'd.
A plague upon you all!

Card. Thou cursest them,
Whom I may curse: first, may I curse myself,
Too credulous of loyalty and love;
Next may I curse the Moor, more than a devil;
And last thy mother, mother of all evil.

Qu. Mo. All curses and all crosses light on thee!
What need I curse myself when all curse me.
I have been deadly impious I confess,
Forgive me, and my sin will seem the less.
This heavy chain which now my neck assaults,
Weighs ten times lighter than my heavy faults.

Phil. Hortenzo, I commend myself to thee;
Thou that art near'st, stand'st furthest off from me.

Horten. That mould of hell, that Moor, has
chain'd me here;
'Tis not myself, but Isabel I fear.

SCENE V.

*Enter ELEAZAR, ISABELLA, ZARACK, and BAL-
TAZAR.*

Eleaz. It's strange!
Will not Prince Philip come with Hortenzo?

Zar. He swears he'll live and die there.

Eleaz. Marry, and shall. *[Aside.*
I pray persuade him, you, to leave the place.
A prison! why it's hell. Alas, here they be!
Hah! they are they i'faith; see, see, see, see.

All. Moor, devil, toad, serpent!

Eleaz. Oh, sweet airs, sweet voices!

Isa. Oh, my Hortenzo!

Eleaz. Do not these birds sing sweetly, Isabella?
Oh! how their spirits would leap aloft and spring,
Had they their throats at liberty to sing!

Phil. Damnation dog thee.

Card. Furies follow thee.

Qu. Mo. Comets confound thee.

Horten. And hell swallow thee.

Eleaz. Sweeter and sweeter still. Oh, harmony!
Why there's no music like to misery.

Isa. Hast thou betray'd me thus?

Eleaz. Not I, not I.

Phil. Sirrah! hedge-hog.

Eleaz. Hah! I'll hear thee presently.

Isa. Hear me then, hell-hound; slaves, unchain
my love,

Or by——

Eleaz. By what? Is't not rare walking here?
Methinks this stage shews like a tennis court;
Does it not Isabel? I'll shew thee how.
Suppose that iron chain to be the line,
The prison doors the hazard, and their heads,
Scarce peeping o'er the line, suppose the balls:
Had I a racket now of burnish'd steel,
How smoothly could I bandy every ball
Over this globe of earth, win set, and all.

Phil. How brisk the villain jets in villany.

Eleaz. Prating! he's proud because he wears
a chain:

Take it off, Baltazar, and take him hence.

[*They unbind him.*]

Phil. And whither then, you dog?

Isa. Pity my brother.

Eleaz. Pity him! no; away! I come, do come.

Phil. I pray thee kill me: come.

Eleaz. I hope to see
Thy own hands do that office. Down with him!

Phil. Is there another hell?

2 Moors. Try, try; he's gone.

Eleaz. So him next, he next, and next him;
and then——

All. Worse than damnation! fiend, monster of
men!

Eleaz. Why, when? Down, down!

Card. Slave, as thou thrust me down
Into this dungeon, so sink thou to hell.

Qu. Mo. Amen, amen.

Eleaz. Together so; and you.

Isa. O pity my Hortenzo!

Horten. Farewell, my Isabel; my life, adieu.

All. Mischief and horror, let the Moor pursue!

Eleaz. A concert! that amain*; play that
amain;

Amain, amain. No; so soon fallen asleep!
Nay, I'll not lose this music; sirrah, sirrah,
Take thou a drum, a trumpet thou; and hark,
Mad them with villainous sounds.

Zar. Rare sport; let's go.

[*Exeunt Zarack and Baltazar.*

Eleaz. About it: music will do well in woe.
How like you this?

Isa. Set my Hortenzo free,
And I'll like any thing.

Eleaz. A fool, a fool.

* "Amain," with force, vigour, energy, vehemence.

Hortenzo free! why look you; he free! no;
 Then must he marry you; you must be queen,
 He in a manner king; these dignities,
 Like poison, make men swell; this ratsbane
 Honour,

Oh, 'tis so sweet! they'll lick it till all burst:
 He will be proud; and pride, you know, must fall.
 Come, come, he shall not; no, no, 'tis more meet
 To keep him down safe standing on his feet.

Isa. Eleazar!

Eleaz. Mark, the imperial chair of Spain
 Is now as empty as a miser's alms:
 Be wise, I yet dare sit in't; it's for you,
 If you will be for me; there's room for two.
 Do meditate; muse on't: its best for thee
 To love me, live with me, and lie with me.

Isa. Thou know'st I'll first lie in the arms of
 death.

My meditations are how to revenge
 Thy bloody tyrannies. I fear thee not,
 Inhuman slave, but to thy face defy
 Thy lust, thy love, thy barbarous villany.

Eleaz. Zarack.

Enter ZARACK.

Zar. My lord.

Eleaz. Where's Baltazar?

Zar. A drumming.

Eleaz. I have made them rave, and curse, and
 so guard her.

Your court shall be this prison; guard her, slaves,
 With open eyes: defy me! see my veins

Struck'd out, being over-heated with my blood,
Boiling in wrath; I'll tame you.

Isa. Do, do.

Eleaz. Hah,
I will! and once more fill a kingdom's throne.
Spain, I'll new mould thee: I will have a chair
Made all of dead men's bones; and the ascents
Shall be the heads of Spaniards set in ranks:
I will have Philip's head, Hortenzo's head,
Mendoza's head, thy mother's head, and this;
This head, that is so cross, I'll have't.
The scene wants actors; I'll fetch more, and
clothe it
In rich Cothurnall pomp: a tragedy
Ought to be grave, graves this shall beautify.
Moor, execute to th' life my dread commands;
Vengeance awake, thou hast much work in hand.

[*Exit.*

Zar. I'm weary of this office and this life;
It is too thirsty, and I would your blood
Might 'scape the filling out. By heaven I swear,
I scorn these blows and his rebukes to bear.

Isa. Oh! Zarack, pity me; I love thee well;
Love deserves pity; pity Isabel.

Zar. What would you have me do?

Isa. To kill this Moor.

Zar. I'll cast an eye of death upon my face,
I'll be no more his slave; swear to advance me,
And by yon setting sun this hand, and this,
Shall rid you of a tyrant.

Isa. By my birth,
No Spaniard's honour'd place shall equal thine.

Zar. I'll kill him then.

Isa. And Baltazar.

Zar. And he.

Isa. I pray thee first fetch Philip and Hortenzo
Out of that hell; they two will be most glad
To aid thee in this execution.

Zar. My Lord Philippo and Hortenzo rise
Your hands; so, talk to her: at my return,
This sword shall reek with blood of Baltazar.

[*Exit.*

Phil. Three curses (like three commendations
To their souls) I send: thy tortur'd brother
Does curse the cardinal, the Moor, thy mother.

Isa. Curse not at all! dear souls, revenge is hot,
And boils in Zarack's brains; the plot is cast
Into the mould of hell: you freemen are:
Zarack will kill the Moor and Baltazar.

Horten. How can that relish?

Isa. Why, I'll tell you how:
I did profess, aye, and protested too,
I lov'd him well; what will not sorrow do!
Then he profess'd, aye, and protested too,
To kill them both; what will not devils do!

Phil. Then I profess, aye, and protest it too,
That here's for him; what will not Philip do!

Horten. See, where he comes.

Enter the two MOORS.

Balt. Zarack, what do I see?
Hortenzo and Philippo! who did this?

Zar. I, Baltazar.

Balt. Thou art half damn'd for it*;
I'll to my lord.

* In the original, the remainder of this play is jumbled together
in strange confusion.

Zar. I'll stop you on your way ;
Lie there, thy tongue shall tell no tales to-day.

[*Stabs him.*]

Phil. Nor thine to-morrow, this revenge was
well ;

[*Stabs him.*]

By this time both the slaves shake hands in hell.

Isa. Philippo and Hortenzo, stand you still ?
What doat you both ? Cannot you see your play ?
Well fare a woman then to lead the way.
Once rob the dead ; put the Moors habits on,
And paint your faces with the oil of hell :
So, waiting on the tyrant——

Phil. Come, no more,
'Tis here and here : room there below ; stand wide ;
Bury them well since they so godly died.

Horten. Away then ; fate now let revenge be
plac'd.

Phil. Here.

Horten. And here ; a tyrant's blood doth sweetly
taste.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter ELEAZAR, ALVERO, RODERIGO, CHRISTO-
FERO, *and other* LORDS.

Eleaz. What, I imprison ! Who ?

All. Philip and Hortenzo.

Eleaz. Philip and Hortenzo ! ha, ha, ha.

Rod. Why laughs the Moor ?

Eleaz. I laugh because you jest :

Laugh at a jest. Who, I imprison them ?

I prize their lives with weights, their necks with
chains,

Their hands with manacles ! do I all this ?
 Because my face is in night's colour dyed,
 Think you my conscience and my soul is so ?
 Black faces may have hearts as white as snow ;
 And 'tis a general rule in moral rules,
 The whitest faces have the blackest souls.

Alv. But touching my Hortenzo——

Eleaz. Good old man,
 I never touch'd him ; do not touch me then
 With thy Hortenzo.

Christo. Where's Philip too ?

Eleaz. And where's Philippo too ?
 I pray, I pray, is Philip a tame Spaniard ?
 What, can I philip him hither, hither make him
 fly ?

First, where's Hortenzo ? Where's Philippo too ?

Rod. And where is Isabel ? She was with you.

Eleaz. And where is Isabel ? She was with me.

Enter PHILIP and HORTENZO like Moors.

And so are you ; yet are you well, you see :
 But in good time, see where their keepers come.
 Come hither, Zarack ; Baltazar, come hither :
 Zarack, old Lord Alvero asks of thee
 Where young Hortenzo is.

Horten. My lord, set free.

Eleaz. Oh ! is he so ? Come hither, Baltazar :
 Lord Christofero here would ask of thee,
 Where Prince Philippo is.

Phil. My lord, set free.

Eleaz. Oh ! is he so ? Roderigo asketh me for
 Isabel.

Phil. I say, my lord, she's free.

Eleaz. Oh ! is she so ?

Phil. Believe me, lords.

Horten. And me.

Phil. I set Philipppo——

Horten. I, Hortenzo free.

Eleaz. My lords, because you shall believe
me too,

Go to the castle, I will follow you.

Alv. Thanks to the mighty Moor; and for his
fame,

Be more in honour than thou art in name:

But let me wish the other prisoners well,

The queen and cardinal: let all have right,

Let law absolve them, or dissolve them quite.

Eleaz. Grave man, thy grey hairs paint out
gravity;

Thy counsel's wisdom, thy wit policy.

There let us meet, and with a general brain

Erect the peace of spirit, and of Spain.

Alv. Then will Spain flourish.

Eleaz. Aye, when it is mine.

Rod. Oh, heavenly meeting!

Eleaz. (*Aside.*) We must part in hell.

Christo. True peace of joy. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent ELEAZAR, PHILIP, and HORTENZO.

Eleaz. 'Tis a dissembling knell;

Farewell, my lords; meet there; so, ha, ha, ha.

[*Draws his rapier.*]

Now tragedy, thou minion of the night,

Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I'll sing

Upon a harp made of dead Spanish bones,

The proudest instrument the world affords;

When thou in crimson jollity shalt bathe

Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood

Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
To thee, that never blushest, though thy cheeks
Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
The volume of all wounds that wound from me;
Mine is the stage, thine is the tragedy.
Where am I now? Oh! at the prison; true.
Zarack and Baltazar, come hither; see,
Survey my library. I study, ah,
Whilst you two sleep; marry, 'tis villany.
Here's a good book, Zarack, behold it well,
It's deeply written, for 'twas made in hell:
Now, Baltazar, a better book for thee;
But, for myself, this, this, the best of all;
And therefore do I claim it every day,
For fear the readers steal the art away.
Where thou stand'st now there must Hortenzo
hang,
Like Tantalus in a maw-eating pang.
There, Baltazar, must Prince Philip stand,
Like damn'd Prometheus; and to act his part,
Shall have a dagger sticking at his heart.
But in my room I'll set the cardinal,
And he shall preach repentance to them all.
Ha, ha, ha.

Phil. Damnation tickles him; he laughs again.
Philip must stand there and bleed to death.
Well, villain, I only laugh to see
That we shall live to outlaugh him and thee.

Eleaz. Oh! fit, fit, fit! stay, a rare jest! rare
jest!
Zarack, suppose thou art Hortenzo now;

I pray thee stand in passion of a pang,
To see, by thee, how quaintly he would hang.

Horten. (*Aside.*) I am Hortenzo; tut, tut,
fear not man,
Thou lookest like Zarack.

Eleaz. Aye, Hortenzo,
He shall hang here i'faith; come, Zarack, come,
And, Baltazar, take thou Philippo's room :
First let me see you plac'd.

Phil. We're plac'd.

Eleaz. Slaves; ha, ha, ha.
You are but players, they must end the play;
How like Hortenzo and Philippo! ha!
Stand my two slaves, were they as black as you.
Well, Zarack, I'll unfix thee first of all,
Thou shalt help me to play the cardinal:
This iron engine on his head I'll clap,
Like a pope's mitre or a cardinal's cap;
Then manacle his hands, as thou dost mine;
So, so, I pray thee, Zarack, set him free,
That both of you may stand and laugh at me.

Phil. 'Tis fine, i'faith; call in more company;
Alvero, Roderigo, and the rest:
Who will not laugh at Eleazar's jest?

Eleaz. What? Zarack, Baltazar!

Phil. Ah! anon, anon;
We have not laugh'd enough, it's but begun.

[*Knocking.*
Who knocks?

Eleaz. Unmanacle my hands I say.

Phil. Then shall we mar our mirth, and spoil
the play. [*Knocking again.*
Who knocks?

Alv. (Within.) Alvero.

Phil. Let Alvero in.

Eleaz. And let me out.

Enter all below.

Phil. I thank you for that flout *;
To let Alvero in, and let you out.

Eleaz. Villains! slaves! am not I your lord,
the Moor,
And Eleazar?

Qu. Mo. And the devil of hell;
And more than that, and Eleazar too.

Eleaz. And devil's dam, what do I here with
you?

Qu. Mo. My tongue shall torture thee.

Eleaz. I know thee then;
All women's tongues are tortures unto men.

Qu. Mo. Spaniards, this was the villain; this
is he,

Who through inticements of alluring lust,
And glory, which makes silly women' proud
And men malicious, did incense my spirit
Beyond the limits of a woman's mind
To wrong myself, and that lord cardinal;
And that which sticks more near unto my blood,
He that was nearest to my blood, my son,
To dispossess him of his right by wrong:
Oh! that I might embrace him on this breast,
Which did enclose him when he first was born:
No greater happiness can heaven show'r upon me,
Than to circle in these arms of mine
That son, whose royal blood I did defame,
To crown with honour an ambitious Moor.

* "For that flout,"—for that piece of mockery.

Phil. Thus then thy happiness is complete;
[*Embraces her.*

Be fetch'd alive by furies into hell,
There to be damn'd for ever. Oh! I faint;
Devils, come claim your right, and when I am
Confin'd within your kingdom, then shall I
Out-act you all in perfect villany. [*Dies.*

Phil. Take down his body while his blood
streams forth;

His acts are past, and our last act is done.
Now do I challenge my hereditary right
To the royal Spanish throne, usurp'd by him,
In which, in all your sights, I thus do plant myself.
Lord Cardinal, and you the queen my mother,
I pardon all those crimes you have committed.

Qu. Mo. I'll now repose myself in peaceful rest,
And fly unto some solitary residence,
Where I'll spin out the remnant of my life
In true contrition for my past offences.

Phil. And now, Hortenzo, to close up your
wound,

I here contract my sister unto thee,
With comic joy to end a tragedy.
And for the barbarous Moor, and his black train,
Let all the Moors be banished from Spain.

FINIS.

Be fetch'd alive by furies into hell
There to be damn'd for ever. Oh! I faint;
Devils, come claim your right, and when I am
Confin'd within your kingdom, then shall I
Out-act you all in perfect villainy. [Exit
Pak. Take down his body while his blood
streams forth;
His acts are past, and our last act is done.
Now do I challenge my hereditary right
To the royal Spanish throne, usurp'd by him.
In which, in all your sights, I thus do plant myself.
Lord Cardinal, and you the queen my mother,
I pardon all those crimes you have committed.
Oa. Alas! I'll now expose myself in peaceful rest,
And fly unto some solitary residence,
Where I'll spin out the remnant of my life.
In true contrition for my past offences.
Pak. And now, Hortensio, to close up your

wound,
I here contract my sister unto thee,
With comic joy to end a tragical story.
And for the bawdious Moor, and his black train,
Let all the Moors be banished from Spain.

THE END

FINIS

JOHN LYLY & LILLY

A

PLEASANT CONCEITED

COMEDY;

CALLED

MOTHER BOMBIE.

BY

JOHN LYLY.

JOHN LYLY, OR LILLY.

THIS author was born in the Weald of Kent; and in 1569 became a student of Magdalen College, Oxford. "He was afterwards, I conceive," says Wood, "one of the demies, or clerks of that house." He took the degree of B. A. 1573, and M. A. 1575; "at which time he was esteemed in the university a noted wit;" from reasons, however, now unknown, he afterwards removed to Cambridge: from thence he attended court; was noticed by Elizabeth, and for many years flattered himself with the hope of being appointed Master of the Revels. By Wood's computation, which has been universally followed, he was born in 1553; "but," says Mr. Oldys, "I think he was born sooner;" indeed this must have been the case, or he was only thirteen when he first hoped for the appointment above mentioned; as, "in 1576, he wrote his first letter, or petition, to the queen; in 1579 his second letter, shewing he had been *thirteen years* in expectation of being appointed Master of the Revels *." Of the time of his decease we are likewise ignorant; Wood says he was alive in 1597. He was author of a work, called "Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit verie pleasant for all Gentlemen to read, and most necessary to remember: wherein are contained the Delyghts that Wit followeth in his Youth, by the Pleasantness of Love, and the Happinesse he reapeth in Age, by the Perfectnesse of Wisdome." The object of this publication was to purify the English language, and it met with very unusual success. Encouraged by the reputation of this work, he, the following year, published "Euphues, or his England, containing his Voyage and Adventures, mixt with sundrie prettie Discourses of honest Love, the Description of the Countrie, the Court, and the Manners of that Isle. Delightful to be read, and nothing hurtful to be regarded: wherein there is small Offence by Lightnesse given to the

* MS. notes on Langbaine.

Wise, and lesse Occasion of Loosenesse proffered to the Wanton." Notwithstanding the affectation and pedantry with which these works abound, "all our ladies," says Mr. Edward Blount*, "were his scholars; and that beauty in court, which could not parley Euphueisme, was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French:" in his title-page this gentleman styles him the witty, comical, facetiously-quick, and unparalleled John Lilly; and though many allowances ought to be made for the partiality of an editor, and the prevailing taste of that age, (which unquestionably contributed greatly to the popularity of our author's works), yet still, as productions which the court of Elizabeth held in admiration, and which Shakspeare condescended to imitate, they cannot be deemed unworthy the attention of the reader. It seems too probable that the popularity of his works was nearly all that he got by them; for notwithstanding his many years attendance on the court, he was eventually "forced to write to the queen herself, for some little grant to support him in his old age†:" we may hope this application was not without success; as Mr. Blount, in his preface, says he was an "excellent poet, whom Queen Elizabeth then heard, graced, and *rewarded*."

He was also the author of a celebrated pamphlet, against the Martinist, written about 1589, called, "Pap with a Hatchet; alias, a Fig for my Godson: or, crack me this Nut; that is, a sound Box on the Ear for the Idiot Martin, to hold his Peace; written by one that dares call a Dog a Dog."

It is almost impossible for a man to attain to a very high reputation, without, in some degree, meriting it; this is the case with Lyly; and the observation of Rousseau on the works of Gibbon, "that they were deformed by affectation and a perpetual pursuit of brilliancy," may be applied with some justice to our author's. Though undeserving the enthusiastic encomiums of Mr. Blount, he must, unquestionably, be considered a man of very considerable ability, and his writings might pos-

* Mr. Blount, afterwards a knight, says Wood.

† MS. notes on Langbaine.

sibly have improved the language of his time. It ought to be added that Drayton is of a different opinion, and compliments Sydney, as the author that

“ Did first reduce
Our tongue from Lyly’s writing, then in use ;
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words and idle similies,
As th’ English apes and very zanies be
Of every thing that they do hear and see ;
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They speak and write all like mere lunatics.”

This criticism, though highly coloured, has its foundation in truth ; as may be discovered from his dramatic writings, particularly his “ Maid’s Metamorphosis ;” Winstanley, however, says his plays were acted “ with great applause of the *vulgar*, as such things which they understood.” This is strangely at variance with the criticism of Drayton ; and from it the reader might infer, that his scenes were taken from common life, and presented in familiar dialogue ; but his plots are from Pliny, Lucian, Ovid, Apuleius, &c. &c. and his language refined with art till it is any thing but colloquial. “ Mother Bombie” has less of this than any other of his plays.

The following is a list of his dramatic works :

1. Alexander and Campaspe, Tragi-com. 4to. 1584, 1591, D. C.

2. Sapho and Phao, Com. 4to. 1584 ; 4to. 1591.

This play has been, through some error, attributed to Richard Edwards.

3. Endimion, Com. 4to. 1591.

4. Gallathea, Com. 4to. 1592.

5. Midas, Com. 4to. 1592.

6. Woman in the Moon, Com. 4to. 1597.

7. Maid her Metamorphosis, 4to. 1600.

8. Love his Metamorphosis, Past. 4to. 1601.

9. Mother Bombie, Com. 4to. 1594, 1598.

The first five, and “ Mother Bombie,” were published in one volume in 12mo. 1632, by Mr. Blount, under the title of “ Six Court Comedies.” Wood and Winstanley have erroneously attributed to this author, “ A Warning for fair Women.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Memphio.

Stellio.

Prisius.

Sperantus.

Candius, son to Sperantus.

Mæstius, the son of Memphio.

Accius, the supposed son of Memphio.

Dromio, servant to Memphio.

Risio, servant to Stellio.

Halfpenny, servant to Sperantus.

Lucio, servant to Prisius.

Livia, daughter to Prisius.

Serena, daughter to Stellio.

Silena, the supposed daughter to Stellio.

Vicina, mother to Accius and Silena.

Mother Bombie.

Rixula.

Synis, Nasutus, Bedunenus, Hackneyman, Serjeant and
Scriviner.

MOTHER BOMBIE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MEMPHIO *and* DROMIO.

Mem. Boy, there are three things that make my life miserable ; a thread-bare purse, a curst wife, and a fool to my heir.

Drom. Why, then, sir, there are three medicines for these three maladies : a pike-staff to take a purse on the high-way, a holly wand to brush choler from my mistress' tongue, and a young wench for my young master ; so that as your worship, being wise, begot a fool ; so he, being a fool, may tread out a wise man.

Mem. Ah ! but, Dromio, these medicines bite hot on great mischiefs ; for so might I have a rope about my neck, horns upon my head, and in my house a litter of fools.

Drom. Then, sir, you had best let some wise man sit on your son, to hatch him a good wit : they say, if ravens sit on hens' eggs, the chickens will be black, and so forth.

Mem. Why, boy, my son is out of the shell, and is grown a pretty cock.

Drom. Carve him, master, and make him a capon, else all your breed will prove cocks-combs.

Mem. I marvel he is such an ass, he takes it not of his father.

Drom. He may for any thing you know.

Mem. Why, villain, dost thou think me a fool?

Drom. Oh no, sir; neither are you sure that you are his father.

Mem. Rascal, dost thou imagine thy mistress naught* of her body?

Drom. No; but fantastical of her mind; and it may be, when this boy was begotten, she thought of a fool, and so conceived a fool, yourself being very wise, and she surpassing honest.

Mem. It may be, for I have heard of an Ethiopian, that, thinking of a fair picture, brought forth a fair lady, and yet no bastard.

Drom. You are well read, sir; your son may be a bastard, and yet legitimate; yourself a cuckold, and yet my mistress virtuous; all this in conceit.

Mem. Come, Dromio, it is my grief to have such a son, that must inherit my lands.

Drom. He needs not, sir; I'll beg him for a fool.

* The following quotation from *King Richard III.* will sufficiently explain the meaning of this passage.

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have *naught* to do.

Glo. *Naught* to do with Mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow, He that doth *naught* with her, excepting one, Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave :—would'st thou betray me?

Mem. Vile boy, thy young master?

Drom. Let me have in a device*.

Mem. I'll have thy advice; and if it fadge†, thou shalt eat, thou shalt sweat, play till thou sleep, and sleep till thy bones ake.

Drom. Ah marry, now you tickle me; I am both hungry, gamesome, and sleepy, and all at once; I'll break this head against the wall, but I'll make it bleed good matter.

Mem. Then, this it is: thou knowest I have but one son, and he is a fool.

Drom. A monstrous fool.

Mem. A wife, and she an arrant scold.

Drom. Ah, master, I smell your device; it will be excellent.

Mem. Thou canst not know it till I tell it.

Drom. I see it through your brains; your hair is so thin, and your scull so transparent, I may sooner see it than hear it.

Mem. Then, boy, hast thou a quick wit, and I a slow tongue: but what is't?

Drom. Marry, either you would have your wife's tongue in your son's head, that he might be a prating fool; or his brains in her brain-pan, that she might be a foolish scold.

Mem. Thou dream'st, Dromio; there is no such matter. Thou knowest I have kept them close, so that my neighbours think him to be wise, and her to be temperate, because they never heard them speak.

Drom. Well.

Mem. Thou knowest that Stellio hath a good

* Permit me to suggest a contrivance to you.

† Fadge, "to suit, to fit, to go with." STEVENS.

farm and a fair daughter; yea, so fair that she is mew'd up, and only looketh out at the windows, lest she should, by some roisting courtier, be stolen away.

Drom. So, sir.

Mem. Now if I could compass a match between my son and Stellio's daughter, by conference of us parents, and without theirs, I should be blessed, he coz'ned *, and thou for ever set at liberty.

Drom. A singular conceit.

Mem. Thus much for my son: now for my wife. I would have this kept from her, else shall I not be able to keep my house from smoke; for let it come to one of her ears, and then woe to both mine: I would have her go to my house into the country, whilst we conclude this; and this once done, I care not if her tongue never have done: these if thou canst effect, thou shalt make thy master happy.

Drom. Think it done; this noddle shall coin such new device as you shall have your son married by to-morrow.

Mem. But take heed that neither the father nor the maid speak to my son, for then his folly will mar all.

Drom. Lay all the care on me. *Sublevabo te onere*, I will rid you of a fool.

Mem. Wilt thou rid me for a fool?

Drom. Tush, quarrel not.

Mem. Then for the dowry, let it be at least

* "Coz'ned," cheated, tricked. I give the explanation here more for the word "coz'nage," which occurs in the next page, and is more obscure; it has, however, the same meaning.

two hundred ducats, and after his death the farm.

Drom. What else?

Mem. Then let us in, that I may furnish thee with some better counsel, and my son with better apparel.

Drom. Let me alone, I lack but a wag more to make of my council, and then you shall see an exquisite coz'nage, and the father more fool than the son. But hear you, sir, I forgot one thing.

Mem. What's that?

Drom. Nay, *expellas furca licet usque recurret.*

Mem. What's the meaning?

Drom. Why, though your son's folly be thrust up with a pair of horns on a fork, yet being natural, it will have his course.

Mem. I pray thee no more, but about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

STELLIO and RISIO.

Stel. Risio, my daughter is passing amiable, but very simple.

Ris. You mean a fool, sir.

Stel. Faith, I imply so much.

Ris. Then I apply it fit; the one she takes of her father, the other of her mother; now you may be sure she is your own.

Stel. I have penned her up in a chamber, having only a window to look out, that youths seeing her fair cheeks, may be enamoured before they hear her fond* speech. How likest thou this head?

* "Fond," foolish.

Ris. There is very good workmanship in it, but the matter is but base : if the stuff had been good as the mould, your daughter had been as wise as she is beautiful.

Stel. Dost thou think she took her foolishness of me?

Ris. Aye, and so cunningly, she took it not from you.

Stel. Well. *Quod natura dedit tollere nemo potest.*

Ris. A good evidence to prove the fee simple of your daughter's folly.

Stel. Why?

Ris. It came by nature, and if none can take it away it is perpetual.

Stel. Nay, Risio, she is no natural fool ; but in this consisteth her simplicity, that she thinketh herself subtle ; in this her rudeness, that she imagines she is courtly ; in this the overshooting of herself, that she overweeneth of herself.

Ris. Well, what follows?

Stel. Risio, this is my plot : Memphio hath a pretty stripling to his son, whom with cockering he hath made wanton ; his girdle must be warmed, the air must not breathe on him, he must lie a-bed till noon, and yet in his bed break his fast ; that which I do to conceal the folly of my daughter, that doth he in too much cockering of his son. Now, Risio, how shall I compass a match between my girl and his boy?

Ris. Why, with a pair of compasses, and bring them both into the circle ; I'll warrant they'll match themselves.

Stel. Tush ! plot it for me, that never speaking

one to another, they may be in love one with another: I like not solemn wooing, it is for courtiers; let country folks believe other's reports as much as their own opinions.

Ris. Oh, then, so it be made a match you care not.

Stil. Not I, nor for a match neither, were it not that I thirst after my neighbour's farm.

Ris. A very good nature. Well, if by flat wit I bring this to pass, what's my reward?

Stil. Whatsoever thou wilt ask.

Ris. I'll ask no more than by my wit I can get in the bargain.

Stil. Then about it. [*Exit.*

Ris. If I come not about you*, never trust me. I'll seek out Dromio, the counsellor of my conceit.

SCENE III.

PRISIUS *and* SPERANTUS.

Pris. It is unneighbourly done, to suffer your son, since he came from school, to spend his time in love; and unwisely done, to let him hover over my daughter, who hath nothing to her dowry but her needle, and must prove a sempstress; nor he any thing to take to but a grammar, and cannot at the best be but a schoolmaster.

Sper. Prisius, you bite and whine, wring me on the withers, and yet wince yourself†; it is you

* "If I come not about you;" that is, if I do not overreach you.

† "Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

that go about to match your girl with my boy, she being more fit for seams than for marriage, and he for a rod than a wife.

Pris. Her birth requires a better bridegroom than such a groom.

Sper. And his bringing up another gates marriage than such a minion*.

Pris. Marry-gup, I am sure he hath no better bread than is made of wheat, nor worn finer cloth than is made of wool, nor learned better manners than is taught in schools.

Sper. Nor your minx had no better grandfather than a tailor, who, as I have heard, was poor and proud, nor a better father than yourself; unless your wife borrowed a better to make your daughter a gentlewoman.

Pris. Twit not me with my ancestors, nor my wife's honesty, for if thou dost——

Sper. Hold thy hands still, thou hadst best; and yet it is impossible, now I remember, for thou hast the palsy.

Pris. My hands shake so, that wert thou in place where, I would teach thee to cog †.

Sper. Nay, if thou shake thy hands I warrant thou canst not teach any to cog ‡. But, neighbour, let not two old fools fall out for two young wantons.

* “Another gates marriage,” means a marriage of a very different description. It is a mode of speech still used in the North of England.

† I believe the sense is,—if I had thee in a proper place I would teach thee to lie, and slander me, as thou hast done.

‡ “Cog” is here used in a different sense, and means to cheat at cards or dice. The shaking of Prisius' hands would naturally prevent his being able to slip cards or dice without discovery.

Pris. Indeed it becometh men of our experience to reason, not rail; to debate the matter, not to combat it.

Sper. Well then, this I'll tell thee friendly: I have almost these two years cast in my head, how I might match my princocks * with Stellio's daughter, whom I have heard to be very fair, and know shall be very rich; she is his heir, he doats, he is stooping old, and shortly must die; yet, by no means, either by blessing or cursing, can I win my son to be a wooer; which I know proceeds not of bashfulness, but stubbornness; for he knows his good, though I say it, he hath wit at will: as for his personage, I care not who sees him; I can tell you he is able to make a lady's mouth water, if she wink not.

Pris. Stay, Sperantus; this is like my case; for I have been tampering as long to have a marriage committed between my wench and Memphio's only son: they say he is as goodly a youth as one shall see in a summer's day, and as neat a stripling as ever went on neat's leather; his father will not let him be forth of his sight, he is so tender over him; he yet lies with his mother for catching cold: now my pretty elf, as proud as the day is long, she will none of him; she, forsooth, will choose her own husband: made marriages prove mad marriages; she will choose with her eye, and like with her heart, before she

* "Princocks," a coxcomb, a conceited fellow.

STEVENS.

"It is rather a cockered or spoiled child, than a coxcomb."

MALONE.

consent with her tongue ; neither father nor mother, kith nor kin, shall be her carver in a husband ; she will fall to where she likes best ; and thus the chick, scarce out of the shell, cackles as though she had been trodden with an hundred cocks, and mother of a thousand eggs.

Sper. Well, then, this is our best, seeing we know each others mind, to devise, to govern our own children ; for my boy I'll keep to his books, and study shall make him leave to love ; I'll break him of his will, or his bones with a cudgel.

Pris. And I'll no more dandle my daughter ; she shall prick on a clout till her fingers ake, or I'll cause her leave to make my heart ake. But in good time, though with ill luck, behold if they be not both together ; let us stand close and hear all, so shall we prevent all. [*They stand aside.*]

Enter CANDIUS and LIVIA.

Sper. This happens pat ; take heed you cough not, Prisius.

Pris. Tush, spit not you, and I'll warrant I ; my beard is as good as a handkerchief.

Liv. Sweet Candius, if thy father should see us alone, would he not fret ? The old man methinks should be full of fumes.

Cand. Tush, let him fret one heartstring against another, he shall never trouble the least vein of my little finger ; the old churl thinks none wise unless he have a beard hang dangling to his waist ; when my face is bedaubed with hair as his, then

perchance my conceit may stumble on his staidness *.

Pris. Ah! in what book read you that lesson?

Sper. I know not in what book he read it, but I am sure he was a knave to learn it.

Cand. I believe, fair Livia, if your sour sire should see you with your sweetheart, he would not be very patient.

Liv. The care is taken; I'll ask his blessing as a father, but never take counsel for a husband; there is as much odds between my golden thoughts and his leaden advice, as between his silver hairs and my amber locks; I know he will cough for anger that I yield not, but he shall cough me a fool for his labour †.

Sper. Where pricked your daughter that work? out of broad stitch?

Pris. Out of a flirt's sampler; but let us stay the end, this is but the beginning, you shall hear two children well brought up.

Cand. Parents in these days are grown peevish ‡;

* Or in other words, "my desires may chance to be as methodical and selfish as his own."

† Perhaps the text should be, "but he shall *not* cough me a fool for his labour." I have not altered it, because the present reading may be defended, and explained in this way, "he shall only cough like a fool for his pains." This affected phraseology may be found in the second scene of the first act of "the Taming of the Shrew;" where, "to knock me," means to knock; therefore, "to cough me," in the text, may mean simply to cough.

‡ That peevish in the time of our poet was generally meant to denote *foolish*, appears from Shakspeare's Third Part of Henry VI.

Why what a *peevish* fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl.

they rock their children in their cradles till they sleep, and cross them about their bridals till their hearts ake. Marriage among them is become a market: what will you give with your daughter? what jointure will you make for your son? And many a match is broken off for a penny, more or less, as though they could not afford their children at such a price; when none should cheapen such ware but affection, and none buy it but love.

Sper. Learnedly and scholar-like.

Liv. Indeed our parents take great care to make us ask blessing and say grace when we are little ones, and growing to years of judgment, they deprive us of the greatest blessing and the most gracious things, to our minds, the liberty of our minds: they give us pap with a spoon before we can speak, and when we speak for that we love, pap with a hatchet; because their fancies being grown musty with hoary age, therefore nothing can relish in their thoughts that savours of sweet youth; they study twenty years to make us grow as straight as a wand; and in the end, by bowing us as crooked as a cammock*. For mine own part, sweet Candius, they shall pardon me; for I will measure my love by mine own judg-

and again, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly, speaking of her fellow-servant, says, "his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something *peevisk* that way: but nobody but has his fault."

* "Crooked as a cammock." *Cammock* is explained by Johnson to mean a herb called petty whin; but this does not seem agreeable to the context, which I think means something that is bent or shaped artificially. *Camber* is used to denote a piece of timber that is cut arching, and this agrees with the evident meaning of the word.

ment, not my father's purse or peevishness. Nature hath made me his child, not his slave. I hate Memphio and his son deadly, if I wist he would place his affection by his father's appointment.

Pris. Wittily, but uncivilly.

Cand. Be of that mind still, my fair Livia; let our fathers lay their purses together, we our hearts; I will never woo where I cannot love; let Stellio enjoy his daughter. But what have you wrought here?

Liv. Flowers, fowls, beasts, fishes, trees, plants, stones, and what not. Among flowers, cowslips and lilies, for our names Candius and Livia; among fowls, turtles and sparrows, for our truth and desires; among beasts, the fox and the ermine, for beauty and policy; and among fishes, the cockle and the tortoise, because of Venus; among trees, the vine wreathing about the elm, for our embracing; among stones, asbestos, which being hot will never be cold, for our constancies; among plants, time and heartsease, to note, that if we take time we shall ease our hearts.

Pris. There's a girl that knows her lerripoop*.

Sper. Listen and you shall hear my son's learning.

Liv. What book is that?

* "Lerripoop." Mr. Weber understands this word as alluding to the loquacity with which women are charged; I think the meaning here is, "who hath perfectly learned her lesson, and can repeat it by heart." It is again used by Lyly in "Sapho and Phao."

"Thou maist be skilled in thy logick, but not in thy lery-poop."

Cand. A fine pleasant poet, who entreateth of the Art of Love, and of the remedy.

Liv. Is there art in love?

Cand. A short art and a certain, three rules in three lines.

Liv. I pray thee repeat them.

Cand. *Principio, quod amare velis, reperire labora, Proximus huic labor est, placitam exorare puellam. Tertius, ut longo tempore duret amor.*

Liv. I am no latinist, Candius, you must construe it

Cand. So I will, and parse it too : thou shalt be acquainted with case, gender, and number. First, one must find out a mistress, whom before all others he voweth to serve. Secondly, that he use all the means he may to obtain her : and the last, with deserts, faith, and secresy, to study to keep her.

Liv. What's the remedy?

Cand. Death.

Liv. What of all the book is the conclusion?

Cand. This is one verse : *Non caret effectu quod voluere duo.*

Liv. What's that?

Cand. Where two are agreed it is impossible but they must speed.

Liv. Then cannot we miss ; therefore give me thy hand, Candius.

Pris. Soft Livia, take me with you, it is not good in law without witness.

Sper. And, as I remember, there must be two witnesses : God give you joy, Candius ; I was worth the bidding to dinner, though not worthy to be of the council.

Pris. I think this hot love hath provided but cold cheer.

Sper. Tush ; in love is no lack ; but blush not, Candius, you need not be ashamed of your cunning, and have made love a bookcase and spent your time well at school, learning to love by art, and hate against nature ; but I perceive the worser child the better lover.

Pris. And my minion hath wrought well ; where every stitch in her sampler is a pricking stitch at my heart ; you take your pleasure at parents ; they are peevish, fools, and churls, overgrown with ignorance, because overworn with age : little shalt thou know the case of a father before thyself be a mother, when thou shalt breed thy child with continual pains and with deadly pangs, nurse it with thine own paps, and nourish it with motherly tenderness, and then find them to curse thee with their hearts, when they should ask blessing on their knees, and the collops* of thine own bowels, to be the torture of thine own soul ; with tears trickling down thy cheeks, and drops of blood falling from thy heart, thou wilt, in uttering of thy mind, wish them rather unborn, than unnatural, and to have had their cradles their graves, rather than thy death their bridals. But I will not dispute what thou shouldst have done, but correct what thou hast done : I perceive sewing is an idle exercise, and that every day there comes more thoughts into thine head than stitches into thy work ; I'll

* “Collop :” it is used here, as in Henry VI. for the offspring :

“Thou art a *collop* of my flesh.”

see whether you can spin a better mind than you have stitched, and if I coop you not up, then let me be the capon.

Sper. As for you, sir boy, instead of poring on a book you shall hold the plough; I'll make repentance reap what wantonness hath sown; but we are both well served, the sons must be masters, the fathers gaffers; what we get together with a rake, they cast abroad with a fork; and we must weary our legs, to purchase our children arms*. Well, seeing that booking is but idleness, I'll see whether threshing be any occupation; thy mind shall stoop to my fortune, or mine shall break the laws of nature. How like a micher† he stands, as though he had truanted from honesty: get thee in, and for the rest let me alone. In, villain!

Pris. And you, pretty minx, that must be fed with love upon sops, I'll take an order to cram you with sorrows; get you in without look or reply. [*Exeunt Cand. and Liv.*

Sper. Let us follow, and deal as rigorously with yours, as I will with mine, and you shall see that hot love will wax soon cold: I'll tame the proud boy, and send him as far from his love as he is from his duty.

Pris. Let us about it, and also go on with matching them to our minds; it was happy we prevented that by chance, which we could never yet suspect by circumstance. [*Exeunt.*

* "To purchase our children arms." Heraldic arms are here alluded to, and the meaning of the passage, "to make gentry of our children."

† "Micher," a truant, an indolent fellow.

ACT II. SCENE I.

DROMIO *and* RISIO*.

Drom. Now if I could meet with Risio it were a world of waggery.

Ris. O that it were by chance, *obvium dare Dromio*, to stumble upon Dromio, of whom I do nothing but dream.

Drom. His knavery and my wit, should make our masters, that are wise, fools; their children, that are fools, beggars; and us two, that are bond, free.

Ris. He to cozen, and I to conjure, would make such alterations, that our masters should serve themselves, the idiots, their children, serve us, and we to wake our wits among them all.

Drom. *Hem quam opportune*, look if he drop not full in my dish.

Ris. *Lupus in fabula*, Dromio, embrace me, hug me, I must make thee fortunate.

Drom. Risio, honour me, kneel down to me, kiss my feet, I must make thee blessed.

Ris. My master, old Stellio, hath a fool to his daughter.

* Lyly evidently formed his play on the model of Terence and Plautus, in whom scenes like this are common, without remembering that the Roman stage was, beyond comparison, larger than ours; and that the first four speeches, spoken before they see each other, would have been much more natural on a Roman than on an English stage.

Drom. Nay, my master, old Memphio, hath a fool to his son.

Ris. I must convey a contract.

Drom. And I must convey a contract.

Ris. Between her and Memphio's son, without speaking one to another.

Drom. Between him and Stellio's daughter, without one speaking to the other.

Ris. Dost thou mock me, Dromio?

Drom. Thou dost me else.

Ris. Not I, for all that is true.

Drom. And all this.

Ris. Then we are both driven to our wits-ends; for if either of them had been wise, we might have tempered, if no marriage, yet a close marriage.

Drom. Well, let us sharpen our accounts: there's no better grindstone for a young man's head, than to have it whet upon an old man's purse. Oh, thou shalt see my knavery shave like a razor!

Ris. Thou for the edge, and I the point, will make the fool bestride our mistress' backs, and then have at the bag with the dudgeon haft; that is, at the dudgeon dagger, by which hangs his tantony pouch.

Drom. These old huddles have such strong purses with locks, when they shut them they go off like a snaphance*.

Ris. The old fashion is best; a purse with a ring round about it, is a circle to course a knave's hand from it: but, Dromio, two they say may

* "Snaphance," the ancient name for a firelock.

keep counsel, if one be away; but to convey knavery, two are too few and four too many.

Drom. And in good time look where Halfpenny, Sperantus' boy, cometh; though bound up in *decimo sexto* for carriage, yet a wit in folio for cozenage. Single Halfpenny, what news are now current?

Enter HALFPENNY.

Half. Nothing but that such double coystrels* as you be are counterfeit.

Ris. Are you so dapper, we'll send you for a halfpenny loaf.

Half. I shall go for silver though, when you shall be nailed up for slips.

Drom. Thou art a slipstring, I'll warrant.

Half. I hope you shall never slip string, but hang steady.

Ris. Dromio, look here, now is my hand on my halfpenny.

Half. Thou liest; thou hast not a farthing to lay thy hands on; I am none of thine; but let me be wagging, my head is full of hammers, and they have so malletted my wit, that I am almost a malcontent.

Drom. Why, what's the matter?

Half. My master hath a fine scholar to his son, Prisius a fair lass to his daughter.

* "Coystrel," a mean, or drunken fellow; it is properly a wine-vessel.

MALONE.

"This word seems to be corrupted from kestrel, a bastard kind of hawk."

STEVENS.

To judge from the context, I should think some bad coin was then quaintly called coystrel.

Drom. Well.

Half. They two love one another deadly.

Ris. In good time.

Half. The fathers have put them up, utterly disliking the match; and have appointed the one shall have Memphio's son, the other Stellio's daughter; this works like wax; but how it will fadge in the end, the hen that sits next the cock cannot tell.

Ris. If thou have but any spice of knavery we'll make thee happy.

Half. Tush, doubt not of mine; I am as full for my pitch as you are for yours; a wren's egg is as full of meat as a goose's egg, though there be not so much in it; you shall find this head well stuf't though there went little stuff to it.

Drom. *Lando ingenium*, I like thy sconce; then hearken: Memphio's made me of his council about marriage of his son to Stellio's daughter; Stellio made Risio acquainted to plot a match with Memphio's son; to be short, they be both fools.

Half. But they are not fools that be short; if I thought thou mean'st so, *senties qui vir sim*, thou shouldst have a crow to pull.

Ris. Be not angry, Halfpenny; for fellowship we will be all fools, and for gain all knaves. But why dost thou laugh?

Half. At mine own conceit and quick censure.

Ris. What's the matter?

Half. Suddenly methought you two were asses, and that the least ass was the more ass.

Ris. Thou art a fool; that cannot be.

Half. Yea, my young master taught me to prove it by learning, and so I can, out of Ovid, by a verse.

Ris. Prithee how?

Half. You must first, for fashion sake, confess yourselves to be asses.

Drom. Well.

Half. Then stand you here, and you there.

Ris. Go to.

Half. Then this is the verse as I point it: *Cum mala per longas invaluere moras*, so you see the least ass is the more ass*.

Ris. We'll bite for an ape, if thou bob us like asses. But to end all, if thou wilt join with us, we will make a match between the two fools, for that must be our tasks, and thou shalt devise to couple Candius and Livia by overreaching their fathers.

Half. Let me alone, *non enim mea pigra inventio*, there's matter in this noddle.

Enter LUCIO.

But look where Prisius' boy comes, as fit as a pudding for a dog's mouth.

Luc. Pop three knaves in a sheath, I'll make it a right Tunbridge case and be the bodkin.

Ris. Nay, the bodkin is here already; you must be the knife.

Half. I am the bodkin, look well to your ears; I must bore them.

* Halfpenny's wit is somewhat obscure: a pun seems to be intended between *longas* and long-ass, and between *moras* and more-ass.

Drom. Mew * thy tongue or we'll cut it out: this I speak representing the person of a knife, as thou didst that in shadow of a bodkin.

Luc. I must be gone; *tædet*, it irketh; *oportet*, it behoveth my wits to work like barme, alias yeast, alias sizing, alias rising, alias God's good.

Half. The new wine is in thine head, yet was he fain to take this metaphor from ale; and now you talk of ale, let us all to the wine.

Drom. Four makes a mess, and we have a mess of master that must be cozened; let us lay our heads together, they are married and cannot.

Half. Let us consult at the tavern; where, after to the health of Memphio, drink we to the life of Stellio; I carouse to Prisius, and brinch you mas Sperantus †; we shall cast up our accounts and discharge our stomachs, like men that can digest any thing.

Luc. I see not yet what you go about.

Drom. Lucio, that can pierce a mud-wall of twenty feet thick, would make us believe he cannot see a candle through a paper lantern; his knavery is beyond *ela*, and yet he says he knows not *gamut*.

Luc. I am ready, if any cozenage be ripe, I'll shake the tree.

* "*Mew* thy tongue." The mew was the place where hawks were confined during winter, or when moulting: it was thence used in the sense of confine, secure, shut up.

† The meaning is, "I drink to your master, and you to mine." I have, however, never seen the word *brinch* and suspect the passage to be corrupt. *Mas* is still used in Scotland for master, it may be here a contraction of it.

Half. Nay, I hope to see thee so strong to shake three trees at once.

Drom. We burn time, for I must give a reckoning of my day's work; let us close to the bush*, *ad deliberandum*.

Half. Indeed, *inter pocula philosophandum*, it is good to plea among pots.

Ris. Thine will be the worst, I fear we shall leave a halfpenny in hand.

Half. Why, sayest thou that thou hast left a print deeper in thy hand already than a halfpenny can leave, unless it should singe worse than a hot iron.

Luc. All friends, and so let us sing; 'tis a pleasant thing to go into the tavern clearing the throat.

SONG †.

Omnes. Ìo Bacchus! To thy table
Thou call'st every drunken rabble;
We already are stiff drinkers,
Then seal us for thy jolly skinckers ‡.

Drom. Wine, O wine!
O juice divine!

How dost thou the nowle || refine.

Ris. Plump thou mak'st men's ruby faces,
And from girls can fetch embraces.

* "Let us close to the bush." A bough of a tree was usually suspended in front of the houses where wine and spirits were sold: thence the old proverb quoted in the epilogue of "As You Like it," "Good wine needs no bush."

† The songs in this play are omitted in the quarto edition of 1798, and given from Mr. Blount's.

‡ "Skincker," a cup bearer.

|| "Nowle," the top of the head. BAILEY. It is used here for the head, or sense itself.

Half. By thee our noses swell
With sparkling carbuncle.

Luc. O the dear blood of grapes,
Turns us to antic shapes,
Now to show tricks like apes.

Drom. Now lion-like to roar,

Ris. Now goatishly to whore,

Half. Now hogishly i' th' mire,

Luc. Now flinging hats i' th' fire.

Omnes. Io Bacchus! at thy table,
Make us of thy reeling rabble.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter MEMPHIO.

Mem. I marvel I hear no news of Dromio ;
either he slacks the matter, or betrays his mas-
ter; I dare not motion any thing to Stellio till I
know what my boy hath done ; I'll hunt him out ;
if the loiter-sack be gone springing into a tavern,
I'll fetch him reeling out. [*Exit.*]

Enter STELLIO.

Stel. Without doubt Risio hath gone beyond
himself in casting beyond the moon ; I fear the
boy be run mad with studying, for I know he
loved me so well, that for my favour he will ven-
ture to run out of his wits, and it may be to
quicken his invention he is gone into this ivy-
bush, a notable nest for a grape-owl : I'll ferret
him out, yet in the end use him friendly. I can-
not be merry till I hear what's done in the mar-
riages. [*Exit.*]

Enter PRISIUS.

Pris. I think Lucio be gone a squirreling, but
I'll squirrel him for it ; I sent him on my errand,

but I must go for an answer myself: I have tied up the loving worm my daughter, and will see whether fancy can worm fancy out of her head: this green nosegay I fear my boy hath smelt to *; for if he get but a penny in his purse he turns it so suddenly into *argentum potabile*. I must search every place for him; for I stand on thorns till I hear what he hath done.

[*Exit.*]

Enter SPERANTUS.

Sper. Well, be as be may is no banning †; I think I have charmed my young master; a hungry meal, a ragged coat, and a dry cudgel, have put him quite beside his love and his logic too: besides pigsny ‡ is put up; and, therefore, now I'll let him take the air and follow Stellio's daughter, with all his learning if he mean to be my heir; the boy hath wit sans measure more than needs; cat's meat and dog's meat enough for the vantage. Well, without Halfpenny all my wit is not worth a dodkin ||; that mite is mitching in this grove; for as long as his name is Halfpenny he will be banqueting for the other halfpenny. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CANDIUS.

Cand. He must needs go that the devil drives; a father, a fiend, that seeks to place affection by

* By the green nosegay Prisius means the ivy-bush, before spoken of, fixed up at the door of the tavern.

† The meaning is, "I do not curse my son when I discard him."

‡ "Pigsny," a fondling epithet.

|| "Dodkin," a coin; of value the eighth part of a stiver; hence used as a term of contempt for things of the least possible value.

appointment, and to force love by compulsion. I have sworn to woo Silena, but it shall be so coldly that she take as small delight in my words, as I do contentment in his commandment; I'll teach him one school-trick in love. But behold who is that that cometh out of Stellio's house? It should seem to be Silena by her attire.

Enter SILENA.

By her face I am sure it is she: oh, fair face! oh, lovely countenance! How now, Candius, if thou begin to slip at beauty on a sudden, thou wilt surfeit with carousing it at the last. Remember that Livia is faithful; ah! and let thine eyes witness Silena is amiable; here shall I please my father and myself: I will learn to be obedient, and come what will, I'll make a way: if she seem coy, I'll practise all the Art of Love; if cunning*, all the pleasures of love.

Sil. My name is Silena, I care not who knows it, so I do not: my father keeps me close, so he does, and now I have stolen out, so I have, to go to old Bombie to know my fortune, so I will; for I have as fair a face as ever trod on shoe-sole, and as free a foot as ever looked with two eyes.

Cand. What, I think she is lunatic, or foolish!

* "If cunning," in the quarto of 1598; and in *The Six Court Comedies*, this runs, "If I her cunning;" the edition of 1594 I could not obtain. An error was evident, and it might have been altered otherwise; indeed I think the right reading *if coming*, as it is evidently contrasted with *coy*. Candius, struck with the appearance of Silena, declares that if she were coy he would endeavour to engage her affections, and if she were inclined to favour him, would profit by her fondness. *Coming* is explained by Johnson to mean fond; forward; ready to come.

Thou art a fool, Candius ; so fair a face cannot be the scabbard of a foolish mind ; mad she may be, for commonly in beauty so rare there falls passions extreme ; love and beauty disdain a mean ; not, therefore, because beauty is no virtue, but because it is happiness ; and we scholars know that virtue is not to be praised but honoured. I will put on my best grace. Sweet wench, thy face is lovely, thy body comely, and all that the eye can see enchanting : you see how, unacquainted, I am bold to board you.

Sil. My father boards me already, therefore I care not if your name were Geoffrey.

Cand. She raves or overreaches. I am one, sweet soul, that loves you ; brought hither by report of your beauty, and here languisheth with your rareness.

Sil. I thank you that you would call.

Cand. I will always call on such a saint, that hath power to release my sorrows ; yield, fair creature, to love.

Sil. I am none of that sect.

Cand. Thy loving sect is an ancient sect and an honourable, and therefore should be in a person so perfect.

Sil. Much !

Cand. I love thee much ; give me one word of comfort.

Sil. I'faith, sir, no ; and so tell your master.

Cand. I have no master, but come to make choice of a mistress.

Sil. Ha, ha ; are you there with your bears ?

Cand. Doubtless she is an idiot of the newest

cut. I'll once more try her. (*Aside.*) I have loved thee long, Silena.

Sil. In your t'other hose?

Cand. Too simple to be natural, too senseless to be artificial. (*Aside.*) You said you went to know your fortune; I am a scholar and cunning in palmistry.

Sil. The better for you, sir: here's my hand, what's a clock?

Cand. The line of life is good; Venus' mount very perfect: you shall have a scholar for your first husband.

Sil. You are well seen in crane's dirt; your father was a poulterer; ha, ha, ha.

Cand. Why laugh you?

Sil. Because you should see my teeth.

Cand. Alas, poor wretch! I see now also thy folly: a fair fool is like a fresh weed, pleasing leaves and sour juice. I will not yet leave her, she may dissemble. (*Aside.*) I cannot choose but love thee.

Sil. I had thought to ask you.

Card. Nay, then, farewell: either too proud to accept, or too simple to understand.

Sil. You need not be crusty, you are not so hard baked.

Cand. Now I perceive thy folly; who hast raked together all the odd blind phrases that help them that know not how to discourse, but when they cannot answer wisely, either with gybing cover their rudeness, or by some new coined by-word bewray* their peevishness; I am

* "Bewray," to show, to discover. It has much the meaning of betray, but was commonly used at that time.

glad of this: now shall I have colour to refuse the match, and my father reason to accept of Livia: I will home, and repeat to my father our wise encounter, and he shall perceive there is nothing so fulsome as a she-fool. [*Exit.*]

Sil. Good God, I think gentlemen had never less wit in a year. We maids are mad wenches, we gird them*, and flout them out of all scotch and notch, and they cannot see it. I will know of the old woman whether I be a maid or no; and then if I be not, I must needs be a man. God be here.

Enter MOTHER BOMBIE.

Bom. Who's there?

Sil. One that would be a maid.

Bom. If thou *be not*, it is impossible thou *shouldst be*, and a shame thou *art not*.

Sil. They say you are a witch.

Bom. They lie; I am a cunning woman.

Sil. Then tell me something.

Bom. Hold up thy hand: not so high.

Thy father knows thee not,

Thy mother bare thee not,

Falsely bred,

Truly begot,

Choice of two husbands, but never tied
in bands,

Because of love and natural bonds.

Sil. I thank you for nothing, because I understand nothing: though you be as old as you are, yet am I as young as I am; and because that I

* "We gird them," sneer at them.

am so fair, therefore are you so foul^{*}; and so farewell frost, my fortune nought me cost. [*Exit.*

Bom. Farewell, fair fool; little dost thou know thy hard fortune; but in the end thou shalt, and that must bewray what none can discover; in the mean season I will profess cunning for all comers. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

DROMIO, RISIO, LUCIO, and HALFPENNY.

Drom. We are all taken tardy.

Ris. Our masters will be overtaken† if they tarry.

Half. Now must every one by wit make an excuse, and every excuse must be cozenage.

Luc. Let us remember our complot.

Drom. We will all plod on that. Oh! the wine hath turned my wit to vinegar.

Ris. You mean 'tis sharp.

Half. Sharp! I'll warrant 'twill serve for as good sauce to knavery as——

Luc. As what?

Half. As thy knavery's meat for his wit.

Drom. We must all give a reckoning for our day's travel.

* “And therefore are you so foul:” *foul* is frequently used by the dramatic writers of that age to denote plainness, or homeliness.—In this sense it may be found in the “King and no King” of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in the third Act, third Scene, of “As you like it;” but, it may here possibly allude to the harsh language which Silena supposes she has received from Bombie.

† “Overtaken,” it means made drunk: perhaps Risio also intends to play on the words of Dromio.

Ris. Tush ! I am glad we escaped the reckoning for our liquor. If you be examined how we met, swear by chance, for so they met, and therefore will believe it: if how much we drunk, let them answer themselves, they know best because they paid it.

Half. We must not tarry *abeundum est mihi*, I must go and cast this matter in a corner*.

Drom. *I, præ sequar*, a bowl, and I'll come after with a broom; every one remember his cue.

Ris. Aye, and his K, or else we shall thrive ill.

Half. When shall we meet?

Ris. To-morrow, fresh and fasting.

Drom. Fast eating our meat; for we have drunk for to-morrow, and to-morrow we must eat for to-day.

Half. Away, away! if our masters take us here the matter is marr'd.

Luc. Let every one to his task. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

MEMPHIO, STELLIO, PRISIUS, and SPERANTUS.

Mem. How quickly we met on a sudden in a tavern, that drunk not together almost these thirty years.

Stel. A tavern is the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple for good fellows: I have heard my great grandfather tell, how his great great grand-

* The meaning of Halfpenny is, that the liquor hath made him sick: the meaning of the bowl and broom will now be clear.

father should say, that it was an old proverb when his great grandfather was a child*, that it was a good wind that blew a man to the wine.

Pris. The old time was a good time; ale was an ancient drink, and accounted of our ancestors authentical. Gascoign wine was a liquor for a lord; sack a medicine for the sick; and I may tell you, he that had a cup of red wine to his oysters was hoisted in the queen's subsidy book.

Sper. Ah! but now you see to what looseness this age is grown: our boys carouse sack like double beer, and say that which doth an old man good can do a young man no harm: old men (say they) eat pap, why should not young men drink sack, their white heads have counted time out of mind our young years.

Mem. Well, the world is wanton since I knew it first: our boys put as much wine in their bellies in an hour, as would clothe their whole bodies in a year; and, as I have heard, it was as much as bought Rufus, sometime king of this land, a pair of hose.

Pris. Is't possible?

Stel. Nay, 'tis true: they say ale is out of request; 'tis hog's porridge, broth for beggars, a caudle for constables, watchmen's mouth-glue; the better it is the more like bird-lime it is, and never makes one staid but in the stocks.

Mem. I'll teach my wag-halter to know grapes from barley.

* This passage was probably intended as a sneer at the Popish doctrine of oral tradition; and perhaps Swift had it in his eye when he wrote that passage in his "Tale of a Tub," in which Lord Peter proves their right to wear gold lace.

Pris. And I mine, to discern a spigot from a faucet.

Sper. And I mine, to judge the difference between a black bowl and a silver goblet.

Stel. And mine shall learn the odds between a stand and a hogshead; yet I cannot choose but laugh to see how my wag answered me when I strook him for drinking sack.

Pris. Why, what said he?

Stel. Master, it is the sovereignest drink in the world, and the safest for all times and weathers: if it thunder, though all the ale and beer in the town turn, it will be constant; if it lighten, and that any fire come to it, it is the aptest wine to burn, and the most wholesomest when it is burnt; so much for summer. If it freeze, why it is so hot in operation that no ice can congeal it; if it rain, why then he that cannot abide the heat of it, may put in water; so much for winter: and so ran his way; but I'll overtake him.

Sper. Who would think that my hop-o'-my-thumb, Halfpenny, scarce so high as a pint pot, would reason the matter; but he learned his leer* of my son, his young master, whom I have brought up at Oxford, and I think must learn here, in Kent, of Ashford.

Mem. Why, what said he?

Sper. He boldly rapt it out, *sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*, without wine and sugar his veins would wax cold.

Mem. They were all in a pleasant vein; but I must begone, and take account of my boy's busi-

* "Leer," doctrine, information.

ness. (*Aside*). Farewell, neighbours, God knows when we shall meet again. Yet I have discovered nothing, my wine hath been my wit's friend ; I long to hear what Dromio hath done. (*Aside*). [*Exit*.

Stel. I cannot stay ; but this good fellowship shall cost me the setting on at our next meeting. I am glad I blabbed nothing of the marriage, now I hope to compass it. I know my boy hath been bungling about it*. (*Aside*). [*Exit*.

Pris. Let us all go ; for I must to my clothes that hang on the tenters ; my boy shall hang with them, if he answer me not his day's work, (*aside*). [*Exit*.

Sper. If all be gone, I'll not stay. Halfpenny I am sure hath done me a pennyworth of good, else I'll spend his body in buying a rod. [*Exit*.

* "Bungling about it," means "making some sort of attempt to accomplish it." In the second Scene of the third Act of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Shallow says, "We have *lingered* about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender." I think *lingering* here and *bungling* in the text, have precisely the same meaning.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MÆSTIUS and SERENA.

Mæst. Sweet sister, I know not how it cometh to pass, but I find in myself passions more than brotherly.

Ser. And I, dear brother, find my thoughts entangled with affections beyond nature; which so flame in my distempered head, that I can neither without danger smother the fire, nor with modesty disclose my fury.

Mæst. Our parents are poor, our love unnatural, what then can happen to make us happy?

Ser. Only to be content with our fathers' mean estate, to combat against our own intemperate desires, and yield to the success of fortune; who, though she hath framed us miserable, cannot make us monstrous.

Mæst. It is good counsel, fair sister, if the necessity of love could be relieved by counsel.

Ser. Yet, this is our comfort, that these unnatural heats have stretched themselves no further than thoughts; unhappy me, that they should stretch so*.

Mæst. So it is, Serena, the nearer we are in blood, the further we must be from love; and the greater the kindred is, the less the kindness

* There is some error here in the edition of 1598, which is faithfully copied into Mr. Blount's; this speech is there made a continuation of *Mæstius*'.

must be; so that between brothers and sisters, superstition hath made affection cold; between strangers, custom hath bred love exquisite.

Ser. They say there is hard by an old cunning woman, who can tell fortunes, expound dreams, tell of things that be lost, and divine of accidents to come; she is called the good woman, who yet never did hurt.

Mæst. Nor any good, I think, Serena; yet, to satisfy thy mind, we will see what she can say.

Ser. Good brother, let us.

Mæst. Who is within?

Enter MOTHER BOMBIE.

Bom. The dame of the house.

Mæst. She might have said the beldam, for her face and years and attire.

Ser. Good mother, tell us, if by your cunning you can, what shall become of my brother and me?

Bom. Let me see you hands, and look on me stedfastly with your eyes.

You shall be married to-morrow, hand in hand,
And by the laws of God, nature, and the land;
Your parents shall be glad, and give you their land,
You shall each of you displace a fool,
And both together must relieve a fool;
If this be not true, then call me an old fool.

Mæst. This is my sister, marry we cannot;
our parents are poor, and have no lands to give
us; each of us is a fool to come for counsel to such
an old fool.

Ser. These doggrel rhymes and obscure words,
coming out of the mouth of such a weather-beaten
witch, are thought divinations of some holy spirit,

being but dreams of decayed brains; for mine own part, I would thou mightest sit on that stool till he and I marry by law.

Bom. I say Mother Bombie never speaks but once, and yet never spake untruth once.

Ser. Come, brother, let us to our poor home; this is our comfort, to bewray our passions, since we cannot enjoy them.

Mæst. Content, sweet sister, and learn of me hereafter, that these old saws of such old hags, are but false fires to lead one out of a plain path into a deep pit. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

DROMIO and RISIO.

Drom. *Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosus auro,*
the time was wherein wit would work like wax,
and crock up gold like honey.

Ris. *At nunc barbaria est grandis habere nihil,*
but now wit and honesty buy nothing in the market.

Drom. What, Risio, how sped'st thou after thy potting?

Ris. Nay, my master rung all in the tavern, and thrust all out in the house. But how sped'st thou?

Drom. I? It were a day's work to discourse it; he spake nothing but sentences, but they were vengible long ones; for when one word was out, he made pause of a quarter long till he spake another.

Ris. Why, what did he in all that time?

Drom. Break interjections like wind, as *eho, ho, O.*

Ris. And what thou?

Drom. Answer him in his own language, as, *euax, vah, hui.*

Ris. These were conjunctions rather than interjections. But what of the plot?

Drom. As we concluded; I told him that we understood that Silena was very wise, and could sing exceedingly; that my device was, seeing Accius, his son, a proper youth, could also sing sweetly, that he should come in the nick when she was singing, and answer her.

Ris. Excellent!

Drom. Then he asked, how it should be devised that she might come abroad; I told that was cast already by my means; then the song being ended, and they seeing one another, noting the apparel, and thanking the personages, he should call in his son for fear he should overreach his speech*.

Ris. Very good.

Drom. Then, that I had gotten a young gentleman, that resembled his son in years and favour, that having Accius' apparel should court Silena; whom she finding wise, would after that by small entreaty be won without any words, and so the marriage clapt up by this cozenage, and his son never speak word for himself.

Ris. Thou boy, so have I done in every point; for the song, the calling her in, and the hoping

* "Overreach his speech," i. e. discover his folly by his conversation.

that another shall woo Accius, and his daughter wed him; I told him this wooing should be to-night, and they early married in the morning, without any words saving to say after the priest.

Drom. All this fadges well: now if Halfpenny and Lucio have played their parts, we shall have excellent sport; and here they come. How wrought the wine, my lads?

Enter HALFPENNY and LUCIO.

Half. How? like wine; for my body being the rundlet, and my mouth the vent, it wrought two days over, till I had thought the hoops of my head would have flown asunder.

Luc. The best was, our masters were as well whitled* as we, for yet they lie by it.

Ris. The better for us: we did but a little parboil our livers, they have sod theirs in sack these forty years.

Half. That makes them spit white broth as they do. But to the purpose; Candius and Livinia will send their attires; you must send the apparel of Accius and Silena; they wonder wherefore, but commit the matter to our quadrupartite wit.

Luc. If you keep promise to marry them by our device, and their parent's consent, you shall have ten pounds a-piece for your pains.

Drom. If we do it not, we are undone; for we have broached a cozenage already, and my master hath the tap in his hand, that it must needs

* "As well whitled as we," as drunk as ourselves. A *whittle* was a clasp'd knife, and a person in liquor is still, sometimes, said to be *cut*.

run out ; let them be ruled, and bring hither their apparel, and we will determine ; the rest commit to our intricate considerations ; depart.

[*Exeunt Half. and Luc.*

Enter ACCIUS and SILENA.

Drom. Here comes Accius tuning his pipes ; I perceive my master keeps touch.

Ris. And here comes Silena with her wit of proof ; marry, it will scarce hold our question shot ; let us in to instruct our masters in their cue.

Drom. Come let us be jogging ; but wert not a world to hear them woo one to another ?

Ris. That shall be hereafter to make us sport, but our masters shall never know it. [*Exeunt*

MEMPHIO and STELLIO singing.

SONG.

Mem. O Cupid ! monarch over kings,
Wherefore hast thou feet and wings ?
It is to show how swift thou art
When thou wound'st a tender heart ;
Thy wings being clip'd and feet held still,
Thy bow so many could not kill.

Stel. It is all one in Venus' wanton school,
Who highest sits, the wiseman, or the fool :
Fools in love's college,
Have far more knowledge,
To read a woman over,
Than a neat prating lover ;
Nay, 'tis confest,
That fools please women best.

SCENE III.

MEMPHIO *and* STELLIO.

Mem. Accius, come in, and that quickly; what, walking without leave?

Stel. Silena, I pray you look homeward; it is a cold air, and you want a mufler*.

[*Exeunt Accius and Silena.*]

Mem. This is pat; if the rest proceed, Stellio is like to marry his daughter to a fool; but a bargain is a bargain.

Stel. This frames to my wish; Memphio is like to marry a fool to his son; Accius' tongue shall tie all Memphio's land to Silena's dowry, let his father's teeth undo them if he can: but here I see Memphio; I must seem kind, for in kindness lies cozenage.

Mem. Well, here is Stellio; I'll talk of other matters, and fly from the mark I shoot at, lap-wing-like, flying far from the place where I nestle. Stellio, what makes you abroad? I heard you were sick since our last drinking.

Stel. You see reports are no truths; I heard the like of you, and we are both well. I perceive sober men tell most lies, for in *vino veritas*, if they had drunk wine, they would have told the truth.

Mem. Our boys will be sure then never to lie, for they are ever swilling of wine: but, Stellio, I must strain cursy † with you, I have business, I cannot stay.

* The reader who will consult Mr. Douce's note on a passage in the second Scene of the fourth Act of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," may see a variety of specimens of this covering.

† "Cursy," courtesy; possibly an error of the press.

Stel. In good time, Memphio, for I was about to crave your patience to depart, it stands me upon. Perhaps move his patience ere it be long.

[*Aside.*

Mem. Good, silly Stellio, we must buckle shortly. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

HALFPENNY, LUCIO, and RIXULA.

Luc. Come, Rixula, we have made thee privy to our whole pack, there lay down the pack.

Rix. I believe, unless it be better handled, we shall out of doors.

Half. I care not, *omne solum forti patria*, I can live in Christendom as well as in Kent.

Luc. And I'll sing *patria ubicunque bene*, every house is my home, where I may stanch* hunger.

Rix. Nay, if you set all on hazard, though I be a poor wench, I am as hardy as you both; I cannot speak Latin, but, in plain English, if any thing fall out cross, I'll run away.

Half. He loves thee well that would run after.

Rix. Why, Halfpenny, there's no goose so grey in the lake, that cannot find a gander for her make †.

Luc. I love a nut-brown lass; 'tis good to recreate.

Half. Thou meanest a brown nut is good to crack.

* "Stanch," stop.

† "Make," mate, consort.

Luc. Why, would it not do thee good to crack such a nut?

Half. I fear she is worm-eaten within, she is so moth-eaten without.

Rix. If you take your pleasure of me, I'll in and tell your practices against your masters.

Half. In faith, sour heart, he that takes his pleasure on thee is very pleasurable.

Rix. You mean knavishly* ; and yet I hope foul water will quench hot fire as soon as fair.

Half. Well then let fair words cool that choler, which foul words hath kindled : and because we are all in this case, and hope all to have good fortune, sing a roundelay, and we'll help ; such as thou wast wont when thou beatedst hemp †.

Luc. It was crabs she stamp't, and stole away one to make her a face ‡.

Rix. I agree, in hope that the hemp shall come to your wearing ; a halfpenny halter may hang you both ; that is, Halfpenny and you may hang in a halter.

Half. Well brought about.

Rix. 'Twill when 'tis about your neck.

* “Knavishly,” wantonly.

† Persons confined for small offences in the house of correction, are employed in beating hemp.

‡ It is evident from the foregoing part of the Scene, that Rixula is very plain and hard-featured (as her name implies), and probably had been punished as a *scold*. To understand the jest of Lucio it should be observed, that *crab-apples* are *stamped* or *pounded* to make verjuice ; and that the eating of them, from their acidity, naturally produces some distortion of feature, (whence probably the word *crabbed*). Lucio supposes this was her employment, and that she had stolen and eaten part of the crabs she was pounding : the arch wench in her song repays their jests with interest.

Luc. Nay, now she's in she will never out.

Rix. Nor when your heads are in, as it is likely, they should not come out. But hearken to my song.

SONG.

Rix. Full hard I did sweat,
When hemp I did beat,
Then thought I of nothing but hanging;
The hemp being spun,
My beating was done;
Then I wish'd for noise,
Of crack-halter boys,
On those hempen strings to be twanging:
Long look'd I about,
The city throughout;

The Men. And found no such fiddling varlets;

Rix. Yes, at last coming hither,
I saw four together.

The Men. May thy hemp choak such singing harlots.

Rix. To whit, to whoo, the owl does cry;
Phip, phip, the sparrows as they fly;
The goose does hiss, the duck cries quack,
A rope the parrot, that holds tack.

The Men. The parrot and the rope be thine;

Rix. The hanging yours, but the hemp mine.

Enter DROMIO and RISIO.

Drom. Yonder stand the wags, I am come in good time.

Ris. All here before me: you make haste.

Rix. I believe to hanging; for I think you have all robbed your masters, here's every man his baggage.

Half. That is, we are all with thee, for thou art a very baggage.

Rix. Hold thy peace, or on mine honesty I'll buy an halfpenny purse with thee.

Drom. Indeed, that's big enough to put thy honesty in; but come, shall we go about the matter?

Luc. Now it is come to the pinch my heart pants.

Half. I for my part am resolute, in *utrumque paratus*, ready to die or run away.

Luc. But hear me; I was troubled with a vile dream, and therefore it is little time spent to let Mother Bombie expound it; she is cunning in all things.

Drom. Then will I know my fortune.

Rix. And I'll ask for a silver spoon, which was lost last day, which I must pay for.

Ris. And I'll know what will become of our devices.

Half. And I.

Drom. Then let us all go quickly; we must not sleep in this business, our masters are so watchful about it.

[*They knock at Bombie's door.*]

Enter MOTHER BOMBIE.

Bom. Why do you rap so hard at the door?

Drom. Because we would come in.

Bom. Nay, my house is no inn.

Half. Cross yourselves, look how she looks: Mark her not, she'll turn us all to apes.

Bom. What would you with me?

Ris. They say you are cunning, and are called the good woman of Rochester.

Bom. If never to do harm be to do good, I dare say I am not ill. But what's the matter?

Luc. I had an ill dream, and desire to know the signification.

Bom. Dreams, my son, have their weight, though they be of a troubled mind, yet are they signs of fortune. Say on.

Luc. In the dawning of the day, for about that time, by my starting out of my sleep, I found it to be, methought I saw a stately piece of beef, with a cape-cloak of cabbage, embroidered with pepper, having two honourable pages with hats of mustard on their heads, himself in great pomp sitting on a cushion of white brewish*, lined with brown bread; methought, being powdered, he was much troubled with the salt rheum; and therefore there stood by him two great flagons of wine and beer, the one to dry up his rheum, the other to quench his choler: I, as one envying his ambition, hungering and thirsting after his honour, began to pull his cushion from under him, hoping by that means to give him a fall; and with putting out my hand I awaked, and found nothing in all this dream about me but the salt rheum.

Drom. A dream for a butcher.

Luc. Soft, let me end it: then I slumbered again, and methought there came in a leg of mutton.

Drom. What all gross meat? a rack † had been dainty.

* "Brewish," bread soaked in the liquor in which salt meat has been boiled, sometimes used for the liquid only, as in "The Spanish Curate:"

For me some forty pound of lovely beef
Placed in a *Mediterranean sea of Brewis*."

† "A rack," a neck of mutton.

Luc. Thou fool, how could it come in unless it had been a leg? Methought his hose were cut and drawn out with parsley, I thrust my hand into my pocket for a knife, thinking to hox* him, and so awak'd.

Bom. Belike thou wentst supperless to bed.

Luc. So I do every night but Sundays. Prisius hath a weak stomach, and therefore we must starve.

Bom. Well, take this for answer, though the dream be fantastical:

They that in the morning's sleep dream of eating,
Are in danger of sickness or of beating,
Or shall hear of a wedding fresh a beating†.

Luc. This may be true.

Half. Nay, then, let me come in with a dream, short but sweet, that my mouth waters ever since I waked. Methought there sat upon a shelf three damask prunes in velvet caps, and prest satin gowns like judges; and that there were a whole handful of currants to be arraigned of riot, because they clung together in such clusters; twelve raisons of the sun were impannelled in a jury; and as a leaf of whole mace, which was bailiff, was carrying the quest to consult, methought there came an angry cook, and gelded the jury of their stones, and swept both judges

* "To hox." I conceive this means to hamstring him.

† "Fresh a beating." I can but guess at the meaning here. When a woman is *breeding*, she is, in Yorkshire, said to be *beating with child*; *breeding* and *beating* having here the same meaning, and as we still say, upon occasion, there is *mischief breeding*, may not the text mean there is a *marriage breeding*, or, in other words, a marriage on foot? If this conjecture be erroneous, possibly we may read, "or a fresh beating."

and jurors, rebels and bailiff, into a porridge pot ; whereat I being melancholy, fetched a deep sigh, that waked myself and my bed-fellow.

Bom. This was devised, not dreamt ; and the more foolish being no dream, for that dreams excuse the fantasticalness.

Half. Then ask my bed-fellow, you know him, who dreamt that night that the king of diamonds was sick.

Bom. But thy years and humours, pretty child, are subject to such fancies, which the more vincible they seem the more fantastical they are * ; therefore this dream is easy.

To children this is given from the gods,
To dream of milk, fruit, babies and rods,
They betoken nothing but that wantons must
have rods.

Drom. Ten to one thy dream is true ; thou wilt be swinged.

Rix. Nay, gammer, I pray you tell me who stole my spoon out of the buttry.

Bom. Thy spoon is not stolen, but mislaid ;
Thou art an ill huswife, though a good maid ;
Look for thy spoon where thou hadst like to be
no maid.

Rix. Body of me let me fetch the spoon, I remember the place.

Luc. Soft, swift, the place if it be there now, will be there to-morrow.

Rix. Ah ! but perhaps the spoon will not.

Half. Wert thou once put to it ?

* To reverse this would make it more plain, it would then read, " the more fantastical they seem, the more vincible they are."

Rix. No, sir boy, it was put to me.

Luc. How was it mist?

Drom. I'll warrant for want of a mist. But what's my fortune, mother?

Bom. Thy father doth live because he doth dye,
Thou hast spent all thy thrift with a die,
And so like a beggar thou shalt die.

Ris. Ah! I would have liked well if all the gerunds had been there, di, do, and dum; but all in die, that's too deadly.

Drom. My father, indeed, is a dyer, and I have been a dicer; but to die a beggar, give me leave not to believe Mother Bombie; and yet it may be. I have nothing to live by but by knavery; and if the world grow honest, welcome beggary. But what hast thou to say, Risio?

Ris. Nothing, 'till I see whether all this be true that she hath said.

Half. Ah! Risio would fain see thee beg.

Ris. Nay, mother, tell us this; what is all our fortunes? We are about a matter of legerdemain; how will it fadge?

Bom. You shall all thrive like cozeners;

That is, to be cozened by cozeners:

All shall end well, and you be found cozeners.

Drom. Gramercy, Mother Bombie, we are all pleased, if you were for your pains.

Bom. I take no money, but good words; rail not if I tell true; if I do not, revenge. Farewell.

[*Exit Bombie.*]

Drom. Now have we nothing to do but go about this business. Accius' apparel let Candius put on, and I will array Accius with Candius' clothes.

Ris. Here is Silena's attire ; Lucio, put it upon Livia, and give me Livia's for Silena : this done, let Candius and Livia come forth ; and let Dromio and me alone for the rest.

Half. What shall become of Accius and Silena ?

Drom. Tush, their turn shall be next ; all must be done orderly ; let's to it, for now it works.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter CANDIUS and LIVIA.

Liv. This attire is very fit: but how if this make me a fool and Silena wise, you will then woo me, and wed her.

Cand. Thou knowest that Accius is also a fool, and his raiment fits me: so that if apparel be infectious, I am also like to be a fool; and he wise, what would be the conclusion I marvel?

Enter DROMIO and RISIO.

Liv. Here come our counsellors.

Drom. Well said, I perceive turtles fly in couples.

Ris. Else how should they couple?

Liv. So do knaves go double, else how should they be so cunning in doubling?

Cand. *Bona verba*, Livia.

Drom. I understand Latin; that is, Livia is a good word.

Cand. No, I bid her use good words.

Ris. And what deeds?

Cand. None but a deed of gift.

Ris. What gift.

Cand. Her heart.

Drom. Give me leave to pose you though you be a graduate; for I tell you, we, in Rochester, spur so many hacknies, that we must needs spur scholars, for we take them for hacknies.

Liv. Why so, sir boy?

Drom. Because I knew two hired for ten groats a piece to say service on Sunday, and that's no more than a post horse from here to Canterbury.

Ris. He knows what he says, for he once served the post-master.

Cand. Indeed I think he served some post to his master; but come, Dromio, *post me*.

Drom. You say you would have her heart for a deed.

Cand. Well.

Drom. If you take her heart for *cor*, that heart in her body; then know this: *molle ejus levibus, cor est violabile telis*: a woman's heart is thrust through with a feather: if you mean she should give a heart named *cervus*, then are you worse; for *cornua cervus habet*; that is, to have one's heart grow out at his head, which will made one ake at the heart in their body.

Enter PRISIUS and SPERANTUS.

Liv. Ah! beshrew your hearts, I hear one coming, I know it is my father by his coughing.

Cand. What must we do?

Drom. Why, as I told you; and let me alone with the old men, fall you to your bridall.

Pris. Come, neighbour, I perceive the love of our children waxeth cold.

Sper. I think it never was but lukewarm.

Pris. Bavins will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt; but who be these?

Cand. Here I do plight my faith, taking thee for the staff of my age, and of my youth my solace.

Liv. And I vow to thee affection, which nothing can dissolve; neither the length of time, nor malice of fortune, nor distance of place.

Cand. But when shall we be married?

Liv. A good question; for that one delay in wedding bringeth an hundred dangers: in the church we will not be asked, and a licence is too chargeable, and to tarry till to-morrow too tedious*.

Drom. There's a girl stands on pricks till she be married.

Cand. To avoid danger, charge, and tediousness, let us now conclude it in the next church.

Liv. Agreed.

Pris. What be these that hasten so to marry?

Drom. Marry sir, Accius, son to Memphio, and Silena, Stellio's daughter.

Sper. I am sorry, neighbour, for our purposes are disappointed.

Pris. You see marriage is destiny, made in heaven though consummated on earth.

Ris. How like you them; be they not a pretty couple?

Pris. Yes; God give them joy, seeing in spite of our hearts they must join.

* To understand how Candius and Livia could lawfully be married at all, we must recollect that the canon, which forbids any minister to celebrate matrimony without a licence, or the publication of banns, was not enacted till the year 1603, several years after this play was written. The marriages in Green's "Tu Quoque," and that of Isabella and Francisco, in "Wit without Money," of Beaumont and Fletcher, are celebrated at a very early hour, *i. e.* about five in the morning (and the latter by torch light), and no licence or banns seem to have been thought necessary in either.

Drom. I am sure you are not angry, seeing things past cannot be recalled ; and being witnesses to their contract, will be also well-willers to the match.

Sper. For my part, I wish them well.

Pris. And I ; and since there is no remedy, I am glad of it.

Drom. But will you never hereafter take it in dudgeon, but use them as though yourselves had made the marriage.

Pris. Not I.

Sper. Nor I.

Drom. Sir, here two old men are glad that your loves, so long continued, are so happily concluded.

Cand. We thank them, and if they will come to Memphio's house, they shall take part of a hard dinner. This cottons* and works like wax in a sow's ear.

Exeunt Cand. and Liv.

Pris. Well, seeing our purposes are prevented, we must lay plots ; for Livia shall not have Candius.

Sper. Fear not, for I have sworn that Candius shall not have Livia. But let not us fall out because our children fall in.

Pris. Wilt thou go soon to Memphio's house?

Sper. Aye ; and if you will let us, that we may see how the young couple bride it, and so we may teach our own.

[Exeunt,

* " Cottons," succeeds, works.

SCENE II.

Enter LUCIO *and* HALFPENNY.

Luc. By this time I am sure the wags have played their parts; there rests nothing now for us but to match Accius and Silena.

Half. It would be too good to be true; for we should laugh heartily, and without laughing my spleen would split: but whist*, here comes the man.

Enter ACCIUS.

And yonder the maid, let us stand aside.

Enter SILENA.

Acc. What means my father to thrust me forth in another boy's coat? I'll warrant 'tis to as much purpose as a hem in the forehead.

Half. There was an ancient proverb knocked in the head.

Acc. I am almost come into my nonage, and yet I never was so far as the proverbs of this city.

Liv. There's a quip for the suburbs of Rochester.

Half. Excellently applied.

Sil. Well, though this furniture make me a sullen dame, yet I hope in mine own I am no saint.

Half. A brave fight is like to be between a cock with a long comb and a hen with a long leg.

* "Whist," silence.

Luc. Nay, her wits are shorter than her legs.

Half. And his comb longer than his wit.

Acc. I have yonder uncovered a fair girl, I'll be so bold as spur her; what might a body call her name?

Sil. I cannot help you at this time, I pray you come again to-morrow.

Half. Ah! marry, sir.

Acc. You need not be so lusty, you are not so honest.

Sil. I cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool *.

Luc. Here's courting for a conduit or a bake-house†.

Sil. But what are you for a man? Methinks you look as pleaseth God.

Acc. What, do you give me the boots ‡?

Half. Whither will they? Here be right cobbler's cuts.

Acc. I am taken with a fit of love: have you any mind of marriage?

Sil. I had thought to have ask't you.

Acc. Upon what acquaintance?

* "I took you for a joint stool." This line, which is also to be found in the *Lear* of Shakspeare, is a proverbial expression, as has been remarked by Stevens.

† "Here's courting for a conduit or a bakehouse;" *i.e.* suited to a conduit, &c. It must be remembered, that in the time of our poet, the lower classes of people fetched the water in pails and other vessels from the conduits, and consequently a considerable assemblage of both sexes was frequently to be seen at such places; Lucio imagines that the courtship of two of these water-bearers probably resembled that of Accius and Silena.

‡ *To give the boots*, it is almost unnecessary to say, was to inflict a species of torture; but, in a dialogue like this, it is difficult to affix any precise meaning to expressions, purposely said at random.

Sil. Who would have thought it?

Acc. Much in my gascoyns*, more in my round house; all my fathers were as white as daisies, as an egg full of meat.

Sil. And all my father's plate is made of crimson velvet.

Acc. That's brave with bread.

Half. These two had wise men to their fathers.

Luc. Why?

Half. Because when their bodies were at work about household stuff, their minds were busied about commonwealth matters.

Acc. This is pure lawn: what call you this, a pretty face to your heir?

Sil. Wisely you have picked a raison out of a frail of figs.

Acc. Take it as you list, you are in your own clothes.

Sil. Saving a reverence, that's a lie: my clothes are better, my father borrowed these.

Acc. Long may he so do; I can tell that these are not mine, if I would blab it like a woman.

Sil. I had as leave you should tell them it snowed.

Luc. Come, let us take them off, for we have had the cream of them.

Half. I'll warrant if this be the cream, the milk is very flat; let us join issue with them.

Luc. To have such issue of our bodies, is worse than have an issue in the body. God save you, pretty mouse.

* "Gascoyns," breeches; usually written galligaskins.

Sil. You may command and go without.

Half. There's glick* for you; let me have my gird†; on thy conscience tell me what it is o'clock?

Sil. I cry you mercy, I have killed your cushion.

Half. I am paid and struck dead in the nest. I am sure this soft youth, who is not half so wise as you are fair, nor you altogether so fair as he is foolish, will not be so captious.

Acc. Your eloquence passes my recognizance.

Enter MEMPHIO and STELLIO.

Luc. I never heard that before; but shall we two make a match between you?

Sil. I'll know first who was his father.

Acc. My father; what need you to care? I hope he was none of yours.

Half. A hard question, for it is odds but one begat them both; he that cut out the upper leather, cut out the inner, and so with one awl stitched two soles together.

Mem. What is she?

Half. 'Tis Prisius' daughter.

Mem. In good time; it fadges.

Stel. What is he?

Luc. Sperantus' son.

Stel. So 'twill cotten.

Acc. Damsel, I pray you how old are you?

Mem. My son would scarce have asked such a foolish question.

* "Glick," to gibe, to banter.

† "Let me have my gird;" i. e. let me see what sort of a retort she can find in answer to my question.

Sil. I shall be eighteen next bear-baiting.

Stel. My daughter would have made a wiser answer.

Half. Oh, how fitly this comes off.

Acc. My father is a scold, what's yours?

Mem. My heart throbs, I look him in the face, and yonder I espy Stellio.

Stel. My mind misgives me ; but whist, yonder is Memphio.

Acc. In faith I perceive, an old saw and a rusty, no fool to the old fool*. I pray you, wherefore was I thrust out like a scarecrow in this similitude?

Mem. My son, and I ashamed ! Dromio shall die.

Sil. Father, are you sneaking behind ; I pray you what must I do next?

Stel. My daughter ! Risio, thou hast cozened me.

Luc. Now begins the game.

Mem. How came you hither?

Acc. Marry, by the way from your house hither.

Mem. How chance in this attire?

Acc. How chance? Dromio bid me.

Mem. Ah ! my son will be begg'd for a concealed fool †.

* " In faith I perceive *an old saw and a rusty, no fool to the old fool*:" in other words, I now perceive the truth of an old and almost stale proverbial saying, " there is no fool to be compared to an old fool." This is somewhat out of character from Accius, and might be given with good point to Halfpenny, the continuation of the speech remaining with its present claimant.

† " My son will be begg'd for a concealed fool." Since the first part of this work has been printed, a friend in whose judgment I place the greatest reliance has suggested to me an ex-

Acc. Will I? I'faith, sir, no.

Stel. Wherefore came you hither, Silena, without leave?

Sil. Because I did, and I am here because I came.

Stel. Poor wench, thy wit is improved to the uttermost.

Half. Ah! 'tis a hard matter to have a wit of the old rent, every one racks his commons so high.

Mem. Dromio told me that one should meet Stellio's daughter, and court her in person of my son, and plead in place of my daughter; but, alas! I see my son hath met with Silena himself, and bewraided his folly.

Stel. But I see my daughter hath prattled with Accius, and discovered her simplicity.

Luc. A brave cry, to hear the two old mules to weep over the young fools.

Mem. Accius, how likest thou Silena?

Acc. I take her to be repugnant.

Sil. Truly his talk is very personable.

Stel. Come in, girl, this geer must be fetched about.

Mem. Come, Accius, let us go in.

Luc. Nay, sir, there's no harm done; they have neither bought nor sold; they may be twins for their wits and years.

planation for a preceding speech of Dromio's, page 204,—“*I'll beg him for a fool,*” which will also explain this: the meaning there is, I'll endeavour to obtain from the crown a grant for the custody of his person, and the care and management of his estate, as being an idiot: this, though not clear, will be found correct on a careful examination of the preceding speech of Memphio's.

Mem. But why didst thou tell me it was Pri-sius' son?

Half. Because I thought thee a fool to ask who thine own son was.

Luc. And so, sir, for your daughter education hath done much; otherwise they are by nature soft witted enough.

Mem. Alas! their joints are not yet tied, they are not yet come to years and discretion.

Acc. Father, if my hands be tied, shall I grow wise?

Half. Aye, and Silena too, if you tie them fast to your tongues.

Sil. You may take your pleasure of my tongue, for it is no man's wife.

Mem. Come in, Accius.

Stel. Come in, Silena, I will talk with Memphio's son; but as for Risio——

Mem. As for Dromio——

[*Exeunt Mem. Acc. Stel. and Sil.*]

Half. Ass for you all four.

Enter DROMIO and RISIO.

Drom. How goes the world now we have made all sure: Candius and Livia are married, their fathers consenting yet not knowing.

Luc. We have flat marred all; Accius and Silena courted one another; their fathers took them napping; both are ashamed, and you both shall be swinged.

Ris. Tush, let us alone; we will persuade them that all falls out for the best; for if I understand, if this match had been concluded, they both had been cozened; and now, seeing they find

both to be fools, they may be both better advised.
But why is Halfpenny so sad?

Enter HACKNEYMAN and SERJEANT.

Half. Because I am sure I shall never be a penny.

Ris. Rather pray there be no fall of money, for thou wilt then go for a *q**.

Drom. But did not the two fools currently court one another.

Luc. Very good words, fitly applied, brought in the nick.

Serj. I arrest you.

Drom. Me, sir! why then didst not bring a stool with thee that I might sit down?

Hack. He arrests you at my suit for a horse.

Ris. The more ass he; if he had arrested a mare instead of a horse it had been a slight oversight; but to arrest a man that hath no likeness of a horse is flat lunacy or alecy†.

Hack. Tush, I hired him a horse.

Drom. I swear then he was well ridden.

Hack. I think in two days he was never baited.

Half. Why was it a bear thou ridest on?

Hack. I mean he never gave him bait.

Luc. Why he took him for no fish.

Hack. I mistake none of you when I take you for fools: I say thou never gavest my horse meat.

Drom. Yes, in four-and-twenty hours I am sure he had a bottle of hay as big as his belly.

* "Go for a *q*," *i. e.* for a farthing.

† "Alecy," madness produced by drinking ale to excess.

Serj. Nothing else? Thou shouldest have given him provender.

Ris. Why, he never asked any.

Hack. Why, dost thou think a horse can speak?

Drom. No; for I spurred him till my heels ached, and he said never a word.

Hack. Well, thou shalt pay sweetly for spoiling him: it was as lusty a nag as any in Rochester, and one that would stand upon no ground*.

Drom. Then he is as good as ever he was; I'll warrant he'll do nothing but lie down.

Hack. I lent him thee gently†.

Drom. And I restored him so gently, that he neither would cry wyhie‡, nor wag the tail.

Hack. But why didst thou bore him through the ears?

Luc. It may be he was set on the pillory, because he had not a true pace.

Half. No, it was for tiring.

Hack. He would never tire; it may be he would be so weary, he would go no further, or so.

Drom. Yes, he was a notable horse for service, he would tire and retire.

Hack. Do you think I'll be jested out of my horse? Serjeant, wreak thine office on him.

Ris. Nay, let him be bailed.

Hack. So he shall when I make him a bargain.

Drom. It was a very good horse I must needs confess; and now hearken of his qualities, and

* I believe the meaning to be, "he was too full of mettle to stand still."

† Perhaps gentlemanly, not as a dealer.

‡ "Wyhie," neigh.

have patience to hear them, since I must pay for him. He would stumble three hours in one mile ; I had thought I had rode upon addices between this and Canterbury : if one gave him water, why he would lie down and bathe himself like a hawk ; if one ran him, he would simper and mump as though he had gone a wooing to a malt-mare at Rochester ; he trotted before and ambled behind ; and was so obedient, that he would do duty every minute on his knees, as though every stone had been his father.

Hack. I am sure he had no diseases.

Drom. A little rheum or pose* ; he lacked nothing but a handkerchief.

Serj. Come, what a tale of a horse have we here. I cannot stay, thou must with me to prison.

Luc. If thou be a good hackneyman, take all our four bonds for the payment ; thou knowest we are town-born children, and will not shrink the city for a pelting jade.

Half. I'll enter into a statute merchant† to see

* "Pose," "catarrh, or defluxion obstructing the voice."

..... "He speketh in his nose,

And sneseth fast, and eke *he hath the pose.*"

THE MANCIPLES PROLOGUE.

..... "He speketh through the nose,

As he were on the quakke, or on *the pose.*"

THE REVE'S TALE.

Seward has a note to the above effect on its occurrence, in "The Chances" of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is used also (as has been remarked) by Hollinshed, who tells us, that *the pose* is a distemper, which was rarely known in England till chimneys were introduced ; which was not long before his time. Dromio insinuates that the horse had the glanders.

† "Statute merchant:" It was a species of security, I believe,

it answered. But if thou wilt have bonds, thou shalt have a bushel full.

Hack. Alas, poor ant, thou bound in a statute merchant! a brown thread will bind thee fast enough; but, if you will be content all four jointly to enter into bond, I will withdraw the action.

Drom. Yes, I'll warrant they will. How say you?

Half. I yield.

Ris. And I.

Luc. And I.

Hack. Well, call the Scrivener.

Serj. Here's one hard by; I'll call him.

[*He knocks at a door.*]

Ris. A scrivener's shop hangs to a serjeant's mace, like a burr to a freeze coat.

Scri. What's the matter?

Hack. You must take a note of a bond.

Drom. Nay, a pint of courtesy pulls on a pot of wine; in this tavern we'll dispatch.

Hack. Agreed. [*Exeunt all but Risio.*]

Ris. Now if our wits be not in the wane, our knavery shall be at the full; we will ride them worse than Dromio rid his horse; for if the wine master their wits, you shall see them bleed their follies. [*Exit.*]

differing from the mortgage, in that the estate which was pledged was retained by the creditor till the debt was liquidated by the profits.

ACT V. SCENE I.

DROMIO, RISIO, LUCIO, *and* HALFPENNY.

Drom. Every fox to his hole, the hounds are at hand.

Ris. The Serjeant's mace lies at pawn for the reckoning, and he under the board to cast it up.

Luc. The Scrivener cannot keep his pen out of the pot, every goblet is an inkhorn.

Half. The Hackneyman he whisks his wand, as if the tavern were his stable, and all the servants his horses; "*lost there up, bay Richard;*" and white loaves are horse-bread in his eyes.

Drom. It is well I have my acquittance, and he such bonds as shall do him no more good than the bond of a faggot; our knaveries are now come to the push, and we must cunningly dispatch all: we two will go see how we may appease our masters; you two how you may conceal your late marriage; if all fall out amiss, the worst is beating; if to the best, the worst is liberty.

Ris. Then let's about it speedily, for so many irons in the fire together require a diligent plumber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

VICINA *and* BOMBIE.

Vic. My heart throbs, my ears tingle, my mind misgives me since I hear some muttering of mar-

riages in Rochester; my conscience, which these eighteen years has been frozen with this concealed guiltiness, begins now to thaw in open grief; but I will not accuse myself till I see more danger; the good old woman, Mother Bombie, shall try her cunning upon me, and if I perceive my case is desperate by her, then will I rather prevent, although with shame, than report too late and be inexcusable. God speed, good Mother.

Bom. Welcome, sister.

Vic. I am troubled in the night with dreams, and in the day with fears; mine estate bare, which I cannot well bear, but my practices devilish, which I cannot recall; if, therefore, in these same years there be any deep skill, tell me what my fortune shall be, and what my fault is.

Bom. In studying to be over natural,
Thou art like to be unnatural,
And all about natural*:
Thou shalt be eased of a charge,
If thou thy conscience discharge;
And this I commit to thy charge.

Vic. Thou hast touched me to the quick, mother; I understand thy meaning, and thou well knowest my practice. I will follow thy counsel. But what will be the end?

Bom. Thou shalt know before this day end.
Farewell. [*Exit Bombie.*]

Vic. Now I perceive I must either bewray a mischief, or suffer a continual inconvenience; I must haste homewards and resolve to make all

* "And all about natural;" i. e. about children who are idiots.

whole: better a little shame than an infinite grief; the strangeness will abate the fault, and the bewraying wipe it clean away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

SYNIS, NASUTUS, BEDUNENUS, *three Fiddlers.*

Syn. Come, fellows, 'tis almost day: let us have a fit of mirth at Sperantus' door, and give a song to the bride.

Nas. I believe they are asleep, it were pity to awake them.

Bed. 'Twere a shame they should sleep the first night.

Syn. But who can tell at which house they lie; at Prisius' it may be, we'll try both.

Nas. Come, let's draw like men.

Syn. Now, tune; tune, I say; that boy I think will never profit in his faculty, he loses his rosin, that his fiddle goes cush, cush, like as one should go wetshod; and his mouth so dry that he hath not spittle for his pin as I have.

Bed. Marry, sir, you see I go wetshod and dry mouthed, for yet could I never get new shoes or good drink: rather than I'll lead this life, I'll throw my fiddle into the leads for a hobler.

Syn. Boy, no more words, there is time for all things; though I say it, that should not say it, I have been a minstrel these thirty years, and tickled more strings than thou hast hairs, but yet was never so misused.

Nas. Let us not brabble but play, to-morrow is a new day.

Bed. I am sorry I speak in your cast, what shall we sing?

Syn. The love knot, for that's best for a bridal. Sing.

Nas. Good morrow, fair bride, and send you joy of your bridal. [*Sperantus looks out.*]

Sper. What a mischief makes the twangers here? we have no trenchers to scrape; it makes my teeth on edge to hear such grating. Get you packing, or I'll make you wear double stocks*, and yet you shall be never the warmer.

Syn. We come for good will to bid the bride and bridegroom; God give them joy.

Sper. Here's no wedding.

Syn. Yes, your son and Prisius' daughter were married; though you seem strange, yet they repent it not, I am sure.

Sper. My son, villain! I had rather he were fairly hanged.

Nas. So he is, sir, you have your wish.

Enter CANDIUS.

Cand. Here, fiddlers, take this, and not a word; here is no wedding; it was at Memphio's house; yet, gramercy, your music though it mist the house, hit the mind, we were a preparing our wedding gear.

Syn. I cry you mercy, sir, I think it was Memphio's son that was married.

Sper. Oho, the case is altered; go thither then, and be haltered for me.

* *Id est*, cause you to be set in the stocks.

Nas. What's the alms?

Syn. An angel.

Bed. I'll warrant there's some work towards; ten shillings is money in master Mayor's purse.

Syn. Let us to Memphio's and share equally; when we have done all, thou shalt have new shoes.

Bed. Ah, such as they cry at the sizes, a mark in issues, mark in issues, and yet I never saw so much leather as would piece my shoes*.

Syn. No more, there's the money.

Bed. A good handsell, and I think the maiden-head of your liberality.

Nas. Come, here's the house, what shall we sing?

Syn. You know Memphio is very rich and wise, and therefore let us strike the gentle stroke, and sing a catch. Sing.

SONG.

All three. The bride this night can catch no cold,
No cold; the bridegroom's young, not old;
Like ivy he her fast does hold.

1 *Fid.* And clips her,

2 *Fid.* And lips her,

3 *Fid.* And flips her too;

All three. Then let them alone, they know what they do.

1 *Fid.* At laugh and lie down if they play.

2 *Fid.* What ass against the sport can bray?

3 *Fid.* Such tick-tack has held many a day,

1 *Fid.* And longer,

2 *Fid.* And stronger,

3 *Fid.* It still holds too;

* I cannot with any thing like certainty explain this speech.

All three. Then let them alone, they know what they do.

This night,
In delight,
Does thump away sorrow;
Of billing,
Take your filling,
So good morrow, good morrow.

Nas. Good morrow, mistress bride, and send you a huddle *. [*Memphio looks out.*]

Mem. What crowding knaves have we there; case up your fiddles, or the constable shall cage you up. What bride talk you of?

Syn. Here's a wedding in Rochester, and 'twas told me first that Sperantus' son had married Prisius' daughter, we were there, and they sent us to your worship, saying your son was matched with Stellio's daughter.

Mem. Hath Sperantus, that churl, nothing to do but mock with his neighbours: I'll be even with him; and get you gone, or I swear by the rood's body †, I'll lay you by the heels.

Nas. Sing a catch, here's a fair catch indeed; sing till we catch cold on our feet, and be called knaves till our ears glow on our heads; your worship is wise, sir.

Mem. Dromio, shake off a whole kennel of

* "Huddle," a close embrace.

† "By the rood's body." It is observed by Hearne, that, "though *the cross* and *the rood* are commonly taken for the same; yet *the rood*, properly so called, signified formerly the image of Christ upon the cross, so as to represent both *the cross* and *the figure of our blessed Saviour* as he suffered upon it." "*The rood*," says Blount, "was an image of Christ *on the cross*, made generally of wood, and erected in a loft for that purpose, just over the passage from the church into the chancel."

officers to punish these jarring tongues; I'll teach them to stretch their dried sheep's guts at my door, and to mock one that stands to be mayor.

Drom. I had thought they had been sticking of pigs, I heard such a squeaking. I go, sir.

Syn. Let us be packing.

Nas. Where is my scabbard, every one sheath his science.

Bed. A botts on the shoemaker that made this boot for my fiddle, 'tis too straight.

Syn. No more words; 'twill be thought they were the four waits, and let them wring; as for the wags that set us on work, we'll talk with them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MEMPHIO *and* DROMIO.

Drom. They be gone, sir.

Mem. If they had stayed, the stocks should have stayed them. But, sirrah, what shall we now do?

Drom. As I advise you, make a match; for better one house be cumbered with two fools than two.

Mem. 'Tis true; for it being bruted* that each of us have a fool, who will tender marriage to any of them that is wise; besides, fools are fortunate, fools are fair, fools are honest.

Drom. Ah, sir, and more than that, fools are not wise: a wise man is melancholy for moonshine in the water, careful building castles in the air, and commonly hath a fool to his heir.

* "Bruted;" i. e. commonly reported: it is generally written *bruted*.

Mem. But what sayest thou to thy dame's chafing?

Drom. Nothing, but all her dishes are chafing-dishes.

Mem. I would her tongue were in thy belly.

Drom. I had as lief have a raw neat's tongue in my stomach.

Mem. Why?

Drom. Marry, if the clapper hung within an inch of my heart, that makes mine ears burn a quarter of a mile off, do you not think it would beat my heart black and blue?

Mem. Well, patience is a virtue, but pinching is worse than any vice; I will break this matter to Stellio, and if he be willing, this day shall be their wedding.

Drom. Then this day shall be my liberty.

Mem. Aye, if Stellio's daughter had been wise, and by thy means cozened of a fool.

Drom. Then, sir, I'll revolt and dash out the brains of your devices.

Mem. Rather thou shalt be free. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SPERANTUS, HALFPENNY, PRISIUS, and LUCIO.

Sper. Boy, this smoke is token of some fire; I like not the look of it. Wherefore should these minstrels dream of a marriage?

Half. Alas, sir, they rustle into every place; give credit to no such words.

Sper. I will to Prisius; I cannot be quiet; and in good time I meet him. Good morrow, neighbour.

Pris. I cast the morrow in thy face, and bid good night to all neighbourhood.

Sper. This is your old trick, to pick one's purse, and then to pick quarrels: I tell thee, I had rather thou shouldst rob my chest than embezzle my son.

Pris. Thy son! my daughter is seduced, for I hear say she is married, and our boys can tell. How sayest thou; tell the truth, or I'll grind thee to powder in my mill; be they married?

Luc. True it is they were both in a church.

Pris. That's no fault, the place is holy.

Half. And there was with them a priest.

Sper. Why, what place fitter for a priest than a church?

Luc. And they took one another by the hand.

Pris. Tush, that's but common courtesy.

Half. And the priest spake many kind words.

Sper. That shewed he was no dumb minister. But what said they; didst thou hear any words between them?

Luc. Faith there was a bargain during life, and the clerk cried, God give them joy.

Pris. Villain, they be married.

Half. Nay, I think not so.

Sper. Yes, yes; God give you joy is a binder; I'll quickly be resolved. Candius, come forth.

Enter CANDIUS.

Pris. And I'll be put out of doubt. Livia, come forth.

Enter LIVIA.

Sper. The micher hangs down his head.

Pris. The baggage begins to blush.

Half. Now begins the game.

Luc. I believe it will be no game for us.

Sper. Are you married, young master?

Cand. I cannot deny it, it was done so lately.

Sper. But thou shalt repent it was done so soon.

Pris. Then 'tis bootless to ask you, Livia.

Liv. Ah, and needless to be angry.

Pris. It shall pass anger, thou shalt find it rage.

Liv. You gave your consent.

Pris. Impudent giglot*! was it not enough to abuse me, but also to belie me?

Cand. You, sir, agreed to this match.

Sper. Thou brazen face boy, thinkest thou by learning to persuade me to that which thou speakest. Where did I consent? when? what witness?

Cand. In this place, yesterday, before Dromio and Risio.

Pris. I remember we heard a contract between Memphio's son and Stellio's daughter; and that our good wills being asked, which needed not, we gave them, which booteth not.

Cand. 'Twas but the apparel of Accius and Silena, we were the persons.

Pris. O villany not to be borne! Wast thou privy to this practice?

Luc. In a manner.

Pris. I'll pay thee after a manner.

* "Giglot," wanton.

Sper. And you, oatmeal groat*, you were acquainted with this plot.

Half. Accessary as it were.

Sper. Thou shalt be punished as principal: here comes Memphio and Stellio, they belike were privy, and all their heads were laid together to grieve our hearts.

Enter MEMPHIO, STELLIO, DROMIO *and* RISIO.

Mem. Come, Stellio, the assurance may be made to-morrow, and our children assured to-day.

Stel. Let the conveyance run as we agreed.

Pris. You convey cleanly indeed, if cozenage be clean dealing; for in the apparel of your children you have conveyed a match between ours, which grieves us not a little.

Mem. Nay, in the apparel of your children you have discovered the folly of ours, which shames us overmuch.

Stel. But 'tis no matter, though they be fools they are no beggars.

Sper. And though ours be disobedient, they be no fools.

Drom. So now they tune their pipes.

Ris. You shall hear sweet music between a hoarse raven and a screech owl.

* "Oatmeal groat." This is one of the many jests on the diminutive size of Halfpenny: oats, when hulled and when the ends are cut off by a particular operation of the mill, are called *groats* (more generally, perhaps, written *grotts* or *grits*). Halfpenny is therefore compared not merely to a single grain of oats, but to it when both ends are cut off. The word is used by Ramsey in "The Gentle Shepherd."

Mem. Neighbours, let us not vary; our boys have played their cheering parts; I suspected no less at the tavern, where our four knaves met together.

Ris. If it were knavery for four to meet in a tavern, your worships wot well there were other four.

Stel. This villain calls us knaves by craft.

Luc. Nay, truly, I dare swear he used no craft, but means plainly.

Sper. This is worse; come, Halfpenny, tell truth and scape the rod.

Half. As good confess here being trust*, as at home with my hose about my heels.

Drom. Nay, I'll tell, for 'twill never become thee to utter it.

Mem. Well, out with it.

Drom. Memphio had a fool to his son, which Stellio knew not; Stellio a fool to his daughter, unknown to Memphio; to cozen each other they dealt with their boys for a match; we met with Lucio and Halfpenny, who told the love between their master's children; the youth deeply in love, the fathers unwilling to consent.

Ris. I'll take the tale by the end; then we four met, which argued we were no mountains; and in a tavern we met, which argued we were mortal; and every one in his wine told his days work, which was a sign we forgot not our business; and seeing all our masters troubled with devices, we determined a little to trouble the water before they drank; so that in the attire of

* Meaning, "here, whilst I am *trusted*, as at home when I am *trussed up for whipping*."

your children, our masters wise children bewrayed their good natures, and in the garments of our master's children yours made a marriage; this all stood upon us poor children and your young children, to show that old folks may be overtaken by children.

Pris. Here's children indeed, I'll never forget it.

Mem. I will; Accius, come forth.

Stel. I forgive all; Silena, come forth.

Sper. Neighbour, these things cannot be recalled, therefore as good consent; seeing in all our purposes also we mist the mark, for they two will match their children.

Pris. Well, of that more anon; not so suddenly, lest our ungracious youths think we dare do no other; but in truth their loves stir up nature in me.

Mem. Come, Accius, thou must be married to Silena. How art thou minded?

Acc. What, for ever and ever?

Mem. Aye, Accius; what else?

Acc. I shall never be able to abide it, it will be so tedious.

Stel. Silena, thou must be betrothed to Accius, and love him for thy husband.

Sil. I had as leave have one of clouts.

Stel. Why, Silena?

Sil. Why, look how he looks.

Acc. If you will not, another will.

Sil. I thank you for mine old cap.

Acc. And if you be so lusty, lend me two shillings.

Pris. We are happy, we mist the foolish match.

Mem. Come, you shall presently be contracted.

Drom. Contract their wits no more, they be shrunk close already.

Acc. Well, father, here's my hand, strike the bargain.

Sil. Must he lie with me?

Stel. No, Silena, lie by thee.

Acc. I shall give her the humble-bee's kiss.

Enter VICINA, MÆSTIUS, and SERENA.

Vic. I forbid the banes *.

Ris. What, doest thou think them rats, and fearest they should be poisoned?

Mem. You, Vicina? wherefore?

Vic. Hearken:—About eighteen years ago, I nurst thee a son, Memphio, and thee a daughter, Stellio.

Stel. True.

Mem. True.

Vic. I had at that time two children of mine own, and being poor, thought it better to change them than kill them; I imagined if by device I could thrust my children into your houses, they would be well brought up in their youth, and wisely provided for in their age; nature wrought with me, and when they were weaned, I sent home mine instead of yours, which hitherto you have kept tenderly as yours: growing in years, I found the children I kept at home to love dearly;

* The play upon the word rendered it necessary to preserve the old spelling.

at first like brother and sister, which I rejoiced at; but at length too forward in affection, which although inwardly I could not mislike, yet openly I seemed to disallow; they increased in their loving humours; I ceased not to chastise them for their loose demeanours: at last it came to my ears that my son that was out with Memphio was a fool, that my daughter with Stellio was also unwise, and yet being brother and sister there was a match in hammering betwixt them.

Mem. What monstrous tale is this!

Stel. And I am sure incredible.

Sper. Let her end her discourse.

Acc. I'll never believe it.

Mem. Hold thy peace.

Vic. My very bowels yearned within me, that I should be author of such vile incest, and hinderance to lawful love: I went to the good woman, Mother Bombie, to know the event of this practice, who told me this day I might prevent the danger, and upon submission escape the punishment: hither I am come to claim my children, though both fools, and to deliver yours, both living.

Mem. Is this possible? how shall we believe it?

Stel. It cannot sink into my head.

Vic. This trial cannot fail: your son, Memphio, had a mole under his ear; I framed one under my child's ear by art, you shall see it taken away by the juice of mandrage; behold. Now for your son's; no herb can undo that nature hath done. Your daughter, Stellio, hath on her wrist a mole, which I counterfeited on my daughter's arm, and that shall you see taken away as the

other. Thus you see I do not dissemble, hoping you will pardon me as I have pitied them.

Mem. This is my son ; Oh, fortunate Memphio !

Stel. This is my daughter ; more than thrice happy Stellio !

Mæs. How happy is Mæstius, thou blessed, Serena, that being neither children to poor parents, nor brother and sister by nature, may enjoy our love by consent of parents and nature.

Acc. Soft, I'll not swap my father for all this.

Sil. What, do you think I'll be cozened of my father? Methinks I should not. Mother Bombie told me my father knew me not, my mother bore me not, falsely bred, truly begot ; a botts on Mother Bombie.

Drom. Mother Bombie told us we should be found cozeners, and in the end be cozened by cozeners : farewell, Mother Bom.

Ris. I heard Mother Bombie say, that thou shalt die a beggar ; beware of Mother Bombie.

Pris. Why, have you all been with Mother Bombie ?

Luc. All, and as far as I can see she foretold all.

Mem. Indeed she is cunning and wise, never doing harm, but still practising good : seeing these things fall out thus, are you content, Stellio, the match go forward ?

Stel. Aye, with double joy ; having found for a fool a wise maid, and finding between them both exceeding love.

Pris. Then, to end all jars, our children's matches shall stand with our good liking. Livia, enjoy Candius.

Sper. Candius, enjoy Livia.

Cand. How shall we recompense fortune, that to our loves hath added our parents' good wills?

Mæst. How shall we requite fortune, that to our loves hath added lawfulness, and to our poor estate competent living?

Mem. Vicina, thy fact is pardoned; though the law would see it punished; we be content to keep Silena in the house with the new married couple.

Stel. And I do maintain Accius in our house.

Vic. Come, my children, though fortune hath not provided you lands, yet you see you are not destitute of friends: I shall be eased of a charge both in purse and conscience; in conscience, having revealed my lewd practises; in purse, having you kept of alms.

Acc. Come, if you be my sister, 'tis the better for you.

Sil. Come, brother, methinks it is better than it was; I should have been but a bald bride; I'll eat as much pie as if I had been married.

Mem. Let's also forgive the knavery of our boys, since all turns to our good haps.

Stel. Agreed, all are pleased, now the boys are unpunished.

Enter HACKNEYMAN, SERJEANT, *and* SCRIVENER.

Hack. Nay, soft, take us with you and seek redress for our wrongs, or we'll complain to the mayor.

Pris. What's the matter?

Hack. I arrested Memphio's boy for a horse; after much mocking, at the request of his fellow

wags, I was content to take a bond jointly of them all: they had me into a tavern, there they made me, the Scrivener, and the Serjeant drunk, pawned his mace for the wine, and sealed me an obligation nothing to the purpose: I pray you read it.

Mem. What wags be these! Why by this bond you can demand nothing; and things done in drink may be repented in soberness, but not remedied.

Drom. Sir, I have his acquittance; let him sue his bond.

Hack. I'll cry quittance with thee.

Serj. And I, or it shall cost me the laying on freely of my mace.

Scri. And I'll give thee such a dash with a pen as shall cost thee many a pound; with such a *noverint** as Cheapside can show none such.

Half. Do your worst; our knaveries will revenge it upon your children's children.

Mem. Then, boy, we will pay the hire of the horse; be not angry. The boys have been in a merry cozening vein, for they have served their masters of the same sort, but all must be forgotten. Now all are content but the poor fiddlers, they shall be sent for to the marriage, and have double fees.

Drom. You need no more send for a fiddler to a feast, than a beggar to a fair.

Stel. This day we will feast at my house.

Mem. To-morrow at mine.

* It is to be remembered that in the time of our poet (and very long afterwards) all legal instruments were written in Latin, and *noverint universi* was a very general beginning.

Pris. The next day at mine.

Sper. Then at mine the last; and even so spend this week in good cheer.

Drom. Then we were best be going whilst every one is pleased; and yet these couples are not fully pleased till the priest have done his worst.

Ris. Come, Serjeant, we'll toss it this week, and make thy mace arrest a boiled capon.

Serj. No more words at the wedding: if the mayor should know it, I were in danger of mine office.

Ris. Then take heed how, on such as we are, you show a cast of your office.

Half. If you mace us, we'll pepper you.

Acc. Come, sister, the best is, we shall have good cheer these four days.

Luc. And be fools for ever.

Sil. That's none of our upseekings.

FINIS.

Pris. The next day at mine.

Sper. Then at mine the last; and even so
spend this week in good cheer.

Brom. Then we were best be going, whilst
every one is pleased; and yet these couples are
not fully pleased till the priest have done his
worst.

Pris. Come, Sergeant, well to see if this week
and make the more sure a better capon.

Sper. No more words at the wedding; if the
may or should know it, I were in danger of mine
other.

Pris. Then take heed how, for such as we are
you show a great of your office.

Pris. If you have one, well pepper you.
Acc. Come, sister, the best is, we shall have

good cheer these four days.

Luc. And be fools for ever.

Sir. That's none of our ussackings.

FINIS

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. St. John, at the

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M I D V 2

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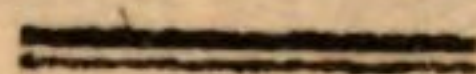
JOHN BURNET

1724

MIDAS:

A

COMEDY.



BY

JOHN LYLY.

For the subject and incidents of this Comedy, Lyly was indebted to Ovid, Galtruchius, and "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius; in the latter work the story is related at large. If the reader be not already acquainted with it, he may be desirous of knowing something of the fabulous history on which it is founded, without referring to works, some of which are little known. According to these, Silenus, the drunken preceptor of Bacchus, having lost his way, was taken by some shepherds to the court of Midas, king of Phrygia, who hospitably entertained him for ten days, and then conducted him in safety to Bacchus, who, gratified at the kindness and attention shown to his friend, permitted Midas to make choice of his own recompense, and he solicited that every thing he touched might be changed into gold; his wish was immediately granted, a compliance

"That kept the word of promise to the ear,
And broke it to the hope."

For his very food was necessarily subject to these transmutations, and thus the fulfilment of his own desires became a curse instead of a blessing. Overwhelmed with this unforeseen consequence he again approached the god, and, in compliance with his directions, bathed himself in the river Pactolus, and was released from this unhappy power; the final exertion of which was on the sands over which the river coursed, which were immediately changed into gold: but the misfortunes of Midas did not end here; for having on a future occasion maintained the superiority of Pan over Apollo in a musical contention of these gods, the latter, enraged at his be-

sotted ignorance, changed his ears into those of an ass; this disgrace he contrived to conceal from all but his barber, whom he bound never to divulge it; but he, finding this impossible, and fearing the vengeance of the monarch if it should be known that he had betrayed him, opened a hole in the earth, there whispered it, and closed the ground as before. On that spot grew a number of reeds, these when agitated gave to the winds the same sounds that had been buried, proclaiming to the world that Midas had the ears of an ass. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this, as most other of these fables, has been supposed to represent in allegory some real circumstance of history.

In the adoption of these incidents Lyly has closely followed his original, without any attempt to ridicule their absurdity; but it seems evident from the general purport of the piece, and particularly from a speech in the opening of the third act, that the courtly poet had a further view in the selection of this story than the mere amusement of his auditors, intending through it to commemorate and applaud the exploits of his royal mistress. If this conjecture be correct, Philip II. of Spain was meant to be represented under the character of Midas; the produce of his mines in South America, by his desire to turn every thing about him into gold; and the defeat of the Armada, by the fruitless attempts of Midas to subdue the Island of Lesbos: this last, as the most glorious transaction of her reign, must have been in the highest degree acceptable to Elizabeth; the more so as the intended compliment, though it might be evident, was not gross.

On a part of this story is founded the celebrated burletta of the same name. In this latter piece, as the intention of the author was only to raise mirth and excite laughter, he is not supposed under any obligation to follow the necessary rules of regular comedy. The passages therefore where Juno threatens to cite Jupiter to appear in *Doctor's Commons*, where Midas (who lived before the Trojan war) is represented as a *Justice of the Peace*, bribed by *English guineas* and an *old Jacobus*, where Nysa

expresses her fears of being compelled to *turn nun*, and Daphne and Nysa compare each other to the doll of an infant and the *gigantic figures in Guildhall*, and as fitted for husbands from *Lilliput and Brobdignag*; these but add to the ludicrous absurdity, mirth, and humour of the piece; but it does not seem a model proper to be followed by writers, who may easily copy the incongruities, but will not as easily approach the wit and humour of O'Hara.

THE
PROLOGUE IN PAULS.

GENTLEMEN, so nice is the world, that for apparel there is no fashion, for music no instrument, for diet no delicate, for plays no invention but breedeth satiety before noon, and contempt before night.

Come to the tailor, he is gone to the painters to learn how more cunning may lurk in the fashion, than can be expressed in the making. Ask the musicians, they will say their heads ake with devising notes beyond *Ela**: inquire at ordinaries, there must be salads for the Italian; pick-tooths for the Spaniard; pots for the German; porridge for the Englishman. At our exercises, soldiers call for tragedies, their object is blood:

* *Ela* was, I believe, the highest note in the gamut. Hortenzo ends with it in Act III. Scene I. of "Taming the Shrew." It is used literally here, but not unfrequently by our old dramatic poets, to represent something very unusual and extravagant. Thus in the "Humorous Lieutenant," of Beaumont and Fletcher, where the lieutenant (in consequence of the magical potion, or philtre, which he had swallowed) is described as kissing the king's horses, buying all the pictures of him, and going to lodge in King-street, &c. one of his friends observes,

"Why this is above *Ela*."

courtiers for comedies, their subject is love: countrymen for pastorals, shepherds are their saints. Traffic and travel hath woven the nature of all nations into ours, and made this land like arras, full of devise, which was broad-cloth full of workmanship.

Time hath confounded our minds, our minds the matter; but all cometh to this pass, that what heretofore hath been served in several dishes for a feast, is now minced in a charger for a galimaufrey. If we present a mingle-mangle, our fault is to be excused, because the whole world is become a hodgepodge.

We are jealous of your judgments, because you are wise; of our own performance, because we are imperfect; of our author's device, because he is idle. Only this doth encourage us, that presenting our studies before gentlemen, though they receive an inward mislike, we shall not be hissed with an open disgrace.

Stirps rudis urtica est: stirps generosa, rosa.

countrymen for countrymen, their subject is foreign
countrymen for countrymen, their subject is foreign
countrymen for countrymen, their subject is foreign
countrymen for countrymen, their subject is foreign
countrymen for countrymen, their subject is foreign
countrymen for countrymen, their subject is foreign
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countrymen for countrymen, their subject is foreign

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



- Bacchus.
- Apollo.
- Pan.
- Midas, King of Phrygia.
- Eristus,
- Martius,
- Mellacrites,
- Licio,
- Petulus,
- Minutius,
- Motto, a barber.
- Dello, his boy.
- Menalcas,
- Coryn,
- Celthus,
- Driapon,
- Cimyntas,
- Huntsman.
- Sophronia, the daughter of Midas.
- Coelia,
- Camilla,
- Amerula,
- Suavia,
- Pipenetta, a servant.
- Nymphes.

} gentlemen of the court.

} servants.

} shepherds.

} ladies of the court.

M I D A S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

BACCHUS, MIDAS, ERISTUS, MARTIUS, *and*
MELLACRITES.

Bac. MIDAS, where the gods bestow benefits they ask thanks, but where they receive good turns they give rewards. Thou hast filled my belly with meat, mine ears with music, mine eyes with wonders. Bacchus, of all the gods, is the best fellow, and Midas amongst men a king of fellows. All thy grounds are vineyards, thy corn grapes, thy chambers cellars, thy household stuff standing cups; and therefore ask any thing it shall be granted. Wouldst thou have the pipes of thy conduits to run wine, the udders of thy beasts to drop nectar, or thy trees to bud ambrosia? Desirest thou to be fortunate in thy love, or in thy victories famous, or to have the years of thy life as many as the hairs on thy head? Nothing shall be denied, so great is Bacchus, so happy is Midas.

Mid. Bacchus, for a king to beg of a god it is no shame, but to ask with advice, wisdom: give me leave to consult; lest desiring things above my reach, I be fired with Phæton; or against nature, and be drowned with Icarus; and so perish-

ing, the world shall both laugh and wonder, crying, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

Bac. Consult, Bacchus will consent.

Mid. Now, my lords, let me hear your opinions, what wish may make Midas most happy, and his subjects best content.

Eris. * Were I a king I would wish to possess my mistress, for what sweetness can there be found in life but love, whose wounds the more mortal they are to the heart, the more immortal they make the possessors: and who knoweth not that the possessing of that must be most precious, the pursuing whereof is so pleasing.

Mart. Love is a pastime for children breeding nothing but folly, and nourishing nothing but idleness. I would wish to be monarch of the world, conquering kingdoms like villages; and, being greatest on the earth, be commander of the whole earth: for what is there that more tickles the mind of a king, than a hope to be the only king, wringing out of every country tribute, and in his own to sit in triumph. Those that call conquerors ambitious, are like those that term thrift, covetousness, cleanliness pride, honesty preciseness. Command the world, Midas, a greater thing you cannot desire, a less you should not.

Mid. What say you, Mellacrites?

Mel. Nothing, but that these two have said nothing. I would wish that every thing I touched

* This contest between Eristus, Martius, and Mellacrites seems to be an imitation of a passage in the third and fourth chapters of the first book of Esdras, on the comparative strength of *wine*, the *king*, and *women*.

might turn to gold: this is the sinews of war, and the sweetness of peace. Is it not gold that maketh the chastest to yield to lust, the honestest to lewdness, the wisest to folly, the faithfulest to deceit, and the most holy in heart to be most hollow of heart? In this word gold, are all the powers of the gods, the desires of men, the wonders of the world, the miracles of nature, the looseness of fortune, and triumphs of time. By gold may you shake the courts of other princes, and have your own settled; one spade of gold undermines faster than an hundred mattocks of steel. Would one be thought religious and devout? *Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca, tantum habet et fidei*: religions balance are golden bags*. Desire you virtue, *querenda pecunia primum est, virtus post nummos*: the first stair of virtue is money. Doth any thirst after gentry, and wish to be esteemed beautiful? *et genus et formam regina pecunia donat*. King Coin hath a mint to stamp gentlemen, and art to make amiableness. I deny not but love is sweet and the marrow of a man's mind; that to conquer kings is the quintessence of the thoughts of kings: why then follow both; *Aurea sunt vero nunc sæcula, plurimus auro venit honos, auro conciliatur amor*: it is a world for gold; honour and love are both taken up on interest. Doth Midas determine to tempt

* It would sound better to modern ears if we were to read *balances*; but the same mode of expression is to be found in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice:"

"*Por.* Are there *balance* here to weigh the flesh?

Shy. I have *them* ready."

the minds of true subjects, to draw them from obedience to treachery, from their allegiance and oaths to treason and perjury? *quid non mortalia pectora cogit auri sacra fames*, what holes doth not gold bore in men's hearts? Such virtue is there in gold, that being bred in the barrenest ground and trodden under foot, it mounteth to sit on princes' heads. Wish gold, Midas, or wish not to be Midas. In the council of the gods was not Anubis with his long nose of gold preferred before Neptune, whose statute was but brass? and Æsculapius more honoured for his golden beard, than Apollo for his sweet harmony?

Erist. To have gold and not love (which cannot be purchased with gold) is to be a slave to gold.

Mart. To possess mountains of gold, and a mistress more precious than gold, and not to command the world, is to make Midas new prentice to a mint, and journeyman to a woman.

Mel. To enjoy a fair lady in love and want fair gold to give, to have thousands of people to fight and no penny to pay, will make one's mistress wild, and his soldiers tame. Jupiter was a god, but he knew gold was a greater, and flew into those grates with his golden wings, where he could not enter with his swan's wings. What stayed Atlanta's course with Hippomanes? an apple of gold: what made the three goddesses strive? an apple of gold. If therefore thou make not thy mistress a goldfinch, thou mayest chance to find her a wagtail: believe me, *res est ingeniosa*.

dare: besides, how many gates of cities this golden key hath opened, we may remember of late, and ought to fear hereafter. That iron world is worn out, the golden is now come, *sub Jove nunc mundus, jussa sequare Jovis*.

Erist. Gold is but the guts of the earth.

Mel. I had rather have the earth's guts than the moon's brains*. What is it that gold cannot command, or hath not conquered? Justice herself that sitteth wimpled† about the eyes, doth it not because she will take no gold, but that she would not be seen blushing when she takes it: the balance she holdeth are not to weigh the right of the cause, but the weight of the bribe: she will put up her naked sword if you offer her a golden scabbard.

Mid. Cease you to dispute, I am determined. It is gold, Bacchus, that Midas desireth; let every thing that Midas toucheth be turned to gold, so shalt thou bless thy guest, and manifest thy godhead. Let it be gold, Bacchus.

Bac. Midas, thy wish cleaveth to thy last word. Take up this stone.

Mid. Fortunate Midas! It is gold, Mellacrites; gold, it is gold!

Mel. This stick.

Mid. Gold, Mellacrites! my sweet boy, all is gold; for ever honoured be Bacchus, that above measure hath made Midas fortunate!

Bac. If Midas be pleased, Bacchus is; I will

* Mellacrites satirically insinuates that Eristus and Martius, who preferred love and power to gold, were lunatic.

† "Wimpled," veiled, hooded.

to my temple with Silenus, for by this time there are many to offer unto me sacrifices, *pœnam pro munere poscis*.

Mid. Come, my lords, I will with gold pave my court, and deck with gold my turrets; these petty islands near to Phrygia shall totter, and other kingdoms be turned topsy turvey: I will command both the affections of men and the fortunes. Chastity will grow cheap where gold is not thought dear. Celia, chaste Celia, shall yield. You, my lords, shall have my hands in your houses, turning your brazen gates to fine gold. Thus shall Midas be monarch of the world, the darer of fortune, the commander of love. Come let us in.

Mel. We follow, desiring that our thoughts may be touched with thy finger, that they also may become gold.

Erist. Well, I fear the event, because of Bacchus' last words, *pœnam pro munere poscis*.

Mid. Tush, he is a drunken god, else he would not have given so great a gift. Now it is done, I care not for any thing he can do. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

LICIO and PETULUS.

Lic. Thou servest Mellacrites, and I his daughter; which is the better man?

Pet. The masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, therefore Licio backare*.

* The first part of this speech is a quotation from the Latin grammar of William Lily. *Backare* means *give place*, or *allow*

Lic. That is when those two genders are at jar; but when they belong both to one thing, then——

Pet. What then?

Lic. Then they agree like the fiddle and the stick.

Pet. *Pulchrè sanè.* God's blessing on thy blue nose; but, Licio, my mistress is a proper woman.

Lic. Ah, but thou knowest no other properties.

Pet. I care not for her qualities, so I may embrace her quantity.

Lic. Are you so pert?

Pet. Aye, and so expert, that I can as well tell the thoughts of a woman's heart by her eyes, as the change of the weather by an almanack.

Lic. Sir boy, you must not be saucy.

Pet. No, but faithful and serviceable.

Lic. Lock up your lips, or I will lop them off. But, sirrah, for thy better instructions, I will unfold every wrinkle of my mistress' disposition.

Pet. I pray thee do.

Lic. But for this time I will only handle the head and purtenance*.

me the precedency. In this sense it is used by Shakspeare in "The Taming of the Shrew:"

"*Baccare* you are marvellous forward."

And the passage in the text has been quoted by Stevens in explanation: and, as a proof of its meaning, Farmer has also quoted two epigrams of John Haywood's, in which it is also found; one of them is the following:

"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow,

Went that *sow back* at his bidding trow you?"

* "The head and purtenance," *i. e.* the head and things immediately belonging to it. So in Hamlet:

"The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony."

Pet. Nothing else?

Lic. Why, will not that be a long hour's work to describe, that is almost a whole day's work to dress?

Pet. Proceed.

Lic. First, she hath a head as round as a tennis ball.

Pet. I would my bed were a hazard.

Lic. Why?

Pet. Nothing, but that I would have her head there among other balls.

Lic. *Video, pro intelligo.* Then hath she an hawk's eye.

Pet. O that I were a partridge head!

Lic. To what end?

Pet. That she might tire* with her eyes on my countenance.

Lic. Wouldst thou be hanged?

Pet. *Scilicet.*

Lic. Well, she hath the tongue of a parrot.

Pet. That's a leaden dagger in a velvet sheath, to have a black tongue in a fair mouth.

Lic. Tush, it is not for the blackness, but for the babbling, for every hour she will cry, "walk knave, walk."

Pet. Then will I mutter, "a rope for parrot, a rope †."

* A hawk is said to *tire* upon the prey on which she feeds.

† Parrots seem to have been commonly instructed to call *rope*, and *walk, knave, walk*; phrases applied by persons that heard them at their discretion. Butler alludes to this in *Hudibras*:

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry *rope*, and *walk, knave, walk*."

Lic. So mayest thou be hanged, not by the lips, but by the neck. Then, sir, hath she a calve's tooth.

Pet. O monstrous mouth! I would then it had been a sheep's eye, and a neat's tongue.

Lic. It is not for the bigness but the sweetness: all her teeth are as sweet as the sweet tooth of a calf.

Pet. Sweetly meant.

Lic. She hath the ears of a want.

Pet. Doth she want ears?

Lic. I say the ears of a want, a mole; thou dost want wit to understand me. She will hear though she be never so low on the ground.

Pet. Why, then, if one ask her a question, it is likely she will hearken to it.

Lic. Hearken thou after that, she hath the nose of a sow.

Pet. Then belike she wears her wedding ring*.

Lic. No, she can smell a knave a mile off.

Pet. Let us go farther, Licio, she hath both us in the wind.

Lic. She hath a beetle brow.

Pet. What is she beetle browed †?

Lic. Thou hast a beetle head ‡; I say the brow of a beetle, a little fly, whose brow is as black as velvet.

* This plays upon the custom of putting a ring through the nose of a pig.

† "What is she beetle browed?" Petulus plays on the word *beetle*, which signifies frowning, overhanging,

"The dreadful summit of the cliff,
That *beetles* o'er his base."

HAMLET.

‡ Thou hast a beetle-head; *i. e.* thou art a stupid fellow; so in the "Taming of the Shrew:"

"A whoreson, *beetle-headed*, flap-eared knave."

Pet. What lips hath she?

Lic. Tush, the lips are no part of the head, only made for a double leaf door for the mouth.

Pet. What is then the chin?

Lic. That is only the threshold to the door.

Pet. I perceive you are driven to the wall that stands behind the door, for this is ridiculous: but now you can say no more of the head, begin with the purtenances, for that was your promise.

Lic. The purtenances! it is impossible to reckon them up, much less to tell the nature of them. Hoods, frontlets, wires, cauls, curling-irons, periwigs, bodkins, fillets, hairlaces, ribbons, roles, knotstrings, glasses, combs, caps, hats, coifs, kerchers, clothes, earrings, borders, crippins, shadows, spots, and so many other trifles, as both I want the words of art to name them, time to utter them, and wit to remember them: these be but a few notes.

Pet. Notes, quoth you, I note one thing.

Lic. What is that?

Pet. That if every part require so much as the head, it will make the richest husband in the world ache at the heart.

Enter PIPENETTA.

Lic. But soft, here comes Pipenetta. What news?

Pip. I would not be in your coats for any thing.

Lic. Indeed if thou shouldest rig up and down in our jackets thou wouldst be thought a very tomboy.

Pip. I mean I would not be in your cases.

Pet. Neither shalt thou, Pipenetta; for first,

they are too little for thy body, and then too fair to pull over so foul a skin.

Pip. These boys be drunk, I would not be in your takings.

Lic. I think so, for we take nothing in our hands but weapons; it is for thee to use needles and pins; a sampler, not a buckler.

Pip. Nay, then we shall never have done, I mean I would not be so coursed as you shall be.

Pet. Worse and worse. We are no chase (pretty mops) for deer we are not, neither red nor fallow, because we are batchelors, and have not *cornu copia*, we want heads: hares we are not, because they are male one year, and the next female*; we change not our sex: badgers we are not, for our legs are one as long as another: and who will take us to be foxes, that stand so near a goose and bite not.

Pip. Fools you are, and therefore good game for wise men to hunt; but for knaves I leave you, for honest wenches to talk of.

Lic. Nay, stay, sweet Pipenetta, we are but disposed to be merry.

Pip. I marvel how old you will be before you are disposed to be honest; but this is the matter, my master is gone abroad, and wants his page to wait on him; my mistress would rise, and lacks your worship to fetch her hair.

Pet. Why, is it not on her head?

Pip. Methinks it should; but I mean the hair she must wear to day.

* This was a vulgar error introduced early and expelled late, which extended itself to the works of many writers on natural history.

Lic. Why, doth she wear any but her own?

Pip. In faith, sir, no, I am sure it is her own when she pays for it*. But do you hear the strange news at the court?

Pet. No, except this be it, to have one's hair lie all night out of the house from one's head.

Pip. Tush, every thing that Midas toucheth is gold.

Pet. The devil it is!

Pip. Indeed gold is the devil.

Lic. Thou art deceived, wench, angels are gold †. But is it true?

Pip. True? Why the meat that he toucheth turneth to gold, so doth the drink, so doth his raiment.

Pet. I would he would give me a good box on the ear, that I might have a golden cheek.

Lic. How happy should we be if he would but stroke our heads, that we might have golden hairs. But let us all in, lest he lose the virtue of the gift before we taste the benefit.

Pip. If he take a cudgel and that turn to gold, yet beating you with it, you shall only feel the weight of gold.

Pet. What difference to be beaten with gold, and to be beaten gold?

Pip. As much as to say, drink before you go and go before you drink.

Lic. Come, let us go, lest we drink of a dry cup for our long tarrying. [*Exeunt.*

* This is a jest that has been very frequently repeated since the time of our poet. The Pontia of Prior, and the Epigram on Galla's golden hair are well known.

† An angel was a small gold coin of the value of ten shillings.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ERISTUS and CÆLIA.

Erist. Fair Cœlia, thou seest of gold there is satiety, of love there cannot.

Cœl. If thou shouldst wish that whatsoever thou thoughtest might be love, as Midas whatever he touched might be gold; it may be, love would be as loathsome to thine ears as gold is to his eyes, and make thy heart pinch with melancholy as his guts do with famine.

Erist. No, sweet Cœlia, in love there is variety.

Cœl. Indeed men vary in their love.

Erist. They vary their love, yet change it not.

Cœl. Love and change are at variance, therefore if they vary they must change.

Erist. Men change the manner of their love, not the humour; the means how to obtain, not the mistress they honour. So did Jupiter, that could not intreat Danae by golden words, possess his love by a golden shower, not altering his affection, but using art.

Cœl. The same Jupiter was an eagle, a swan, a bull, and for every saint a new shape, as men have for every mistress a new shadow. If you take example of the gods; who more wanton, more wavering? If of yourselves, being but men, who will think you more constant than gods?

Eristus, if gold could have allured mine eyes, thou knowest Midas, that commandeth all things to be gold, had conquered : if threats might have feared* my heart, Midas being a king, might have commanded my affections : if love, gold, or authority might have enchanted me, Midas had obtained by love, gold, and authority, *Quorum si singula nostram flectere non poterant, potuissent omnia mentem.*

Erist. Ah, Cœlia, if kings say they love, and yet dissemble, who dare say that they dissemble and not love? They command the affections of others to yield, and their own to be believed. My tears, which have made furrows in my cheeks, and in mine eyes fountains; my sighs, which have made of my heart a furnace, and kindled in my head flames; my body, that melteth by piecemeal, and my mind, that pineth at an instant, may witness that my love is both unspotted and unspeakable, *Quorum si singula duram flectere non poterant, deberent omnia mentem.* But soft, here cometh the princess, with the rest of the lords.

Enter SOPHRONIA, MELLACRITES and MARTIUS.

Sop. Mellacrites, I cannot tell whether I should more mislike thy counsel, or Midas' consent; but the covetous humour of you both I contemn and wonder at, being unfit for a king, whose ho-

* To fear (as hath been observed by Stevens) is often used by our old writers in this sense. So the Prince of Morocco, in the "Merchant of Venice :"

"I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant."

nour should consist in liberality not greediness; and unworthy the calling of Mellacrites, whose fame should rise by the soldier's god, Mars, not by the merchant's god, gold.

Mel. Madam, things past cannot be recalled, but repented; and, therefore, are rather to be pitied than punished. It now behoveth us to consider how to redress the miserable estate of our king, not to dispute of the occasion. Your highness sees, and without grief you cannot see, that his meat turneth to massy gold in his mouth, and his wine slideth down his throat like liquid gold; if he touch his robes they are turned to gold: and what is there not that toucheth him but becometh gold?

Erist. Ah, Mellacrites, if thy tongue had been turned to gold before thou gavest our king such counsel, Midas' heart had been full of ease, and thy mouth of gold.

Mart. If my advice had taken place, Midas, that now sitteth over head and ears in crowns*, had worn upon his head many kings crowns; and been conqueror of the world, that is now commander of dross. That greediness of Mellacrites, whose heart-strings are made of Plutus' purse-strings, hath made Midas a lump of earth, that should be a god on earth; and thy effeminate mind, Eristus, whose eyes are stitched on Cœlia's face, and thoughts gyved† to her beauty,

* It is perhaps needless to say that *a coin* is here meant, which were formerly sometimes of gold; such were coined both by Edward VI. and Elizabeth.

† "Gyved," chained. In the strict sense gyves were the irons fastened round the legs of prisoners. But Ben Jonson uses it figuratively, and talks of "golden gyves."

hath bred in all the court such a tender wantonness, that nothing is thought of but love ; a passion proceeding of beastly lust, and coloured with a courtly name of love : thus whilest we follow the nature of things we forget the names. Since this unsatiable thirst of gold, and untemperate humour of lust crept into the king's court, soldiers have begged arms of artificers, and with their helmet on their head been glad to follow a lover with a glove in his hat, which so much abateth the courage of true captains, that they must account it more honourable, in the court to be a coward so rich and amorous, than in a camp to be valiant, if poor and maimed. He is more favoured that pricks his finger with his mistress's needle, than he that breaks his lance on his enemy's face ; and he that hath his mouth full of fair words, than he that hath his body full of deep scars. If one be old and have silver hairs on his beard, so he have golden ruddocks* in his bags, he must be wise and honourable : if young, and have curled locks on his head, amorous glances with his eyes, smooth speeches in his mouth, every lady's lap shall be his pillow, every lady's face his glass, every lady's ear a sheath for his flatteries ; only soldiers, if they be old, must beg in their own countries ; if young, try the fortune of wars in another. He is the man that, being let blood, carries his arm in a scarf of his

* *Ruddock* is literally the *red breast*, so called by Chaucer and Spencer. It is used metaphorically for a piece of gold coin. So in the "Heir of Linne :"

"He told him forth, the *good red gold*,
He told it forth with mickle dinne."

mistress' favour; not he that bears his leg on a stilt for his country's safety.

Sop. Stay, Martius; though I know love to grow to such looseness, and hoarding to such misery, that I may rather grieve at both than remedy either; yet thy animating my father to continual arms to conquer crowns, hath only brought him into imminent danger of his own head: the love he hath followed, I fear unnatural, the riches he hath got, I know unmeasurable, the wars he hath levied, I doubt unlawful, have drawn his body with grey hairs to the grave's mouth, and his mind with eating cares to desperate determinations: ambition hath but two steps; the lowest blood, the highest envy: both these hath my unhappy father climbed; digging mines of gold with the lives of men; and now, envied of the whole world, is environed with enemies round about the world; not knowing that ambition hath one heel nailed in hell, though she stretch her finger to touch the heavens. I would the gods would remove this punishment, so that Midas would be penitent. Let him thrust thee, Eristus, with thy love into Italy, where they honour lust for a god, as the Egyptians did dogs; thee, Mellacrites, with thy greediness of gold, to the utmost part of the west*, where all the guts of the earth are gold: and thee, Martius, that soundest but blood and terror, into those barbarous nations, where nothing is to be found

* There can be no doubt that South America is here meant; but the expression is so general that the Anachronism is not so gross and palpable as many in both Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher.

but blood and terror. Let Phrygia be an example of chastity, not lust; liberality, not covetousness; valour, not tyranny. I wish not your bodies banished, but your minds; that my father and your king may be our honour and the world's wonder. And thou, Cœlia, and all you ladies, learn this of Sophronia; that beauty in a minute is both a blossom and a blast; love, a worm which seeming to live in the eye, dies in the heart. You be all young and fair, endeavour all to be wise and virtuous; that when, like roses, you shall fall from the stalk, you may be gathered and put to the still.

Cœl. Madam, I am free from love, and unfortunate to be beloved.

Erist. To be free from love is strange, but to think scorn to be beloved, monstrous.

Sop. Eristus, thy tongue doth itch to talk of love, and my ears tingle to hear it. I charge you all, if you owe any duty to your king, to go presently unto the temple of Bacchus, offer praise, gifts, and sacrifice, that Midas may be released of his wish, or his life: this I entreat you, this Midas commands you. Jar not with yourselves; agree in one for your king, if ever you took Midas for your lawful king.

Mel. Madam, we will go, and omit nothing that duty may perform or pains.

Sop. Go speedily, lest Midas die before you return: and you, Cœlia, shall go with me, that with talk we may beguile the time; and my father think of no meat.

Cœl. I attend.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE II.

LICIO, PETULUS, *and* PIPENETTA.

Lic. Ah, my girl, is not this a golden world?

Pip. It is all one as if it were lead with me, and yet as golden with me as with the king; for I see it and feel it not, he feels it and enjoys it not.

Lic. Gold is but the earth's garbage, a weed bred by the sun, the very rubbish of barren ground.

Pet. Tush, Licio, thou art unlettered, all the earth is an egg; the white, silver; the yolk, gold.

Lic. Why, thou fool, what hen should lay that egg?

Pip. I warrant a goose.

Lic. Nay, I believe a bull.

Pet. Blirt* to you both, it was laid by the sun.

Pip. The sun is rather a cock than a hen.

Lic. 'Tis true, girl, else how could Titan have trodden Daphne?

Pet. I weep over both your wits, if I prove in every respect no difference between an egg and gold, will you not then grant gold to be an egg?

Pip. Yes; but I believe thy idle imagination will make it an addle egg.

Lic. Let us hear. Proceed, Doctor Egg.

* This, as Mr. Reed hath observed, is a frequent expression of contempt in the writers of that age. So in Marston's "Antonio and Melida:"

"Blirt on your Aymeas, guard her safely hence."

Pet. Gold will be cracked ; a common saying, a cracked crown.

Pip. Ah, that's a broken head.

Pet. Nay, then, I see thou hast a broken wit.

Lic. Well, suppose gold will crack.

Pet. So will an egg.

Lic. On.

Pet. An egg is roasted in the fire.

Pip. Well.

Pet. So is gold tried in the fire.

Lic. Forth.

Pet. An egg (as physicians say) will make one lusty.

Pip. Conclude.

Pet. And who knows not that gold will make one frolic ?

Lic. Pipenetta, this is true, for it is called egg as a thing that doth egg on, so doth gold.

Pip. Let us hear all.

Pet. Eggs poach'd are for a weak stomach, and gold boiled for a consuming body.

Lic. Spoken like a physician.

Pip. Or a fool of necessity.

Pet. An egg is eaten at one sup, and a portague * lost at one cast.

Lic. Gamester-like concluded.

Pet. Eggs make custards, and gold makes spoons to eat them.

Pip. A reason dough-baked †.

* A *portague* was a Portuguese coin, worth four pounds and ten shillings. The word is found in the "Sea Voyage" of Beaumont and Fletcher, and this explanation given of it by Mr. Weber.

† "A reason dough-baked ;" *i.e.* an imperfect reason.

Lic. O, the oven of his wit was not thoroughly heated.

Pet. Only this odds I find between money and eggs, which makes me wonder; that being more pence in the world than eggs, that one should have three eggs for a penny, and not three pence for an egg.

Pip. A wonderful matter; but your wisdom is overshot in your comparison, for eggs have chickens, gold hath none.

Pet. Mops, I pity thee; gold hath eggs; change an angel into ten shillings, and all those pieces are the angel's eggs.

Lic. He hath made a spoke; wilt thou eat an egg? But soft, here comes our masters; let us shrink aside.

Enter MELLACRITES, MARTIUS, *and* ERISTUS.

Mel. A short answer, yet a sound. Bacchus is pithy and pitiful.

ORACLE.

“ In Pactolus go bathe thy wish and thee,
Thy wish the waves shall have, and thou be free.”

Mar. I understand no oracles; shall the water turn every thing to gold, what then shall become of the fish? Shall he be free from gold? What then shall become of us, of his crown, of our country? I like not these riddles.

Mel. Thou, Martius, art so warlike, that thou wouldst cut off the wish with a sword, not cure it with a salve; but the gods that can give the desires of the heart, can as easily withdraw the torment. Suppose Vulcan should so temper thy sword, that were thy heart never so valiant, thine

arm never so strong, yet thy blade should never draw blood, wouldest not thou wish to have a weaker hand, and a sharper edge?

Mart. Yes.

Mel. If Mars should answer thee thus: go bathe thy sword in water*, and wash thy hands in milk, and thy sword shall cleave adamant, and thy heart answer the sharpness of thy sword; wouldest not thou try the conclusion?

Mart. What else?

Mel. Then let Midas believe till he have tried, and think that the gods rule as well by giving remedies as granting wishes. But Eristus is mum.

Mart. Cœlia hath sealed his mouth.

Erist. Cœlia hath sealed her face in my heart, which I am no more ashamed to confess, than thou that Mars hath made a scar in thy face, Martius. But let us in to the king. Sir boys, you wait well.

Pet. We durst not go to Bacchus; for if I see a grape my head akes.

Erist. And if I find a cudgel, I'll make your shoulders ake.

Mel. And you, Licio, wait on yourself.

Lic. I cannot choose, sir, I am always so near myself.

Mel. I'll be as near you as your skin presently. [Exeunt.]

* This is evidently an allusion to the story of Naaman, the Syrian, in the second book of Kings. The attentive reader of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays will remark, that many of their images are drawn from the same source.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MIDAS, MELLACRITES, MARTIUS, *and* ERISTUS.

Mid. “ In Pactolus go bathe thy wish and thee,
Thy wish the waves shall have, and thou
be free.”

Miserable Midas, as unadvised in thy wish, as in thy success unfortunate. Oh, unquenchable thirst of gold ! which turneth men’s heads to lead, and makest them blockish ; their hearts to iron, and makest them covetous ; their eyes to delight in the view, and makest them blind in the use. I, that did possess mines of gold, could not be contented till my mind were all a mine. Could not the treasure of Phrygia, nor the tributes of Greece, nor mountains in the East, whose guts are gold, satisfy my mind with gold ? Ambition eateth gold and drinketh blood ; climbeth so high by other men’s heads, that she breaketh her own neck. What should I do with a world of ground, whose body must be content with seven feet of earth ? Or why did I covet to get so many crowns, having myself but one head ? Those that took small vessels at the sea I accounted pirates, and myself that suppressed whole fleets, a conqueror ; as though robberies of kingdoms Midas might mask under the names of triumphs, and the traffic of other nations be called treachery. Thou hast pampered up thyself with slaughter, as Diomedes

did his horses with blood ; so unsatiable thy thirst, so heavy thy sword. Two books have I always carried in my bosom, calling them the dagger and the sword ; in which the names of all princes, noblemen, and gentlemen, were dedicated to slaughter, or if not (what worse is) to slavery. O, my lords, when I call to mind my cruelties in Lycaonia, my usurping in Getulia, my oppression in Sola, then do I find neither mercies in my conquests, nor colour for my wars, nor measure in my taxes. I have written my laws in blood, and made my gods of gold : I have caused the mothers' wombs to be their childrens' tombs ; cradles to swim in blood like boats, and the temples of the gods a stews* for strumpets. Have not I made the sea to groan under the number of my ships ; and have they not perished, that there was not two left to make a number ? Have I not thrust my subjects into a camp, like oxen into a cart ; whom having made slaves by unjust wars, I use now as slaves for all wars ? Have not I enticed the subjects of my neighbour princes to destroy their natural kings, like moths that eat the clothes in which they were bred ; like vipers that gnaw the bowels of which they were born ; and like worms that consume the wood in which they were engendered ? To what kingdom have not I pretended claim ? as though I had been by the gods created heir apparent to the world, making every trifle a title, and all the territories about me traitors to me.

* " Stews," a brothel. Johnson thinks it questionable if this word has any singular : the use of it here will strengthen that opinion.

Why did I wish that all might be gold I touched, but that I thought all men's hearts would be touched with gold; that what policy could not compass, nor prowess, gold might have commanded and conquered. A bridge of gold did I mean to make in that island where all my navy could not make a breach. Those islands did I long to touch, that I might turn them to gold, and myself to glory: but unhappy Midas, who by the same means perisheth himself, that he thought to conquer others; being now become a shame to the world, a scorn to that petty prince, and to thyself a consumption. A petty prince, Midas? No, a prince protected by the gods, by nature, by his own virtue, and his subjects' obedience. Have not all treasons been discovered by miracle, not council*? that do the gods challenge. Is not the country walled with huge waves? that doth nature claim. Is he not through the whole world a wonder, for wisdom and temperance? that is his own strength. Do not all his subjects, like bees, swarm to preserve the king of bees? that their loyalty maintaineth. My lords, I faint both for lack of food and want of

* It has been before observed, that Philip II. of Spain was depicted in the character of Midas: but a few of the preceding and following lines evidently allude to James I. whose accession to the crown of England did not take place till after the death of Philip: and as the discovery of the gunpowder plot seems meant by the discovery of all treasons mentioned in the text, this passage must have been written and added to the original piece after the death of both Philip and Elizabeth; and our poet had probably the honour to set the example, which Shakspeare followed in the celebrated prediction of Cranmer, in his play of Henry VIII.

grace. I will to the river, where, if I be rid of this intolerable disease of gold, I will next shake off that intemperate desire of government, and measure my territories, not by the greatness of my mind, but the right of my succession.

Mart. I am not a little sorry, that because all that your highness toucheth turneth to pure gold, therefore all your princely affections should be converted to dross. Doth your majesty begin to melt your own crown, that should make it with other monarchies massy? Begin you to make enclosure of your mind, and to debate of inheritance, when the sword proclaims you conqueror? If your highness' heart be not kingdom proof, every pelting* prince will batter it. Though you lose garish gold, let your mind be still of steel, and let the sharpest sword decide the right of sceptres.

Mid. Every little king is a king, and the title consisteth not in the compass of ground, but in the right of inheritance.

Mart. Are not conquests good titles?

Mid. Conquests are great thefts.

Mart. If your highness would be advised by me, then would I rob for kingdoms; and if I obtained, fain would I see him that durst call the conqueror a thief.

Mid. Martius, thy counsel hath shed as much blood as would make another sea. Valour I

* "Pelting," mean, insignificant: so in Act II. Scene II. of "Measure for Measure:"

"Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder."

And many other places.

cannot call it, and barbarousness is a word too mild. Come, Mellacrites, let us go; and come, you, Eristus, that if I obtain mercy of Bacchus, we may offer sacrifice to Bacchus. Martius, if you be not disposed to go, dispose as you will of yourself.

Mart. I will humbly attend on your highness, as still hoping to have my heart's desire, and you your height of honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LICIO and PETULUS.

Pet. Ah, Licio, a bots on the barber; ever since I cozened him of the golden beard I have had the tooth-ake.

Lic. I think Motto hath poisoned thy gums.

Pet. It is a deadly pain.

Lic. I knew a dog run mad with it.

Pet. I believe it, Licio, and thereof it is that they call it a dogged pain. Thou knowest I have tried all old womens' medicines, and cunning mens' charms, but *interim* my teeth ake.

DELLO enters behind them.

Del. I am glad I have heard the wags, to be quittance for over-hearing us. We will take the vantage; they shall find us quick barbers. I'll tell Motto, my master, and then we will have *quid pro quo*, a tooth for a beard. [*Exit.*

Pet. Licio, to make me merry, I pray thee go forward with the description of thy mistress: thou must begin now at the paps.

Lic. Indeed, Petulus, a good beginning for

thee, for thou canst eat pap now, because thou canst bite nothing else. But I have no mind on those matters. If the king lose his golden wish, we shall have but a brazen court: but what became of the beard, Petulus?

Pet. I have pawned it, for I durst not coin it.

Lic. What dost thou pay for the pawning?

Pet. Twelve pence in the pound for the month.

Lic. What for the herbage?

Pet. It is not at herbage.

Lic. Yes, Petulus, if it be a beard it must be at herbage, for a beard is a badge of hair; and a badge of hair, hairbadge.

Enter MOTTO with DELLO.

Mot. Dello, thou knowest Midas touched his beard and 'twas gold.

Del. Well.

Mot. That the pages cozened me of it.

Del. No lie.

Mot. That I must be revenged.

Del. In good time.

Mot. Thou knowest I have taught thee the knacking of the hands, the tickling on a man's hairs, like the tuning of a cittern*.

* The cittern was "light and portable like the lute, to which it bore a near resemblance." It is frequently mentioned by the dramatic poets of the time, and is the same, I believe, as the guitar. It was in little estimation, being the usual entertainment of persons visiting houses of ill fame, or waiting in the barbers' shops: so in the "Volpone" of Ben Jonson, Act II. Scene V. where Corvine ironically directs his wife to submit to prostitution, he recommends it as a necessary step,

"Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity."

And in Dekker's Second Part of the "Honest Whore," Mattheo, in alluding to his wife, calls her

"A barber's cittern for every serving man to play upon."

Del. True.

Mot. Besides, I instructed thee in the phrases of our eloquent occupation; as-how, sir, will you be trimmed? will you have your beard like a spade, or a bodkin? a penthouse on your upper lip, or an alley on your chin? a low curl on your head like a bull, or dangling lock like a spaniel? your mustachios sharp at the ends, like shoemakers' awls, or hanging down to your mouth like goats' flakes? your love-locks* wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggy to fall on your shoulders?

Del. I confess you have taught me *Tully de oratore*, the very art of trimming.

Mot. Well, for all this I desire no more at thy hands, than to keep secret the revenge I have prepared for the pages.

Del. Oh, sir, you know I am a barber, and cannot tittle tattle; I am one of those whose tongues are swelled with silence.

Mot. Indeed thou shouldst be no blab, because a barber, therefore be secret. Was it not a good cure, Dello, to ease the toothake and never touch the tooth?

Del. Oh, master, he that is your patient for the toothake, I warrant is patient of all akes.

Mot. I did but rub his gums, and presently the rheum evaporated.

* Love-locks are frequently mentioned or alluded to in our ancient dramas, and the fashion is said to have been derived from France. The love-lock was worn on the left side, and was considerably longer than the rest of the hair. King Charles I. and many of his courtiers wore them. In Green's "Quip for an upstart Courtier," it is said, "Will you be *Frencheified* with a *love-lock* down your shoulders wherein you may wear your mistress' favour." See note in Dodsley's Old Plays.

Lic. *Deus bone*, is that word come into the barber's bason*.

Del. Ah, sir, and why not? My master is a barber and a surgeon.

Lic. In good time.

Pet. Oh! Motto, I am almost dead with the toothake, all my gums are swollen, and my teeth stand in my head like thorns.

Mot. It may be that it is only the breeding of a beard, and being the first beard, you shall have a hard travail.

Pet. Old fool, dost thou think hairs will breed in my teeth?

Mot. As likely, sir, for any thing I know, as on your chin.

Pet. O teeth! O torments! O torments! O teeth!

Mot. (*Aside.*) May I but touch them, Dello, I'll teach his tongue to tell a tale what villany it is to cozen one of a beard; but stand not thou nigh, for it is odds when he spits, but that all his teeth fly in thy face.

Lic. Good Motto, give some ease, for at thy coming in I overheard of a cure thou hadst done.

Pet. My teeth! I will not have this pain, that's certain.

Mot. Ah, so did you overhear me, when you cozened me of a beard; but I forget all.

Del. My master is mild and merciful; and

* Licio expresses surprise at the use of the word rheum by a low fellow like the barber. From an observation on the use of it, in Act V. by this same Motto, it will appear to have been a "courtly term."

merciful because a barber; for when he hath the throat at command, you know he taketh revenge but on a silly hair.

Mot. How now, Petulus, do they still ake?

Pet. Ah, Motto.

Mot. Let me rub your gums with this leaf.

Pet. Do, Motto, and for thy labour I will requite thee. (*Motto rubs his gums.*) Out, rascal! what hast thou done? all my nether teeth are loose, and wag like the keys of a pair of virginals*.

Del. Oh, sir, if you will, I will sing to them, your mouth being the instrument.

Pet. Do, Dello.

Del. Out, villain! thou bitest. I cannot tune these virginal keys.

Pet. They were the jacks† above; the keys beneath were easy.

Del. A bots on your jacks and jaws too.

Lic. They were virginals of your master's making.

Pet. O my teeth! good Motto what will ease my pain?

Mot. Nothing in the world, but to let me lay a golden beard to your chin.

Pet. It is at pawn.

* A virginal was a kind of small spinnet, called so, says Blount, in his "Glossographia," because maids and virgins do most commonly play on them.

† The jacks are still found in harpsichords; they are short pieces of wood with a slip of quill at the side that in their ascent strikes the chord, and in their descent, by two small pieces of cloth, stop the vibration.

Mot. You are like to fetch it out with your teeth, or go without your teeth.

Pet. Motto, withdraw thyself, it may be thou shalt draw my teeth; attend my resolution. (*Motto and Dello retire to the back of the stage.*) A doubtful dispute whether I were best to lose my golden beard, or my bone tooth? Help me, Licio, to determine.

Lic. Your teeth ake, Petulus, your beard doth not.

Pet. Ah! but, Licio, if I part with my beard, my heart will ake.

Lic. If your tooth be hollow it must be stopped or pulled out; and stop it the barber will not, without the beard.

Pet. My heart is hollow too, and nothing can stop it but gold.

Lic. Thou canst not eat meat without teeth.

Pet. Nor buy it without money.

Lic. Thou mayest get more gold; if thou lose these, more teeth thou canst not.

Pet. Ah, but the golden beard will last me ten years in porridge, and then to what use are teeth?

Lic. If thou want teeth, thy tongue will catch cold.

Pet. 'Tis true, and if I lack money my whole body may go naked. But, Licio, let the barber have his beard; I will have a device (by thy help) to get it again, and a cozenage beyond that, maugre his beard.

Lic. That's the best way, both to ease thy pains and try our wits.

Pet. Barber, eleven of my teeth have gone on a jury, to try whether the beard be thine; they have chosen my tongue for the foreman, which cryeth, guilty.

Mot. Gilded, nay, boy, all my beard was gold. It was not gilt, I will not be so over-matched.

Del. You cannot pose my master in a beard. Come to his house you shall sit upon twenty; all his cushions are stuf with beards.

Lic. Let him go home with thee; ease him, and thou shalt have thy beard.

Mot. I am content; but I will have the beard in my hand, to be sure.

Pet. And I thy finger in my mouth, to be sure of ease.

Mot. Agreed.

Pet. Dello, sing a song to the tune of my teeth do ake.

Del. I will.

SONG *.

Pet. O my teeth! dear barber ease me,

Tongue tell me why my teeth disease me;

Oh! what will rid me of this pain?

* As in "Mother Bombie" the songs are given from Blount's edition. Of this opportunity I am happy to avail myself to correct an error into which, it is possible, I may have unintentionally led the reader in the biographical notice of Lyly. Speaking there of Blount, I mention, that Wood says, he was afterwards a knight; this is correct, and, on the authority of Wood, the error has continued to descend, till in a Canterbury edition (1800) of Phillip's "Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum;" the editor conjectures it might have been Sir Henry Blount, of Tittenhanger, the traveller, who was knighted in 1639. Upon the as-

Mot. Some pellitory * fetch'd from Spain.

Lic. Take mastick † else.

Pet. Mastick's a patch :

Mastick does many a fool's face catch.

If such a pain should breed the horn,

'Twere happy to be cuckolds born.

Should beards with such an ake begin,

Each boy to th' bone would scrub his chin.

Lic. His teeth now ake not.

Mot. Caper then,

And cry up checker'd-apron men :

There is no trade but shaves,

For barbers are trim knaves ;

Some are in shaving so profound,

By tricks they shave a kingdom round.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SOPHRONIA, CÆLIA, CAMILLA, AMERULA, and
SUAVIA.

Sop. Ladies, here must we attend the happy return of my father ; but in the mean season what pastime shall we use to pass the time ? I will agree to any, so it be not to talk of love.

section of Wood this conjecture was justifiable, but the fact is, it was *Edward* Blount, and not *Henry* as Wood mentions, and no doubt a bookseller, such a one living “ over against the great dore of Paules church.” If I am correct in this, it will sufficiently account for the excess in language with which he speaks of *Lyly* in his preface.

* It is said the Romans had this root as a pickle, but with us it is never used but for the tooth-ake and rheumatic affections of the face.

† *Licio* had before observed that the tooth if hollow should be stopped or pulled out ; as gum mastick can only give relief by stopping the hole, and thereby excluding the air from the nerve, it is for this purpose he recommends it.

Sua. Then sleep is the best exercise.

Sop. Why, Suavia, are you so light, that you must chat of love, or, so heavy, that you must needs sleep? Penelope, in the absence of her lord, beguiled the days with spinning.

Sua. Indeed she spun a fair thread, if it were to make a string to the bow wherein she drew her wooers.

Sop. Why, Suavia, it was a bow which she knew to be above her strength, and therein she showed her wit*.

Sua. *Qui latus arguerit corneus arcus erat:* it was made of horn, madam, and therein she shewed her meaning.

Sop. Why, dost thou not think she was chaste?

Sua. Yes, of all her wooers.

Sop. To talk with thee is to lose time; not well to spend it. How say you, Amerula, what shall we do?

Amer. Tell tales.

Sop. What say you, Cœlia?

Cœl. Sing.

Sop. What think you, Camilla?

Cam. Dance.

Sop. You see, Suavia, that there are other things to keep one from idleness, besides love; nay, that there is nothing to make idleness, but love.

Sua. Well, let me stand by and feed mine own thoughts with sweetness, whilst they fill your eyes and ears with songs and dancing.

* The allusion is to the bow of Ulysses, which the suitors of Penelope were not able to bend, and which the commentators on the Odyssey generally suppose was made of horn.

Sop. Amerula, begin thy tale.

Amer. There dwelt sometimes in Phrygia a lady very fair, but passing forward, as much marvelled at for beauty, as for peevishness disliked. High she was in the instep, but short in the heel^{*}; straight laced, but loose bodied. It came to pass that a gentleman, as young in wit as years, and in years a very boy, chanced to glance his eyes on her, and there were they dazzled with her beauty, as larks that are caught in the sun with the glittering of a glass. In her fair looks were his thoughts entangled, like the birds of Canary, that fall into a silken net: doat he did without measure, and die he must without her love. She on the other side, as one that knew her good, began to look askance, yet felt the passions of love eating into her heart, though she dissembled them with her eyes.

Sua. Ha, ha, he!

Sop. Why laughest thou?

Sua. To see you, madam, so tame as to be brought to hear a tale of love, that before were so wild, you would not come to the name; and that Amerula could devise how to spend the time with a tale, only that she might not talk of love, and now to make love only her tale.

Sop. Indeed I was overshot in judgment, and she in discretion. Amerula, another tale or none, this is too lovely.

Sua. Nay, let me hear any woman tell a tale of ten lines long without it tend to love, and I

^{*} Amerula insinuates that the lady was wanton: Sue *Short-heels* is the name of a strumpet, in the "Match at Midnight" of Rowleys.

will be bound never to come at the court. And you, Camilla, that would fain trip on your petty-toes, can you persuade me to take delight to dance and not love? or you that cannot rule your feet, can guide your affections, having the one as unstaïd as the other unsteady? dancing is love sauce, therefore I dare be so saucy, as if you love to dance, to say you dance for love. But, Cœlia, she will sing, whose voice, if it should utter thoughts, would make the tune of a heart out of tune. She that hath crotchets in her head, hath also love conceits. I dare swear she harpeth not only on plain song *; and before you (Sophronia) none of them all use plain dealing; but because they see you so curious they frame themselves counterfeit. For myself, as I know honest love to be a thing inseparable from our sex, so do I think it most allowable in the court; unless we would have all our thoughts made of church-work, and so carry a holy face, and a hollow heart.

Sop. Ladies, how like you Suavia in her loving vein?

Cæl. We are content at this time to sooth her in her vanity.

Amer. She casts all our minds in the mould of her own head, and yet erreth as far from our meanings, as she doth from her own modesty.

Sua. Amerula, if you were not bitter, your

* *Plain song* is said by Stevens, in a note on Damon and Pithias, to be *uniform modulation* in music, as distinguished from *descant*, which is *musical paraphrase*. The subject of a fugue or any simple melody is an instance of the first, the variations of the other.

name had been ill bestowed; but I think it as lawful in the court to be counted loving and chaste, as you in the temple to seem religious and be spiteful.

Cam. I marvel you will reply any more, Amerula, her tongue is so nimble it will never lie still.

Sua. The liker thy feet, Camilla, which were taught not to stand still.

Sop. So, no more, ladies: let our coming to sport not turn to spite. Love thou, Suavia, if thou think it sweet: sing thou, Cœlia, for thine own content: tell thou tales; and dance thou, Camilla: and so every one using her own delight shall have no cause to be discontent. But here cometh Martius and the rest.

Enter MARTIUS, MELLACRITES, *and others.*

What news, Martius, of my sovereign and father, Midas?

Mart. Madam, he no sooner bathed his limbs in the river, but it turned to a golden stream, the sands to fine gold, and all to gold that was cast into the water. Midas, dismayed at the sudden alteration, assayed again to touch a stone, but he could not alter the nature of the stone. Then went we with him to the temple of Bacchus, where we offered a lance wreathed about with ivy; garlands of ripe grapes, and skins of wolves and panthers; and a great standing cup of the water, which so lately was turned to gold. Bacchus accepted our gifts, commanding Midas to honour the gods, and also in wishing to be as wise, as he meant to have made him fortunate.

Sop. Happy Sophronia, that hast lived to hear this news, and happy Midas, if thou live better to govern thy fortune. But what is become of our king?

Mel. Midas, overjoyed with his good fortune, determined to use some solace in the woods; where by chance we roused a great boar; he, eager of the sport, outrid us; and we, thinking he had been come to his palace some other way, came ourselves the next way. If he be not returned he cannot be long; we have also lost our pages, which we think are with him.

Sop. The gods shield him from all harms! the woods are full of tigers, and he of courage: wild beasts make no difference between a king and a clown; nor hunters in the heat of their pastime fear no more the fierceness of the boar, than the fearfulness of the hare. But I hope well; let us in to see all well. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

APOLLO, PAN, and NYMPHES.

Apol. Pan, wilt thou contend with Apollo, who tunes the heavens, and makes them all hang by harmony*? Orpheus, that caused trees to move with the sweetness of his harp, offereth yearly homage to my lute: so doth Arion, that brought dolphins to his sugared notes; and Amphion, that by music reared the walls of Thebes. Only Pan with his harsh whistle (which makes beasts shake for fear, not men dance for joy) seeks to compare with Apollo.

Pan. Pan is a god, Apollo is no more: comparisons cannot be odious, where the deities are equal. This pipe (my sweet pipe) was once a nymph, a fair nymph†; once my lovely mistress, now my heavenly music. Tell me, Apollo, is there any instrument so sweet to play on, as one's mistress? Had thy lute been of laurel, and the strings of Daphne's hair, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes; for then

* Perhaps it is superfluous to observe that this is an allusion to the beautiful doctrine of Pythagoras; from which Milton has drawn some of his most exquisite passages, and which Butler ridicules in the following lines:

“The music of the spheres,
So loud it deafens mortal ears,
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not.”

† Syrinx, who was changed into a bundle of reeds.

Daphne would have added to thy stroke sweetness, and to thy thoughts melody.

Apol. Doth Pan talk of the passions of love? of the passions of divine love? Oh! how that word, Daphne, wounds Apollo, pronounced by the barbarous mouth of Pan. I fear his breath will blast the fair green, if I dazzle not his eyes, that he may not behold it. Thy pipe a nymph? some hag rather, haunting these shady groves, and desiring not thy love, but the fellowship of such a monster. What god is Pan, but the god of beasts, of woods, of hills? excluded from heaven, and in earth not honoured. Break thy pipe, or with my sweet lute will I break thy heart. Let not love enter into those savage lips; a word for Jove, for Apollo, for the heavenly gods, whose thoughts are gods, and gods are all love.

Pan. Apollo, I told thee before that Pan was a god; I tell thee now again as great a god as Apollo, I had almost said a greater; and because thou shalt know I care not to tell my thoughts, I say a greater. Pan feels the passions of love deeply engraven in his heart, with as fair nymphs, with as great fortune, as Apollo, as Neptune, as Jove; and better than Pan can none describe love. Not Apollo, not Neptune, not Jove. My temple is in Arcadia, where they burn continual flames to Pan. In Arcadia is mine oracle, where Erato, the nymph, giveth answers for Pan. In Arcadia, the place of love, is the honour of Pan. Ah, but I am god of hills! so I am, Apollo, and

* The laurel into which Daphne, the mistress of Apollo, was turned.

that of hills so high, as I can pry into the juggling of the highest gods. Of woods! So I am, Apollo, of woods so thick, that thou with thy beams canst not pierce them. I knew Apollo prying, I knew mine own jealousy. Sun and shadow cozen one another. Be thou sun still, the shadow is fast at thy heels, Apollo. Ah, as near to thy love, as thou to mine. A carter with his whistle and his whip, in true ears, moves as much as Phœbus with his fiery chariot and winged horses. Love-leaves are as well for country porridge, as heavenly nectar. Love made Jupiter a swan*, and Neptune a swine, and both for love of an earthly mistress. What hath made Pan, or any god on earth (for gods on earth can change their shapes), turn themselves for an heavenly goddess? Believe me, Apollo, our groves are pleasanter than your heavens, our milk-maids than your goddesses, our rude ditties to a pipe, than your sonnets to a lute. Here is flat faith *amo amas*; where you cry, *O utinam amarent vel non amassem*. I let pass, Apollo, thy hard words as calling Pan monster; which is as much as to call all monsters: for Pan is all†, Apollo but one. But touch thy strings, and let these nymphs decide.

Apol. Those nymphs shall decide, unless thy rude speech have made them deaf: as for any other answer to Pan, take this: that it becometh

* The original has it goose; but as Lyly was extremely well skilled in the heathen mythology, he must here, I think, allude to the story of Leda; I have therefore presumed on the alteration.

† This alludes to the original meaning of the word Pan.

not Apollo to answer Pan. Pan is all, and all is Pan; thou art Pan and all, all pan and tinkerly*. But to this music, wherein all thy shame shall be seen, and all my skill.

Enter MIDAS.

Mid. In the chase I lost all my company, and missed the game too; I think Midas shall in all things be unfortunate.

Apol. What is he that talketh?

Mid. Midas, the unfortunate King of Phrygia.

Apol. To be a king is next to being a god. Thy fortune is not bad; what is thy folly?

Mid. To abuse a god.

Apol. An ungrateful part of a king. But, Midas, seeing by chance thou art come, or sent by some god of purpose; none can in the earth better judge of gods than kings. Sit down with these nymphs. I am Apollo, this Pan, both gods. We contend for sovereignty in music. Seeing it happens in earth, we must be judged of those on earth; in which there are none more worthy than kings and nymphs: therefore give ear that thy judgment err not.

Mid. If gods you be, although I dare wish nothing of gods, being so deeply wounded with wishing, yet let my judgment prevail before these nymphs, if we agree not, because I am a king.

Pan. There must be no condition, but judge Midas, and judge nymphs.

* If Apollo played not on the lute better than he plays on words, many would have decided with Midas.

Apol. Then thus I begin both my song and my play.

[*A Song of Daphne to the lute.*

My Daphne's hair is twisted gold,
Bright stars a-piece her eyes do hold,
My Daphne's brow enthrones the graces,
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces,
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,
On Daphne's lip a sweeter berry ;
My Daphne's hand * but touch'd does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt ;
My Daphne's voice tunes all the spheres,
My Daphne's music charms all ears ;
Fond am I thus to sing her praise,
These glories now are turn'd to Bays.

Erat. O divine Apollo ! O sweet consent † !

Tha. If the god of music should not be above our reach, who should ?

Mid. I like it not.

Pan. Now let me tune my pipes. I cannot pipe and sing, that's the odds in the instrument, not the art ; but I will pipe and then sing, and then judge both of the art and instrument.

[*He pipes and then sings.*

* In the original it runs, "Daphne's *snowy* hand ;" but as Lyly's songs are extremely correct as to measure, I cannot but think this line corrupted, and have altered it accordingly.

† By *consent* is meant the harmony resulting from the union of the sounds of Apollo's voice and of his lute. Stevens, in a note on the "First Part of Henry VI." quotes several instances of this use of the word, and observes it should be spelt *concent*. So Spenser in his translation of Virgil's *Culex* :

"Chaunted their sundry notes with sweet *concent*."

Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
 Though now she's turn'd into a reed ;
 From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
 A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb ;
 Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern * can,
 So chant it as the pipe of Pan :
 Cross-garter'd swains and dairy girls,
 With faces smug, and round as pearls ;
 When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
 With dancing wear out night and day :
 The bag-pipe's drone his hum lays by,
 When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy ;
 His minstrelsy ! O base ! This quill,
 Which, at my mouth, with wind I fill,
 Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
 That still my Syrinx lips I kiss.

Apol. Hast thou done, Pan ?

Pan. Aye, and done well, as I think.

Apol. Now, nymphs, what say you ?

Erat. We all say that Apollo hath shewed himself both a god, and of music the god. Pan himself a rude satyr, neither keeping measure nor time ; his piping as far out of tune, as his body out of form. To thee, divine Apollo, we give the prize and reverence.

Apol. But what says Midas ?

Mid. Methinks there's more sweetness in the pipe of Pan than Apollo's lute : I brook not that nice tickling of strings ; that contents me, that makes one start. What a shrillness came into mine ears out of that pipe, and what a goodly

* The cittern, I have before observed, was the usual entertainment of persons waiting in barber's shops. The gittern was the same instrument. So in Lord Falkland's " Marriage Night :"

" He has travelled, and speaks languages
 As a barber's boy plays o' th' gittern.

noise it made. Apollo, I must needs judge that Pan deserveth most praise.

Pan. Blessed be Midas, worthy to be a god : these girls, whose ears do but itch with daintiness, gave the verdict without weighing the virtue ; they have been brought up in chambers with soft music, not where I make the woods ring with my pipe, Midas.

Apol. Wretch, unworthy to be a king, thou shalt know what it is to displease Apollo. I will leave thee but the two last letters of thy name, to be thy whole name ; which if thou canst not guess, touch thine ears, they shall tell thee.

Mid. What hast thou done, Apollo ? the ears of an ass upon the head of a king ?

Apol. And well worthy, when the dullness of an ass is in the ears of a king.

Mid. Help, Pan, or Midas perisheth.

Pan. I cannot undo what Apollo hath done ; nor give thee any amends, unless to those ears thou wilt have added these horns *.

1 *Nym.* It were very well, that it might be hard to judge whether he were more ox or ass.

Apol. Farewell, Midas.

Pan. Midas, farewell.

2 *Nym.* I warrant they be dainty ears, nothing can please them but Pan's pipe.

Erat. He hath the advantage of all ears, except the mouse ; for else there's none so sharp of hearing as the ass. Farewell, Midas.

2 *Nym.* Midas, farewell.

3 *Nym.* Farewell, Midas.

* Pan is represented with horns, and here, no doubt, points to them.

Mid. Ah! Midas, why was not thy whole body metamorphosed, that there might have been no part left of Midas? Where shall I shrowd this shame? or how may I be restored to mine old shape? Apollo is angry: blame not Apollo, whom, being god of music, thou didst both dislike and dishonour: preferring the barbarous noise of Pan's pipe, before the sweet melody of Apollo's lute. If I return to Phrygia, I shall be pointed at; if I live in these woods, savage beasts must be my companions: and what other companions should Midas hope for than beasts, being of all beasts himself the dullest? Had it not been better for thee to have perished by a golden death, than now to lead a beastly life? Unfortunate in thy wish, unwise in thy judgment; first a golden fool, now a leaden ass. What will they say in Lesbos? (if haply this news come to Lesbos.) If they come, Midas? Yes, report flies as swift as thoughts, gathering wings in the air, and doubling rumours by her own running; in-somuch, as having here the ears of an ass, it will be told, all my hairs are ass's ears. Then will this be the bye-word: "Is Midas, that sought to be monarch of the world, become the mock of the world? Are his golden mines turned into water, as free for every one that will fetch, as for himself that possessed them by wish? Ah, poor Midas, are his conceits become blockish, his counsels unfortunate, his judgments unskillful?" Ah, foolish Midas, a just reward, for thy pride to wax poor, for thy overweening to wax dull, for thy ambition to wax humble, for thy cruelty to say, *Sisq' miser semper, nec sis misera-*

bilis ulli. But I must seek to cover my shame by art, lest being once discovered to those petty kings of Mysia, Pisidia, and Galatia, they all join to add to mine ass's ears, of all the beasts the dullest, a sheep's heart, of all the beasts the fearfulest; and so cast lots for those kingdoms, that I have won with so many lives, and kept with so many envies. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter MENALCAS, CORYN, CELTHUS, DRIAPON,
and AMYNTAS.

Men. I muse what the nymphs meant, that so sang in the groves, "Midas, of Phrygia, hath ass's ears."

Cor. I marvel not, for one of them plainly told me he had ass's ears.

Celt. Ah, but it is not safe to say it; he is a great king, and his hands are longer than his ears; therefore for us that keep sheep, it is wisdom enough to tell sheep.

Dria. 'Tis true; yet since Midas grew so mischievous, as to blurr his diadem with blood, which should glister with nothing but pity; and so miserable, that he made gold his god, that was framed to be his slave, many broad speeches have flown abroad: in his own country they stick not to call him tyrant, and elsewhere usurper. They flatly say, that he eateth into other dominions, as the sea doth into the land, not knowing that in swallowing a poor island as big as Lesbos, he may cast up three territories thrice

as big as Phrygia: for what the sea winneth in the marsh, it loseth in the sand.

Amy. Take me with you, but speak softly, for these reeds may have ears, and hear us.

Men. Suppose they have, yet they may be without tongues to bewray us.

Cor. Nay, let them have tongues too, we have eyes to see that they have none; and therefore if they hear and speak, they know not from whence it comes.

Amy. Well, then this I say; when a lion doth so much degenerate from princely kind, that he will borrow of the beasts, I say he is no lion, but a monster; pieced with the craftiness of the fox, the cruelty of the tiger, the ravening of the wolf, the dissembling of the hyena, he is worthy also to have the ears of an ass.

Men. He seeks to conquer Lesbos, and like a foolish gamester, having a bag full of his own, ventures it all to win a groat of another.

Cor. He that fishes for Lesbos, must have such a wooden net, as all the trees in Phrygia will not serve to make the cod, nor all the woods in Pisidia provide the corks*.

Driap. Nay, he means to angle for it with an hook of gold, and a bait of gold, and so to strike the fish with a pleasing bait, that will slide out of an open net.

Amy. Tush, tush; those islanders are too

* The cod of a net is, I believe, a bag at the end, in which it is usual to place a stone to sink it; but the corks are to keep the upper part floating, and Pisidia might have been famous for these trees: the passage is, I am aware, still unintelligible.

subtle to nibble at craft, and too rich to swallow treasure: if that be his hope, he may as well dive to the bottom of the sea, and bring up an anchor of a thousand weight, as plod with his gold to corrupt a people so wise; and, besides, a nation (as I have heard) so valiant, that are readier to strike than ward.

Cel. More than all this, Amyntas (though we dare not so much as mutter it), their king is such a one as dazzleth the clearest eyes with majesty, daunteth the valiantest hearts with courage, and for virtue filleth all the world with wonder. If beauty go beyond sight, confidence above valour, and virtue exceed miracle, what is it to be thought, but that Midas goeth to undermine that by the simplicity of man, that is fastened to a rock, by the providence of the gods.

Men. We poor commons (who, tasting war, are made to relish nothing but taxes) can do nothing but grieve, to see things unlawful practised, to obtain things impossible. All his mines do but gild his comb, to make it glister in the wars, and cut ours that are forced to follow him in his wars.

Cor. Well, that must be borne, not blamed, that cannot be changed: for my part, if I may enjoy the fleece of my silly flock with quietness, I will never care three flocks * for his ambition.

Men. Let this suffice; we may talk too much, and, being overheard, be all undone. I am so jealous, that methinks the very reeds bow down,

* Flock has here a more confined sense than the preceding, meaning a single lock of wool.

as though they listened to our talk: and soft, I hear some coming, let us in, and meet at a place more meet. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

LICIO, PETULUS, MINUTIUS, *and* HUNTSMAN.

Lic. Is not hunting a tedious occupation?

Pet. Aye, and troublesome; for if you call a dog a dog, you are undone*.

Hunts. You be both fools, and besides base-minded; hunting is for kings, not peasants. Such as you are unworthy to be hounds, much less huntsmen, that know not when a hound is fleet, fair flewed †, and well hanged ‡, being ignorant of the deepness of a hound's mouth, and the sweetness §.

Min. Why, I hope, sir, a cur's mouth is no deeper than the sea, nor sweeter than a honeycomb.

* Petulus means here that it is troublesome to speak in the idiomatic language of sportsmen, and yet necessary if you would pass for one.

† "Fair flewed," well chapped.

‡ A passage in "Midsummer Night's Dream" clearly explains this.

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and *their heads are hung*
With ears that sweep away the morning dew."

§ A deep toned hollow cry, is considered an almost certain indication of a good hound; the sweetness of it depends on the taste of the individual, but is a common phrase among huntsmen. So in the continuation of the passage just quoted from "Midsummer Night's Dream:"

"*Match'd in mouth like bells*
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallow'd to, nor cheer'd with horn."

Hunts. Pretty coxcomb; a hound will swallow thee, as easily as a great pit a small pebble.

Min. Indeed hunting were a pleasant sport, but the dogs make such barking, that one cannot hear the hounds cry.

Hunts. I'll make thee cry. If I catch thee in the forest thou shalt be leasht*.

Min. What's that?

Lic. Dost thou not understand their language?

Min. Not I.

Pet. 'Tis the best calamance† in the world, as easily deciphered as the characters in a nutmeg.

Min. I pray thee speak some.

Pet. I will.

Hunts. But speak in order, or I'll pay you.

Lic. To it, Petulus.

Pet. There was a boy leasht on the single, because when he was imbost he took soil.

Lic. What's that?

* I have preserved the reading of the quarto, although altered to *lash*, so early as in Blount's edition; but this latter word, says Johnson, is of doubtful origin, and I think it may be traced evidently enough from *leash*, which is then correct. The leash was a leathern thong; with this sportsmen held in their dogs, as appears from Henry V.

“And at his heels

Leasht in like hounds.”

This, therefore, when the dogs were disobedient, was an excellent instrument to flog them, and always at hand. *Leash* has the same meaning as *slips*, which occurs more than once in Shakspeare, and among others in Act III. Scene I. of the same play:

“I see you stand like *greyhounds in the slips*,
Straining upon the start.”

† I do not remember any authority for this word.

Pet. Why, a boy was beaten on the tail with a leathern thong, because when he foamed at the mouth with running he went into the water.

Hunts. This is worse than fustian, mum you were best. Hunting is an honourable pastime, and for my part, I had as lief hunt a deer in a park, as court a lady in a chamber.

Min. Give me a pasty for a park, and let me shake off a whole kennel of teeth for hounds, then shalt thou see a notable champing; after that will I carouse a bowl of wine, and so in the stomach let the venison take soil.

Lic. He hath laid the plot to be prudent; why, 'tis pasty crust, eat enough and it will make you wise, an old proverb.

Pet. Ah, and eloquent, for you must tipple wine freely, *et fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?*

Hunts. *Fecere dizardum*, leave off these toys, and let us seek out Midas, whom we lost in the chase.

Pet. I'll warrant he hath by this started a covey of bucks, or roused a scull of pheasants*.

Hunts. Treason to two brave sports, hawking and hunting: thou shouldst say, start a hare, rouse the deer, spring the partridge.

Pet. I'll warrant that was devised by some country swad†, that seeing a hare skip up, which

* The language of Petulus is intentionally erroneous. *Scull* had the same meaning as *shoal*, and like it was applied only to fish.

† Country swad means a young country booby, one whose judgment is immature. The pods of pease when they are first formed, and before they are filled with the pulse, or when the peas are taken out, were, and are still in the north, called *swads*.

made him start, he presently said he started the hare.

Lic. Aye, and some lubber lying beside a spring, and seeing a partridge come by, said he did spring the partridge.

Hunts. Well, remember all this.

Pet. Remember all? nay, then had we good memories, for there be more phrases than thou hast hairs. But let me see, I pray thee what's this about thy neck?

Hunts. A bugle.

Pet. If it had stood on thy head I should have called it a horn. Well, 'tis hard to have one's brows embroidered with a bugle.

Lic. But canst thou blow it?

Hunts. What else?

Min. But not away.

Pet. No 'twill make Boreas out of breath, to blow his horns away.

Lic. There was good blowing, I'll warrant, before they came there.

Pet. Well, 'tis a shrewd blow.

Hunts. Spare your winds in this, or I'll winde your necks in a cord; but soft, I heard my master's blast.

Min. Some have felt it.

Hunts. Thy mother, when such a fly-blow was buzzed out; but I must be gone, I perceive Midas is come. [Exit.

Lic. Then let not us tarry, for now shall we shave the barber's house. The world will grow full of wiles, seeing Midas hath lost his golden wish.

Min. I care not, my head shall dig devices,

and my tongue stamp them; so as my mouth shall be a mint, and my brains a mine.

Lic. Then help us to cozen the barber.

Min. The barber shall know every hair of my chin to be as good as a choke pear for his purse.

SCENE IV.

MELLACRITES, MARTIUS, and ERISTUS.

Erist. I marvel what Midas meaneth to be so melancholy since his hunting.

Mel. It is a good word in Midas, otherwise I should term it in another blockishness. I cannot tell whether it be a sourness commonly incident to age, or a severeness particular to the kings of Phrygia, or a suspicion cleaving to great estates; but methinks he seemeth so jealous of us all, and becomes so overthwart to all others, that either I must conjecture his wits are not his own, or his meaning very hard to some.

Mart. For my part I neither care nor wonder; I see all his expeditions for wars are laid in water; for now when he should execute, he begins to consult; and suffers the enemies to bid us good morrow at our own doors*, to whom we long since might have given the last good night in their own beds. He weareth (I know not whether for warmth or wantonness) a great tiara on his head, as though his head were not heavy enough, unless he loaded it with great rolls: an

* Our poet probably alludes here to the capture of Cadiz, by the Earl of Essex, in 1596.

attire never used (that I could hear of) but of old women, or pelting priests. This will make Pisidia wanton, Lycaonia stiff, all his territories wavering; and he that hath coutched so many kingdoms in one crown, will have his kingdom scattered into as many crowns as he possesseth countries. I will rouse him up, and if his ears be not ass's ears I will make them tingle. I respect not my life; I know it is my duty, and certainly I dare swear war is my profession.

Erist. Martius, we will all join; and though I have been (as, in Phrygia, they term it) a brave courtier; that is (as they expound it) a fine lover, yet will I set both aside, love and courting, and follow Martius; for never shall it be said, *Bella gerant alii, semper Eristus amet.*

Mel. And I, Martius, that honoured gold for a god, and accounted all other gods but lead, will follow Martius and say, *Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.*

Mart. My lords, I give you thanks, and am glad; for there are no stouter soldiers in the world, than those that are made of lovers, nor any more liberal in wars, than they that in peace have been covetous: then doubt not if courage and coin can prevail, but we shall prevail; and besides, nothing can prevail but fortune. But here comes Sophronia, I will first talk with her.

Enter SOPHRONIA, CAMILLA, and AMERULA.

Madam, either our king hath no ears to hear, or no care to consider, both in what state we stand, being his subjects, and what danger he is in being our king: duty is not regarded; courage

contemned: altogether careless of us, and his own safety.

Sop. Martius, I mislike not thy plain dealing: but pity my father's trance; a trance I must call that, where nature cannot move, nor council, nor music, nor physic, nor danger, nor death, nor all. But that which maketh me most both to sorrow and wonder, is that music (a mithridate* for melancholy) should make him mad; crying still, *uno namque modo Pan et Apollo nocent*. None hath access to him but Motto, as though melancholy were to be shaven with a razor, not cured with medicine. But stay, what noise is this in those reeds?

Mel. What sound is this? Who dares utter what he hears?

Sop. I dare, Mellacrites; the words are plain, "Midas, the king, hath ass's ears."

Cam. This is strange, and yet to be told the king.

Sop. So dare I, Camilla; for it concerneth me in duty, and us all in discretion. But soft, let us hearken better.

The Reeds. Midas, of Phrygia, hath ass's ears.

Erist. This is monstrous, and either portends some mischief to the king, or unto the state confusion. "Midas, of Phrygia, hath ass's ears!" It is impossible; let us with speed to the king to know his resolution, for to some oracle he must send. Till his majesty be acquainted with this

* A mithridate was a sovereign panacea in those times, composed of innumerable ingredients, and whose supposed virtues are not yet quite forgotten, as I am informed apothecaries are now sometimes asked for it.

matter, we dare not root out the reeds; himself must both hear the sound, and guess at the reason.

Sop. Unfortunate Midas, that being so great a king, there should out of the earth spring so great a shame.

Mart. It may be that his wishing for gold, being but dross of the world, is by all the gods accounted foolish, and so discovered out of the earth: for a king to thirst for gold instead of honour, to prefer heaps of worldly coin before triumphs in warlike conquests, was in my mind no princely mind.

Mel. Let us not debate the cause, but seek to prevent the snares, for in my mind it foretelleth that which woundeth my mind. Let us in.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

MIDAS, SOPHRONIA, MELLACRITES, *and* MARTIUS.

Mid. Sophronia, thou seest I am become a shame to the world and a wonder. Mine ears glow. Mine ears! ah, miserable Midas! to have such ears as make thy cheeks blush, thy head monstrous, and thy heart desperate. Yet in blushing I am impudent, for I walk in the streets; in deformity I seem comely, for I have left off my tiara; and my heart, the more heavy it is for grief, the more hope it conceiveth of recovery.

Sop. Dread sovereign and loving sire, there are nine days past, and therefore the wonder is past*; there are many years to come, and therefore a remedy to be hoped for. Though your ears be long, yet is there room left on your head for a diadem: though they resemble the ears of the dullest beast, yet should they not daunt the spirit of so great a king. The gods dally with men, kings are no more: they disgrace kings, lest they should be thought gods: sacrifice pleas-

* Nine days wonder is a proverbial expression well enough known. So Shakspeare, in the "Third Part of Henry V."

"*Glo.* That would be *ten days* wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day *longer* than a wonder lasts."

eth them ; so that if you know by the oracle what god wrought it, you shall by humble submission, by that god be released.

Mid. Sophronia, I commend thy care and courage ; but let me hear these reeds, that these lothesome ears may be glutted with the report, and that is as good as a remedy.

The Reeds. Midas, of Phrygia, hath ass's ears.

Mid. "Midas, of Phrygia, hath ass's ears." So he hath, unhappy Midas. If these reeds sing my shame so loud, will men whisper it softly ? No, all the world already rings of it : and as impossible it is to stay the rumour, as to catch the wind in a net that bloweth in the air ; or to stop the wind of all mens' mouths that breathe out air. I will to Apollo, whose oracle must be my doom, and I fear me, my dishonour, because my doom was his, if kings may disgrace gods ; and gods they disgrace, when they forget their duties.

Mel. What sayeth Midas ?

Mid. Nothing ; but that Apollo must determine all, or Midas see ruin of all. To Apollo will I offer an ivory lute for his sweet harmony, and berries of bays as black as jet, for his love, Daphne ; pure simples for his physic, and continual incense for his prophesying.

Mart. Apollo may discover some odd riddle, but not give the redress ; for yet did I never hear that his oracles were without doubtfulness, nor his remedies without impossibilities. This superstition of yours is able to bring errors among the common sort, not ease to your discontented mind.

Mid. Dost thou not know, Martius, that when

Bacchus commanded me to bathe myself in Pactolus, thou thoughtest it a mere mockery, before with thine eyes thou sawest the remedy?

Mart. Aye, Bacchus gave the wish, and therefore was like also to give the remedy.

Mid. And who knows whether Apollo gave me these ears, and therefore may release the punishment? Well, reply not, for I will to Delphos: in the mean time let it be proclaimed, that if there be any so cunning, that can tell the reason of these reeds creaking, he shall have my daughter to his wife, or, if she refuse it, a dukedom for his pains: and withal, that whosoever is so bold as to say that Midas hath ass's ears, shall presently lose his.

Sop. Dear father, then go forwards, prepare for the sacrifice, and dispose of Sophronia as it best pleaseth you.

Mid. Come, let us in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LICIO and PETULUS.

Pet. What a rascal was Motto to cozen us, and say there were thirty men in a room that would undo us, and when all came to all, they were but table-men*.

Lic. Aye, and then to give us an inventory of all his goods, only to redeem the beard; but we

* Tables was a game played with dice, and pieces of wood, and differed very little from backgammon: the pieces of wood were no doubt called table-men, and to these Petulus alludes.

will be even with him ; and I'll be forsworn but I'll be revenged.

Pet. And here I vow by my concealed beard, if ever it chance to be discovered to the world, that it may make a pikedevant *, I will have it so sharp pointed, that it shall stab Motto like a poynado †.

Lic. And I protest by these hairs on my head, which are but casualties ; for, alas ! who knows not how soon they are lost ? autumn shaves like a razor : if these locks be rooted, against wind and weather, spring and fall, I swear they shall not be lopped, till Motto, by my knavery, be so bald, that I may write verses on his scalp. In witness whereof I eat this hair : now must thou, Petulus, kiss thy beard, for that was the book thou swearest by.

Pet. Nay, I would I could come but to kiss my chin, which is as yet the cover of my book ; but my word shall stand. Now let us read the inventory ; we'll share it equally.

Lic. What else ?

Pet. “ An inventory of all Motto's moveables, bads and goods, as also of such debts as are owing him, with such household stuff as cannot be removed. *Imprimis*, in the bed-chamber, one foul wife and five small children.”

Lic. I'll not share in that.

Pet. I am content, take thou all. These be his moveable bads.

* A pikedevant was probably a “ courtly term” for the *bodkin* beard, mentioned by Motto in Act III. Scene II. and as the one he alludes to was *gold*, it might very well stab Motto when thus fashionably trimmed.

† “ Poynado,” poniard.

Lic. And from me they shall be removables.

Pet. "Item, in the servant's chamber, two pair of curst quean's tongues *."

Lic. Tongs thou wouldst say.

Pet. Nay, they pinch worse than tongs.

Lic. They are moveables, I'll warrant.

Pet. "Item, one pair of horns in the bride chamber, on the bed's head."

Lic. The beast's head; for Motto is stuf in the head, and these are among unmoveable goods.

Pet. Well, *Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*, happy are they whom other men's horns do make to beware. "Item, a broken pate, owing me by one of the Cole-house for notching his head like a chess-board." Take thou that, and I give thee all the rest of his debts.

Pet. *Noli me tangere*, I refuse the executorship, because I will not meddle with his desperate debts. "Item, an hundred shrewd turns

* "Curst quean's tongues." It means, I believe, the tongues of two notorious scolds. That prostitutes were in the time of our poet quaintly called *queans* appears from Middleton's *Witch*, Act III. Scene II.

"She's one o' the falling family,
A quean my master keeps."

And the speech of Zuccone, in "*Parisitaster*," after his wife had proved unfaithful:

"Ha, *thou queane*, I have no wife now."

But it was used as a general term of reproach to women. So Ford, in Act IV. of the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," speaking of the old woman of Brentford, calls her

"A witch, a *quean*, an old cozening *quean*!"

And in "*All's Well that Ends Well*:"

"As fit as a *scolding quean* to a *wrangling knave*."

owing me by the 'pages in the court, because I will not trust them for trimming."

Lic. That's due debt.

Pet. Well, because Motto is poor, they shall be paid him *cum recumbentibus*. All the pages shall enter into recognisance ; but *ecce*, Pipenetta chaunts it.

Enter PIPENETTA, singing.

'Las how long shall I
And my maidenhead lie
In a cold bed all the night long ?
I cannot abide it,
Yet away cannot chide it,
Though I find it does me some wrong.

Can any one tell
Where this fine thing doth dwell,
That carries nor form/nor fashion ?
It both heats and cools,
'Tis a bauble for fools,
Yet catch'd at in every nation.

Say a maid were so crost,
As to see this toy lost,
Cannot hue and cry fetch it again ?
'Las, no ! for 'tis driven
Nor to hell, nor to heaven,
When 'tis found, 'tis lost even then.

Heigh ho ; would I were a witch, that I might be a duchess.

Pet. I know not whether thy fortune is to be a duchess, but sure I am thy face serves thee well for a witch. What's the matter ?

Pip. The matter ? Marry, 'tis proclaimed, that whosoever can tell the cause of the reed's song, shall either have Sophronia to wife, or (if she re-

fuse it) a dukedom for his wisdom. Besides, whosoever sayeth that Midas hath ass's ears, shall lose theirs.

Lic. I'll be a duke: I find honour to bud in my head, and methinks every joint of my arms, from the shoulder to the little finger, says, 'Send for the herald:' mine arms are all armory, gules, sables, azure, or, vert, pur, post, pair, &c. *

Pet. And my heart is like a hearth where Cupid is making a fire, for Sophronia shall be my wife: methinks Venus and Nature stand with each of them a pair of bellows, the one cooling my low birth, the other kindling my lofty affections.

Pip. Apollo will help me, because I can sing.

Lic. Mercury me, because I can lie.

Pet. All the gods me, because I can lie, sing, swear, and love. But soft, here comes Motto, now shall we have a fit time to be revenged, if by device we can make him say, Midas hath ass's ears.

Enter MOTTO.

Lic. Let us not seem to be angry about the inventory, and you shall see my wit to be the hangman for his tongue.

Pip. Why, fools, hath a barber a tongue?

Pet. We'll make him have a tongue, that his teeth, that look like a comb, shall be the scissars to cut it off.

* Post and pair is the name of a game at cards. Licio, after enumerating as many terms of heraldry as occurred to him, blunders into others with which he was better acquainted. Kite, in the "Recruiting Officer," does the same thing.

Pip. I pray let me have the odd ends. I fear nothing so much as to be tonguetied.

Lic. Thou shalt have all the shavings, and then a woman's tongue impeded with a barber's, will prove a razor or a raser*.

Pet. How now, Motto, what all amort†?

Mot. I am as melancholy as a cat.

Lic. Melancholy? marry gup, is melancholy a word for a barber's mouth? thou shouldst say, heavy, dull, and doltish: melancholy is the crest of courtiers' arms, and now every base companion being in his muble fubles, says he is melancholy.

Pet. Motto, thou shouldst say thou art lumpish. If thou encroach upon our courtly terms, we'll trounce thee: belike if thou shouldst spit often, thou wouldst call it rheum. Motto, in men of

* The meaning of the passage is this: Pipenetta, who loved to talk, wishes that the parts which were cut off from the barber's tongue (which she calls the *odd ends*) might be given to her to piece out or mend her own with: and Licio promises that these pieces (which, in allusion to the trade of Motto, he calls *shavings*) should be given to her; and then satirically observes, that when a *woman's tongue was lengthened or pieced out* with a *barber's*, it would prove keen enough to cut away every thing before it. Many instances may be produced of *imp* being used in this sense: so in "Richard II."

"If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing."

And Stevens observes, "When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient: this operation was called *to imp a hawk*." He produced other instances, and adds that, "Turbervile has a whole chapter on '*the Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawke's Feather, how-soever it be broken or broosed*'."

† "All amort," dull, heavy, melancholy: it is a common phrase.

reputation and credit, it is the rheum; in such mechanical mushrooms, it is a catarrh, a pose, the water evil. You were best wear a velvet patch on your temple too.

Mot. What a world it is to see eggs forwarder than cocks: these infants are as cunning in diseases, as I that have run them all over, backward and forward. I tell you, boys, it is melancholy that now troubleth me.

Del. My master could tickle you with diseases, and that old ones, that have continued in his ancestors' bones these three hundred years. He is the last of the family that is left uneaten.

Mot. What meanest thou, Dello?

Pet. He means you are the last of the stock alive; the rest worms have eaten.

Del. A pox of those saucy worms, that eat men before they be dead.

Pet. But tell us, Motto, why art thou sad?

Mot. Because all the court is sad.

Lic. Why are they sad in court?

Mot. Because the king hath a pain in his ears.

Pet. Belike it is the wens.

Mot. It may be, for his ears are swollen very big.

Pet. (to *Lic.*) Ten to one Motto knows of the ass's ears.

Lic. If he know it, we shall; for it is as hard for a barber to keep a secret in his mouth, as a burning coal in his hand: thou shalt see me wring it out by wit. Motto, 'twas told me that the king will discharge you of your office, because you cut his ear when you last trimmed him.

Mot. 'Tis a lie ; and yet if I had he might well spare an inch or two.

Pet. It will out, I feel him coming.

Del. (*Aside to Mot.*) Master, take heed, you will blab all anon, these wags are crafty.

Mot. Let me alone.

Lic. Why, Motto, what difference between the king's ears and thine?

Mot. As much as between an ass's ears and mine.

Pet. Oh, Motto is modest ; to mitigate the matter, he calls his own ears ass's ears.

Mot. Nay, I mean the king's are ass's ears.

Lic. Treason ! treason !

Del. I told you, master ; you have made a fair hand ; for now you have made your lips scissars to cut off your ears.

Mot. Perii *, unless you pity me, Motto is in a pit.

Pet. Nay, Motto, treason is a worse pain than toothake.

Lic. Now, Motto, thou knowest thine ears are ours to command.

Mot. Your servants or handmaids.

Pet. Then will I lead my maids by the hand.

[*He pulls him by the ears.*]

Mot. Out, villain ! thou wringest too hard.

Del. Not so hard as he bit me.

Mot. Thou seest, boy, we are both mortal. I enjoy mine ears, but *durante placito* ; nor thou thy finger, but *favente dente*.

Pet. Yea, Motto, hast thou Latin ?

* "Perii," i. e. I am undone.

Mot. Alas, he that hath drawn so many teeth, and never asked Latin for a tooth, is ill brought up.

Lic. Well, Motto, let us have the beard, without covin*, fraud, or delay, at one entire payment, and thou shalt scape a payment.

Mot. I protest by scissars, brush and comb, bason, ball and apron, by razor, earpick and rubbing cloths, and all the *tria sequuntur triaes* in our secret occupation (for you know it is no blabbing art), that you shall have the beard, in manner and form following. Not only the golden beard and every hair (though it be not hair), but a dozen of beards, to stuff two dozen of cushions.

Lic. Then they be big ones.

Del. They be half a yard broad, and a nail three quarters long, and a foot thick; so, sir, shall you find them stufed enough, and soft enough. All my mistress' lines that she dries her clothes on, are made only of mustachio stuff†. And, if I durst tell the truth, as lusty as I am here, I lie upon a bed of beards; a bots of their bristles, and they that own them, they are harder than flocks.

Pet. A fine discourse. Well, Motto, we give thee mercy, but we will not lose the beard. Remember now our inventory. Item, we will not let thee go out of our hands, till we have the beard in our hands.

Mot. Then follow. [Exeunt.]

* "Covin," is a term in law, denoting a fraudulent agreement.

† The lines on which clothes are hung are now sometimes made of hair: though not of "mustachio stuff," I confess.

SCENE III.

MIDAS, SOPHRONIA, MELLACRITES, *and* MARTIUS.

Mid. This is Delphos. Sacred Apollo, whose oracles be all divine, though doubtful; answer poor Midas, and pity him.

Sop. I marvel there is no answer.

Mid. Fond Midas, how canst thou ask pity of him whom thou hast so much abused; or why dost thou abuse the world, both to seem ignorant in not acknowledging an offence, and impudent so openly to crave pardon? Apollo will not answer, but Midas must not cease. Apollo, divine Apollo, Midas hath ass's ears; yet let pity sink into thine ears, and tell when he shall be free from this shame, or what may mitigate his sin?

Mart. Tush, Apollo is tuning his pipes; or at barley-break* with Daphne, or assaying on some shepherd's coat, or taking measure of a serpent's skin. Were I Midas, I would rather cut these ears off close from my head, than stand whimpering † before such a blind god ‡.

* "Barley-break" was a rural sport amongst young persons. See note on the "Scornful Lady" of Beaumont and Fletcher.

† "Whimpering," sobbing. All may recollect the lamentation of Glumdalclitch:

"In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently *whimpers* like a lowing cow."

‡ It will not be impertinent here, I hope, to notice that "Apollo is tuning his pipes," alludes to his being the god of music; "or at barley-break with Daphne," to his celebrated affection for Daphne; "or assaying on some shepherd's coat," to

Mid. Thou art barbarous not valiant. Gods must be entreated not commanded: thou wouldst quench fire with a sword, and add to my shame (which is more than any prince can endure) thy rudeness (which is more than any sensible creature would follow). Divine Apollo, what shall become of Midas? Accept this lute, these berries, these simples, these tapers; if Apollo take any delight in music, in Daphne, in physic, in eternity.

THE ORACLE.

When Pan Apollo in music shall excel,
Midas, of Phrygia, shall lose his ass's ears;
Pan did Apollo in music far excel,
Therefore King Midas weareth ass's ears:
Unless he shrink his stretching hand from Lesbos,
His ears in length, at length shall reach to Delphos.

Mel. It were good, to expound these oracles, that the learned men in Phrygia were assembled, otherwise the remedy will be as impossible to be had, as the cause to be sifted.

Mart. I foresaw some old saw which should be doubtful. Who would gad to such gods, that must be honoured if they speak without sense; and the oracle wondered at, as though it were above sense?

Mid. No more, Martius. I am the learnedest in Phrygia to interpret these oracles; and though

his having served Admetus in that ignoble employment, from whence he was styled king of shepherds; "or taking measure of a serpent's skin," possibly to his being god of medicine; or in allusion to the serpent Python, which Apollo slew, and the skin of which formed a covering for the tripod on which the priestess of Apollo sat.

shame hath hitherto caused me to conceal it, now I must unfold it by necessity. Thus destiny bringeth me not only to be cause of all my shame, but reporter. Thou, Sophronia, and you, my lords, hearken: When I had bathed myself in Pactolus, and saw my wish to float in the waves, I wished the waves to overflow my body, so melancholy my fortune made me, so mad my folly: yet by hunting I thought to ease my heart; and coming at last to the hill Timolus, I perceived Apollo and Pan contending for excellency in music among nymphs; they required also my judgment. I (whom the loss of gold made discontent, and the possessing desperate (either dulled with the humours of my weak brain, or deceived by thickness of my deaf ears), preferred the harsh noise of Pan's pipe before the sweet stroke of Apollo's lute; which caused Phœbus in justice (as I now confess, and then as I saw in anger) to set these ears on my head, that have wrung so many tears from mine eyes. For, stretching my hands to Lesbos, I find that all the gods have spurned at my practices, and those islands scorned them. My pride the gods disdain, my policy men, my mines have been emptied by soldiers, my soldiers spoiled by wars, my wars without success because usurping, my usurping without end because my ambition above measure. I will therefore yield myself to Bacchus, and acknowledge my wish to be vanity; to Apollo, and confess my judgment to be foolish; to Mars, and say my wars are unjust; to Diana, and tell my affection hath been unnatural: and I doubt not,

what a god hath done to make me know myself, all the gods will help to undo, that I may come to myself.

Sop. Is it possible that Midas should be so overshot in judgment? Unhappy Midas, whose wits melt with his gold, and whose gold is consumed with his wits.

Mid. What talketh Sophronia to herself?

Sop. Nothing, but that since Midas hath confessed his fault to us, he also acknowledge it to Apollo.

Mid. I will, Sophronia. Sacred Apollo, things past cannot be recalled, repented they may be: behold Midas, not only submitting himself to punishment, but confessing his peevishness; being glad for shame to call that peevishness, which indeed was folly. Whatsoever Apollo shall command, Midas will execute.

Apol. Then attend, Midas. I accept thy submission and sacrifice, so as yearly at this temple thou offer sacrifice in submission: withal, take Apollo's counsel, which if thou scorn, thou shalt find thy destiny. I will not speak in riddles, all shall be plain, because thou art dull, but all certain if thou be obstinate.

Weigh not in one balance gold and justice.

With one hand wage not war and peace.

Let thy head be glad of one crown:

And take care to keep one friend;

The friend thou wouldst make thy foe.

The kingdom thou wouldst make the world,

The arm that thou dost arm with force,

The gold that thou dost think a god,

Shall conquer, fall, shrink short, be common,

With force, with pride, with fear, with traffic.

If this thou like, shake off an ass's ears ;

If not, for ever shake an ass's ears.

Apollo will not reply.

Mid. It may be, Sophronia, that neither you, nor any else, understand Apollo, because none of you have the heart of a king : but my thoughts expound my fortunes, and my fortunes hang upon my thoughts. The great Apollo, that joined to my head ass's ears, hath put into my heart a lion's mind. I see that by obscure shadows, which you cannot discern in fresh colours, Apollo, in the depth of his dark answer, is to me the glistering of a bright sun. I perceive (and yet not too late) that Lesbos will not be touched by gold, by force it cannot : that the gods have pitched it out of the world*, as not to be controlled by any in the world. Though my hand be gold, yet I must not think to span over the main ocean : though my soldiers be valiant, I must not therefore think my quarrels just. There is no way to nail the crown of Phrygia fast to my daughter's head, but in letting the crowns of others sit in quiet on theirs.

Mart. Midas.

Mid. How darest thou reply, seeing me resolved ? thy counsel hath spilt more blood than all my soldiers' lances ; let none be so hardy as to look to cross me. Sacred Apollo, if sacrifice yearly at thy temple, and submission hourly in mine own court, if fulfilling thy council and correcting my counsellors may shake off these ass's

* Our poet here alludes plainly to the " *Ultimus orbis Britannos*" of Horace.

ears, I here before thee vow to shake off all
envies abroad, and at home all tyranny.

[The ears fall off.]

Sop. Honoured be Apollo, Midas is restored.

Mid. Fortunate Midas, that feelest thy head
lightened of dull ears, and thy heart of deadly
sorrows. Come, my lords, let us repair to our
palace, in which Apollo shall have a stately
palace erected: every month will we solemnize
there a feast, and here every year a sacrifice.
Phrygia shall be governed by gods, not men,
lest the gods make beasts of men. So my coun-
cil of war shall not make conquests in their own
conceits, nor my counsellors in peace make me
poor, to enrich themselves. So blessed be Apollo,
quiet be Lesbos, happy be Midas, and to begin
this solemnity, let us sing to Apollo, for so much
as music nothing can content Apollo.

[They all sing.]

Sing to Apollo, god of day,
Whose golden beams with morning play,
And make her eyes so brightly shine,
Aurora's face is call'd divine.

Sing to Phœbus and that throne
Of diamonds which he sets upon;

 Io Pæans let us sing
 To physic, and to Poesy's king.

Crown all his altars with bright fire,
Laurels bind about his lyre,
A Daphnean coronet for his head,
The Muses dance about his bed;
When on his ravishing lute he plays,
Strew his temple round with bays;

 Io Pæans let us sing
 To the glittering Delian king.

FINIS.

A CONCLUDING NOTE.

It can scarcely have escaped the notice of the attentive reader, that many of the passages in the present play are now as applicable to the late Ruler of the French, in all respects, as they were to Philip II. in the reign of Elizabeth. This certainly occurred to the editor before the play was put in the press: but as the termination of the contest in France seemed then to be rapidly approaching, he thought it better to reserve the observation for a concluding note. As the present drama was meant to be a comedy, Midas is very properly drawn by Lyly as being repentant and pardoned at the conclusion. How far this was strictly applicable to Philip II. must be left to the determination of those who are well acquainted with his history. The wars, however, of Philip, though more than sufficiently prodigal of human blood, were almost "*civil games*," when compared with those which have been carried on by the French in our own times: and it remains to be evinced by his future conduct whether *he*, who, like Midas, "made use of those as slaves for other wars, whom he first enslaved by unjust wars—*he* who enticed the subjects of neighbouring princes to renounce, if not to destroy their natural kings—*he* who pretended claim to every kingdom as though he had been created heir apparent to the world—*he* who added to the craftiness of the fox, the cruelty of the tiger, the ravings of the wolf, and the dissembling of the hyena," hath also like Midas at last shaken off that intemperate desire of government, and thankful for the lenity which has been shown him, will estimate what is left to him by the right which he now has to it, and not by the greatness of his ambition, or by that which he so lately was possessed of.

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Old plays being a continuation of Dodsley's collection

Bd.: 1

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